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THE HANDS THAT WOULD SHAPE OUR SOULS

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by Paul Wilkes

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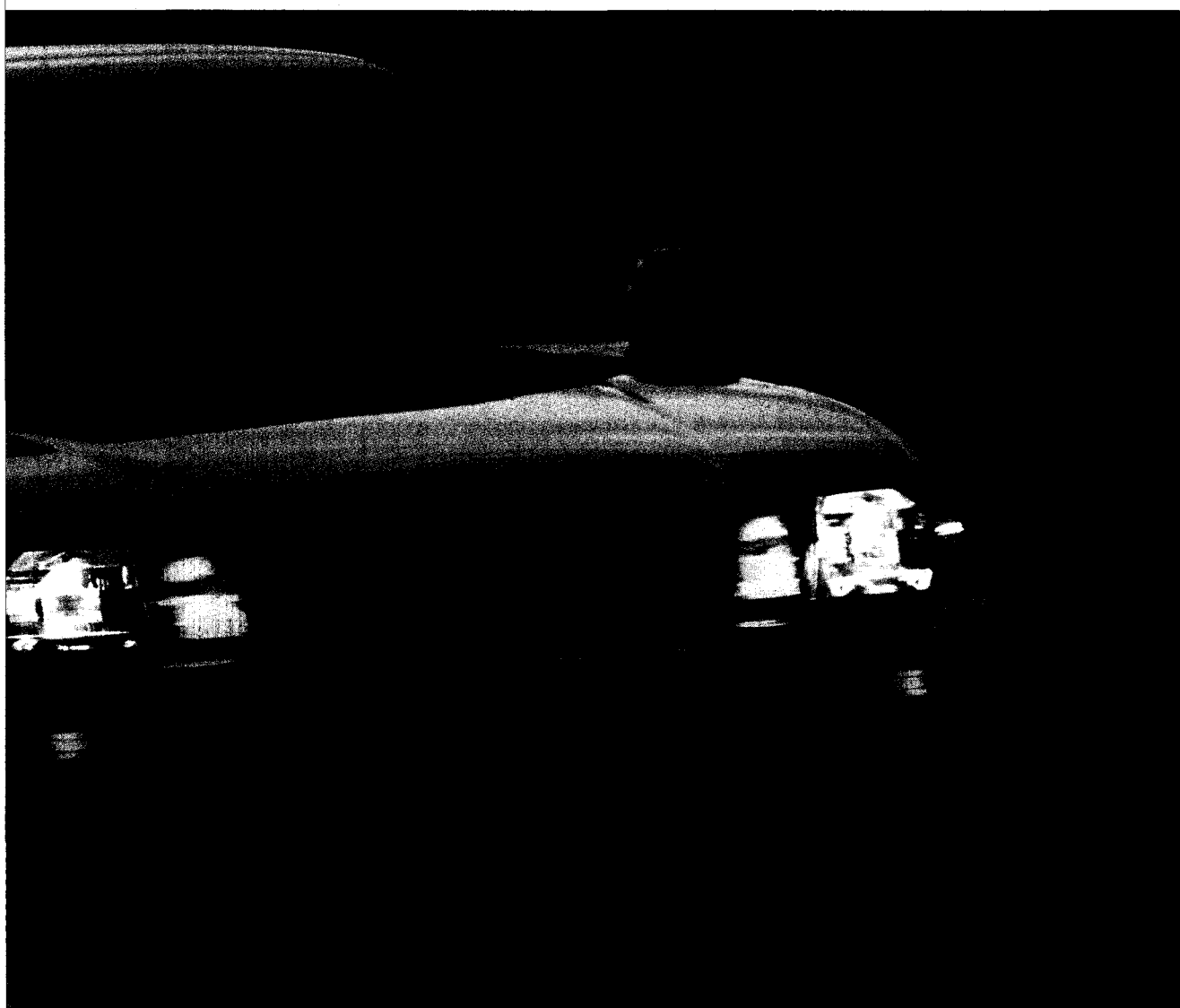
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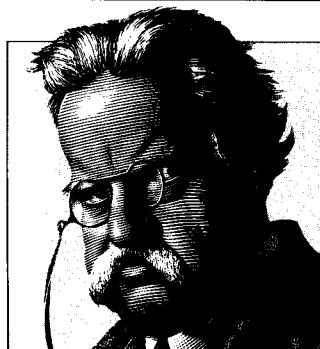
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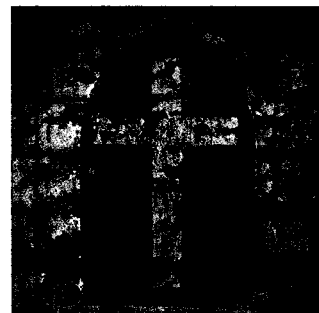
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In an extensive tour of America's seminaries, the author found many institutions to be deeply troubled by issues of academic quality, spirituality, and sexuality. He asks: Does this generation of seminarians have the talent and the will to wield moral author-
ity wisely and effectively?

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90 THE PROSE (AND POETRY) OF MARIO M. CUOMO

He is known to be arrogant. He is known as a "liberal" at a time when the very word is anathema. His state is in a finan-
cial mess. Schools and roads are decaying; the public health and the public safety cannot be guaranteed. And yet he was just elected overwhelmingly to a third term as governor of New York. What is the nature of the hold that Mario Matthew Cuomo has on the people of his state—and, by extension, on many peo-
ple across the nation? Our correspondent arranged to travel and talk with the governor over a lengthy period of time this year. Here is his report.

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745 BOY STREET

DURING THE PAST FEW years a good number of the writers and artists who contribute to *The Atlantic* have received awards for their work, and in December—a traditional time for taking stock—it seems natural to point some of them out.

In the realm of fiction several contributors have received special recognition. Northwestern University's TriQuarterly Books, for example, gave its first William Goyen prize for fiction, established to recognize new writers, to E. S. Goldman, whose first short story, "Way to the Dump," appeared in our December, 1987, issue, when the writer was seventy-four years old. Some other fiction writers saw their *Atlantic* work anthologized this year in one of the prestigious annual short-story collections. Richard Bausch's "The Fireman's Wife" and Patricia Henley's "The Secret of Cartwheels" appeared in *Best American Short Stories 1990*. David Michael Kaplan's "Stand" and Julie Schumacher's "The Private Life of Robert Schumann" were included in *Prize Stories 1990: The O. Henry Awards*. And three *Atlantic* short-story writers—Ernst Havemann, Mark Jacobs, and David Michael Kaplan—had their stories selected as finalists for the 1990 National Magazine Award for fiction.

In the realm of nonfiction five contributors deserve the credit for an Olive Branch award to *The Atlantic* for outstand-

ing magazine coverage of international-security issues. They are Colonel Harry G. Summers, Jr., Jack Beatty (an *Atlantic* senior editor), Richard A. Stubbing, Richard A. Mendel, and David C. Morrison—the authors of the articles on national defense that appeared in the June, 1989, issue, under the umbrella title "Indefensible." William L. Rathje's article "Rubbish!", in the December, 1989, issue, was a finalist for a 1990 National Magazine Award for feature writing.

A part of the magazine that has been frequently celebrated in recent years is its art: in the past decade *The Atlantic's* illustrations have received hundreds of honors and awards. These include gold awards from the Art Directors Club in New York and from the Society of Illustrators—which gave its 1989 Hamilton King Award for the finest illustration of the year to our regular contributor Guy Billout, for his October, 1988, painting, titled "Directions"—and scores of examples of our graphic design that have been included in the exhibitions and design annuals of important graphics societies all over the world.

We're pleased at the recognition our magazine receives. But most of all we feel lucky to have a place to present the work of so many writers and artists we admire. The recognition, of course, is theirs, and it is to them we owe our thanks and congratulations.

—THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

GUY BILLOUT ("Ecology") has received many awards for his magazine and advertising work, and has written and illustrated five children's books.

RICHARD BROOKHISER ("An Ideal Pair") is a senior editor of *National Review*. He is the author of *The Outside Story: How Democrats and Republicans Re-elected Reagan* (1986) and *The Way of the WASP: How It Made America, and How It Can Save It, So to Speak*, to be published this month.

HAYDEN CARRUTH ("Silence") teaches in the graduate creative-writing program at Syracuse University. His latest book, *The Sleeping Beauty*, was published last fall.

STEVEN CRAMER ("The Accident") is *The Atlantic's* staff editor for poetry, and he teaches writing at Tufts University. He is the author of *The Eye That Desires to Look Upward* (1987), a collection of poems.

BRYAN LEISTER (cover artist) has received numerous awards from the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Art Directors Club of Washington, D.C., and *Communication Arts* magazine.

CHARLES C. MANN ("The Prose [and Poetry] of Mario M. Cuomo") is a writer who lives in New York City. Mann was a co-author, with Mark L. Plummer, of "The Big Headache," which was *The Atlantic's* cover story in October of 1988. An expanded version of that article will be published as a book next fall.

TOMAS ELOY MARTÍNEZ ("Argentina: Living With Hyperinflation") is a novelist and journalist who lives in Argentina. He is the author of *The Perón Novel* (1988), and received a Guggenheim fellowship to write *La mano del amo*, a novel, which will be published next year.

ROBERT MORGAN ("Polishing the Silver") teaches creative writing and modern poetry at Cornell University. His most recent book of poems, *Figodlin*, was published last summer.

HARVEY SACHS ("Seriously Great") is a free-lance writer who lives in Italy and writes for publications in several countries. He is the author of *Toscanini* (1978), *Virtuoso* (1982), and *Music in Fascist Italy* (1987). He is working on a biography of Arthur Rubinstein.

GABRIEL SCHOENFELD ("The Soviet Union: Rad Storm Rising") is a senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, in Washington, D.C., and the editor of the newsletter *Soviet Prospects: A CSIS Report on East Europe and the USSR*.

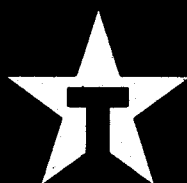
PAUL WILKES ("The Hands That Would Shape Our Souls") is a writer and television producer whose articles have appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. He is the author of numerous books, including *In Mysterious Ways: The Death and Life of a Parish Priest* and *Companions Along the Way*, both of which were published last fall.

TOBIAS WOLFF ("Sanity") lives in upstate New York and teaches literature and creative writing at Syracuse University. He is the author of a novel, *The Barracks Thief*, which won the 1985 PEN/Faulkner Award, and *This Boy's Life* (1989), a memoir.

The December Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, on behalf of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Ted Moncreiff; and Dan O'Kane.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



MUSLIM RAGE

I'm not convinced by Bernard Lewis's "The Roots of Muslim Rage" (September *Atlantic*). He would have it that we are confronted with a fundamental clash between the modernizing secularism of the West and the theocratic nature of Islam, and he traces the roots of Islamic anger all the way back to the Crusades. I would have it that the roots are much closer to the surface.

If there were no oil in the Middle East, if the British and then the United States had not projected their power into the region in order to secure access to that oil, I sincerely doubt that Muslims there would hate us.

How can we expect Middle Eastern Muslims to love us if we were the principal supporters of the Shah of Iran, if we are the principal supporters of Israel and several of the most autocratic Arab states, and if we are the guarantors of a political arrangement that mandates that the region's immense oil wealth benefit us, Western Europe, and a small number of Arab autocrats subservient to our demands?

Lewis's argument falls apart when he tries to explain why Middle Eastern Muslims aren't enraged by the oppression of the Muslims in the Soviet Union. I would venture that this relative lack of concern demonstrates that the roots of their rage are not so much religious as they are ethnic and economic. Look at what has happened in Afghanistan. Doesn't that tell us something? Doesn't that demonstrate that Muslims react to foreign domination primarily as Afghans, Iranians, Arabs, and so forth?

MATEO PARDO
Tampa, Fla.

Bernard Lewis grossly distorts history when he writes that "in the early days of the foundation of Israel . . . the United States maintained a certain distance." It was Washington, officially and unofficially, that exerted every

possible pressure in 1947 on key uncommitted nations in the United Nations to garner the necessary two-thirds vote for passage of the Partition Resolution authorizing the establishment of a Jewish state, along with an Arab state. The Philippines, Haiti, Ethiopia, Liberia, and Paraguay, dependent on the United States for one reason or another, were whipped into line.

After Israel had proclaimed its statehood, on May 15, 1948, the United States recognized the new state at eleven minutes after midnight (Jerusalem time) in order to beat the Soviet Union to the punch. An early sale of arms to the Haganah, the military arm of the Jewish Agency, was followed by the start of the U.S.-Israel financial pipeline. All-out U.S. political, financial, and diplomatic assistance to Israel, which has continued unceasingly, has fed the flames of resentment against the United States and the West.

ALFRED M. LILIENTHAL
Washington, D.C.

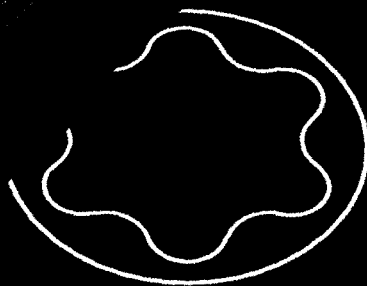
I was shocked and dismayed to find your September issue used as a vehicle for anti-Muslim propaganda. The cover story is nothing but a piece of anti-Muslim propaganda to which every Muslim-American organization and Arab-American group has objected. It has even offended the Christians.

Maybe, after centuries of relying on "experts" like Lewis, the time has come for the "enlightened intellectuals" to do some real scientific investigation and actual study of the Koran themselves to learn what Islam is really about. Maybe then they will come to understand why Islam is the fastest-growing religion in the West today.

FARHAD A. EBRAHIMI
Islamic Center of Contra Costa
Concord, Calif.

From the fifteen years I have spent living in and reporting on the Arab world, getting to know Muslims from all walks of life, in casual, formal, and

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conference settings, it is my observation that the mood of anger toward America is generated primarily by feelings of frustration in the face of Western supremacy in the modern world. Western dominance is rubbed into the Muslim mind through the unwelcome presence of Israel in the midst of the Arab world. Muslims around the world identify with the strong Arab opposition to Israel.

Israel is felt to be a dagger in Islam's side, a dagger that Arabs have been unable to remove despite several wars. In the minds of most Arabs and Muslims, Israel has been able to survive for one reason alone: tremendous American support. Hostility to America can be reduced and ultimately eliminated only after America's relations to the Middle East as a whole are changed. As long as Israel remains in existence on the strength of its military prowess alone (and not through achieving accommodation with its Arab neighbors), its presence will represent an intolerable humiliation to Muslims, and Arabs in particular. This is by far the most powerful source of Muslim anger toward America.

However, it may not be as difficult to defuse this anger as Lewis implies in his conclusion, where he suggests there is little or nothing America can do, because "these are issues that Muslims must decide among themselves." Muslim rage against America exists side by side with a widespread respect and admiration for the personal freedoms and prosperity enjoyed by Americans, two much-desired features of modern life that are in very short supply in the Muslim world. Emigrating to America is a widely held dream that only the privileged few can hope to fulfill.

This pro-American sentiment can be used to defuse anti-Americanism if America matches the fairness of its domestic treatment of ethnic minorities with a foreign policy aimed at bringing justice and equality to the relations among Middle Eastern states (as well as in other regions, of course). Washington's commitment to Israel's security is a given, but it represents only half a policy. Only when the United States demonstrates an equal interest in and commitment to the well-being of Arab states will there be a significant change in Arab-Islamic attitudes toward America.

The understanding of the Muslim world which Lewis so ably supplies in his article is an important foundation for American action in the region. A number of Western cultural presuppositions do not hold in Muslim societies. These must be learned well, so that policy-makers can design effective initiatives to improve relations. There is much scope for constructive action. It is never too late to begin.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Publisher
Middle East Times
Athens, Greece

Bernard Lewis effectively focuses on the source of the anger of the Muslim community. As he points out, their anger is caused by the threat "to their way of life," a threat that stems from the influence of Western ideas.

However, the wealthy Muslims have embraced Western ideas, and they send their sons to Western schools to soak up Western culture. It is the vast horde of impoverished Muslims—aware of how little they have when compared with people in the Western countries—who are seething with rage. Powerless to improve their secular condition, they cling tenaciously to their cultural heritage.

When Western influence undermines cultural beliefs, anger spills into rage. One issue that evokes intense emotional response is the threat to male dominion. The one place where power for males still exists is within the confines of the family. Insistence on the chador has returned women to invisibility. But the freedom of Western women could inspire rebellion at home, and it is the fear of a rupture of the old way of life that arouses the masses of Muslim males to attempt to destroy the symbols of Western culture—especially the most visible symbol, the possessions of the United States.

JOHANNA FISHER
Long Beach, Calif.

Though "The Roots of Muslim Rage" probes deeply into underlying causes of Muslims' hatred of the West, Bernard Lewis delicately and politely avoids mentioning what may, perhaps, be at the heart of modern Muslims' feelings: envy.

It seems unlikely that the animosity of the masses of undereducated Muslims could be attributed to resentment

stemming from their understanding of historical iniquities or defeats. Surely the typical Muslim, to say nothing of the typical American, could not give an account of the triumphs or losses of crusading Christians in the Middle Ages or of the division of spoils of the First World War. But when the modern Muslim, who devotes so much of his being to the observance of religious law, witnesses infidels reaping so much of God's material bounty, mightn't he perceive an injustice? And mightn't that be transformed into a hatred nourished fundamentally by jealousy?

MICHAEL E. ZULLER
Great Neck, N.Y.

Bernard Lewis closes "The Roots of Muslim Rage" by saying there are "more tolerant, more open" movements in Islam than the fundamentalist one, which "we may hope" will prevail. From where I am, and from what Lewis has written elsewhere in his article, I see little reason for hope of moderation in Muslim behavior.

It is obvious that these hordes of Muslims we view are feeling a rage that is constantly reinforced by their religious leaders. Their primitive religion—with its tolerance of slavery, fanaticism, bloodletting, subjugation of women, vengeance, instant martyrdom—is bad enough by itself; melded with political and military power, it is dreadful. The sheiks, at least, understand the civilizing effects of money, but the ayatollahs understand only the thrill of blood and power and hate.

THOMAS SCOTT
San Francisco, Calif.

"The Roots of Muslim Rage" is one of the finest and most helpful articles I have ever read in providing me with illuminating background to current affairs. I wish to be a subscriber.

THE REV. GARY D. HUNSTAD
Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church
San Diego, Calif.

Bernard Lewis replies:

Mateo Pardo can have little experience of those whom he calls "Arab autocrats" if he regards them as "subservient to our demands." And he forgets that although the oil industry was indeed created by European and American science and enterprise, the oil is owned by Middle Easterners, who sell it at high prices and huge profits.



Alfred Lilienthal, in his own highly selective version of history, confirms my point by his omissions. "The United States recognized the new state . . . in order to beat the Soviet Union to the punch." Precisely—the United States got in first, with de facto recognition; the Soviet Union trumped that move with immediate de jure recognition, which the United States did not accord until some time later. The "early sale of arms to the Haganah" was private and illegal, in defiance of an official U.S. embargo. It was in any case trivial compared with the supply of major weaponry from Czechoslovakia, then a Soviet satellite, which enabled the newborn state to survive its war of independence. Later the Israelis turned to Western Europe, and it was with French, not American, aircraft and weapons that they fought the wars of 1956 and 1967. American financial aid began on a small scale, and did not reach substantial proportions until the late sixties and the seventies. Limited arms sales were first authorized by President Kennedy in 1962; they became significant only after 1967. And even support of the Partition Resolution in 1947 was far less one-sided than Mr. Lilienthal asserts.

Israel, as I pointed out in the article, is certainly a major grievance, strongest for those directly involved, less so for those at a distance. This grievance, however, has not prevented two leading Islamic states from maintaining diplomatic relations with Israel, nor some others from entering into a wide range of commercial, cultural, and even political contacts. Among the most rabidly anti-Western, it is sometimes unclear whether they hate the

West because it supports Israel or hate Israel because they see it as a Western bridgehead. As Thomas Cromwell says, the mood of frustration results from "Western supremacy in the modern world," of which Israel is a symbol.

Thomas Scott's condemnation of Islam for its tolerance of slavery and other evils is a good example of the kind of attitude I am trying to correct. All the crimes in Mr. Scott's indictment of Islam can be paralleled in the history of both Judaism and Christianity, not to speak of other religions. Most—though by no

mean peoples, Arabs and others, have longer—though not necessarily more accurate—historical memories than we. During the recent war between Iraq and Iran both sides made reference in their war propaganda to events as far back as the seventh century. These references needed no elaboration, and they were well understood by the public in both countries.

In my article I tried to show that Islam is not merely a religion of bigots and fanatics, consumed with a groundless and unreasoning hatred of those whom they

regard as infidels. I tried to point to the real merits of Islamic civilization, and to the real basis of some Muslim grievances. This attempt has already brought me a charge of being "an apologist for Muslim fanaticism and aggression." For some Muslim spokesmen this is apparently not sufficient, and what they demand in effect is recognition not of the merits but of the perfection of Islam, and of the rightness of the Muslim side not just in some but in all disputes with the non-Muslim world. This is an unreasonable demand, and an impediment to better mutual understanding.

May we now hope that some Muslim monthly, in this country or in the lands of Islam, will undertake an inquiry into the reasons for the alarming growth of anti-Muslim feeling in North America, in Western and Eastern Europe, in India and elsewhere, and do so without reducing the discussion to simplistic accusations of prejudice and conspiracy?

The September copy of *The Atlantic* arrived in the mail this morning, and I have been boiling all day. How



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means all—of us have evolved beyond that stage, and I see no reason to doubt that Muslims can do the same.

Michael Zuller is no doubt right in ascribing a role to envy—often an important factor in international relations, though probably less of one than in the domestic politics of most countries. It does not, however, seem to me to be a determining factor in relations between the Islamic and Western worlds. In the matter of historical memory, Mr. Zuller should not judge the "typical Muslim" by the "typical American." Middle East-



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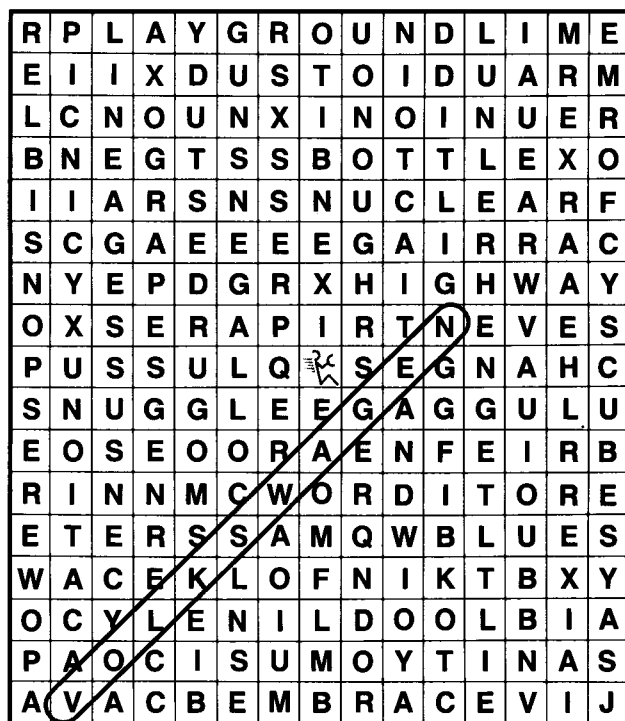
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It's fun. It's easy. Just find and outline the words listed below that describe the Fahrvergnügen (*Far-fair-gnu-ghen*) experience—as well as words that appear within this issue of THE ATLANTIC. There are 50 words in all. They can be found horizontally, vertically, diagonally, backward or forward. Letters can be used twice. To get you started, we've circled the first word—VOLKSWAGEN.

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Fahrvergnügen Word List

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Audio	Changes	Jive	Picnic	Smog
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JEANETTE HAJJAR
Boston, Mass.

The figure on the September cover was based on a figure depicted in an eighteenth-century Persian miniature. One reason that we used a historical Islamic image (consulting an expert on Islamic art in the process) was to avoid singling out any present-day Islamic group or state. Another was to avoid giving offense—inflaming those modern passions with which Bernard Lewis's article was concerned. Given the delicacy of the subject matter, that goal may have been unattainable. For the record, Bernard Lewis states: "I can only agree with Jeanette Hajjar about the cover design, which I did not see until the magazine was published."

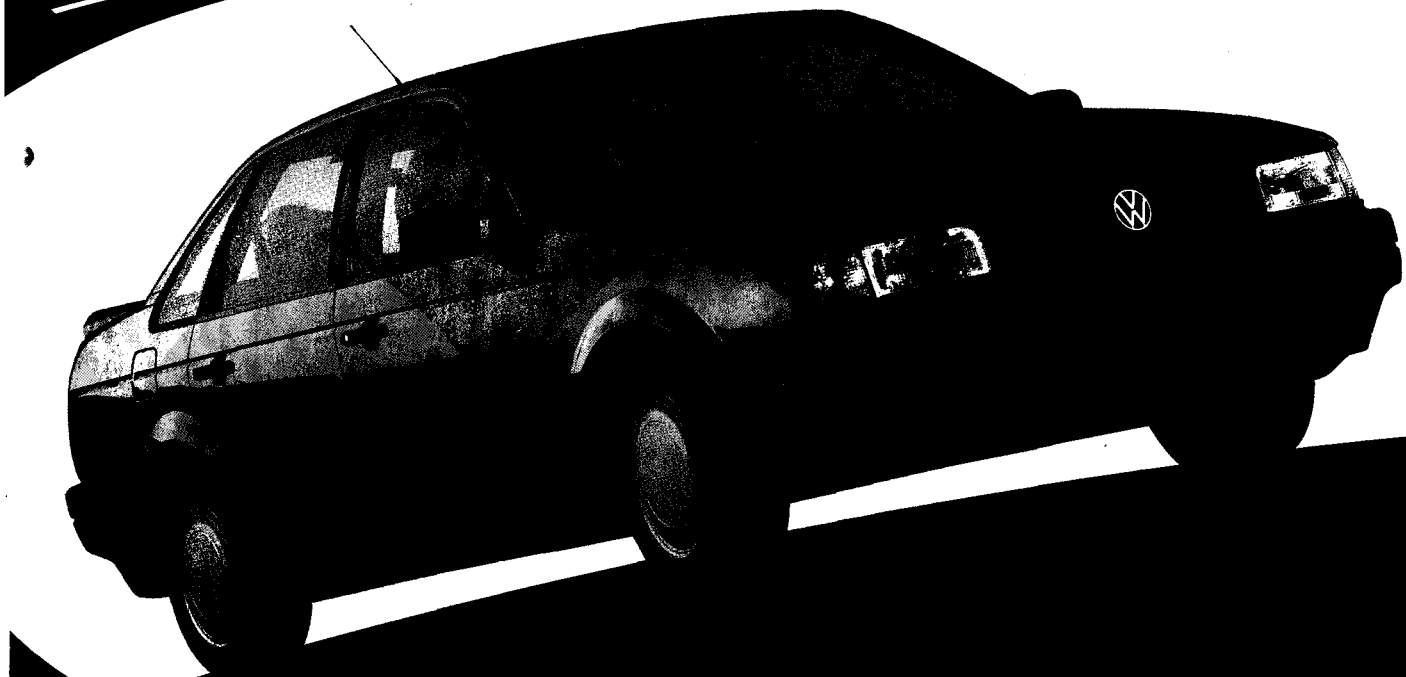
—THE EDITORS

HARVARD'S CORE

Regarding "Harvard's Hollow 'Core,'" by Caleb Nelson (September *Atlantic*): I do not think of myself as a friend of Harvard's core. As implemented, the core has slighted quantitative and statistical reasoning in an unfortunate way; its attempts to introduce non-scientists to science—the principal intellectual achievement of Western civilization—have not succeeded; and too much of the rest has seen simply the relabeling of old courses to achieve higher enrollments with captive audiences. On most days I would send those looking for a defense of the core elsewhere: Henry Rosovsky gives an able defense of it—at least in its imagined ideal—in his *University: An Owner's Manual*.

But the worm does turn, in this case because Caleb Nelson's article was so inane. Nelson offers a short list of core courses, ten, with titles he thinks sound silly—never mind that he had to stretch over three years to find his ten (he carefully says, "drawn from the 1989–1990 course catalogue," not "offered in 1989–1990"). He goes on to condemn the core for many reasons: for its "absence of any . . . Western-culture requirement," for its "unwilling[ness] to assert that the novels of Salman Rushdie are any less important

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than Shakespeare's plays," for its implicit failure to recognize that "the West is the font of freedom," and so on—we know the drill from William Bennett and Allen Bloom.

But Nelson is very careful not to talk about the typical core course. If he did, he would have to say that in 1989–1990 a plurality of students taking Moral Reasoning courses took "Jesus and the Moral Life," taking Social Analysis courses took "Principles of Economics," taking Literature and Arts took "Piano Music of the Nineteenth Century" and "The Concept of the Hero in Hellenic Civilization," taking Historical Studies took "The Cultural Revolution" and "International Conflict in the Modern World 1800–Present," taking Science took "Human Behavioral Biology."

So why does Nelson strive so hard to leave readers with the bizarre belief that students passing through Harvard's core are not exposed to the canon of civilization? I do not know.

J. BRADFORD DE LONG
*Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

Caleb Nelson is quite wrong to think that the "content-free" core is an innovation of the self-righteous sixties. Throughout the Middle Ages and for most of the modern period, university education began with a set of content-free "intellectual skills" called the Trivium: grammar, logic, and rhetoric. Aristotelian logic, the cornerstone of pre-nineteenth-century education, was known as the "organon"—the "instrument"—precisely to distinguish it from the content parts of philosophy. The Great Books approach to education was the invention of Renaissance humanists. I'm afraid that only a small minority of Great Thinkers had a university education based on Great Books.

The problem with Harvard's core curriculum is not that it is "content-free." Given the surrealistic political biases of academics today, the less they are permitted to address matters of content, the better. The problem is that Harvard's core doesn't go far enough toward imparting real intellectual skills. A wide and correct knowledge of language (grammar), of rules for forceful expression (rhetoric) and

clear thinking (logic), even some more modern skills, such as source criticism, statistical and scientific reasoning—now *that* would be an education worth having.

JAMES HANKINS
*Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

I must take issue with Caleb Nelson's painful vivisection of Harvard's core curriculum, which glosses the latter days of the Program on General Education as "value-free" and sneers at the "relevance" of such courses as "Environmental Effects of Power Generation" and "The American Indian in the Contemporary United States."

I now live in a state where a nuclear power plant is surrounded by towns with suspiciously high cancer rates, and where the Dragon Cement company quintupled its sale value under management by Indians after they bought it with the proceeds from a land-claims settlement. Relevance is not merely in the eye of the beholder: *any* Maine alumnus who had taken those two courses would be a better

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citizen because of it, and if that's not the aim of general education, what is?

NICHOLAS D. HUMEZ
Portland, Maine

My wife and I sent two of our children to Harvard in spite of the core curriculum. I had assumed, prior to reading Caleb Nelson's article, that everyone already knew that the alleged "core" will remain an administrator's dream as long as Harvard faculty are rewarded for creativity and initiative in their own fields rather than in interdepartmental undergraduate education. That's the way the game is played, and by and large the results are no worse today than they were ten or even forty-five years ago.

Of course, we sent our third child, who is more focused about what she wants to do with her life, to Yale.

CHARLES PRIMUS
Waterford, Conn.

Caleb Nelson fails to recognize what I consider an important reason for maintaining the core curriculum. In general the students who attend Har-

vard College are overachievers. Many of my peers came to Harvard knowing what field they would enter and were driven to take the highest number possible of the most advanced courses in that field before graduation. If it weren't for the core curriculum, many of these students would ignore courses outside their major, considering them a waste of time. Harvard's core requirements force these students to slow down a little. I believe the core adds a healthy perspective to the lives of young people who are accustomed to pursuing their goals at full speed.

ANTOINETTE MARIE TEASE
*Harvard '87
Honolulu, Hawaii*

Caleb Nelson writes of Columbia's core curriculum that we have managed "to impose such a requirement quite successfully." Indeed we have, for more than half a century. But it isn't easy. The core is expensive and difficult to administer, conflicts with conventional academic tendencies toward specialization, and is politically controversial. But it provides, I think, the

best undergraduate education in the country.

Our core consists of two semesters, four hours a week, of classes in Contemporary Civilization; two semesters, four hours a week, of Literature Humanities; and a semester each of Art Humanities and Music Humanities. In addition, in the extended core we require that every student study for two semesters a non-Western culture or an issue-oriented subject such as feminism or the environment. There are other requirements in the sciences and languages. Without all these courses a student cannot graduate from Columbia College.

Perhaps the most visible problem is political. The core has been attacked as the curriculum of "dead white men," irrelevant to the pressing issues of our time, such as those involving ethnicity, religion, gender, the environment, and so forth. On some campuses the absence (or presence) of such courses has provoked demonstrations or worse. There is force in these objections, although we don't preach the core, we teach it. We in fact be-

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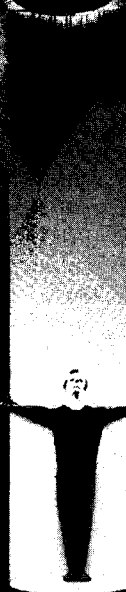
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lieve that many of the fundamental issues of our day are ones that have been debated for centuries. We do not proselytize in the courses that any particular author has the correct answers. We firmly believe that the way one's predecessors grappled with questions of justice and liberty and sovereignty, among others, helps us to think more clearly and self-consciously about those subjects. Even the limitations of these thinkers can be instructive. An instructor may quite properly disagree with all the texts, and some disagree with many. Certainly a glance at the roster will indicate that the authors often disagree with one another.

JACK GREENBERG
Dean
Columbia College
New York, N.Y.

Caleb Nelson replies:

To Bradford De Long, I point out the difference between exposing students to the canon, with a flighty sampling of random topics, and *teaching* them the canon, with a sustained examination of fundamental subjects in their proper contexts. We need not bicker over whose list of courses is more representative of Harvard's core, because both lists reflect the program's incoherence. Stocked with notoriously undemanding courses that have earned such nicknames as "Jesus and the Easy Life" and "Heroes for Zeros," Professor De Long's list ignores the literature of the past twenty-four centuries; restricts history to the foreign affairs of the modern world; pays scant attention to the sciences; and neglects philosophy, mathematics, and art. No fair analyst of the Harvard core can suggest that its coverage of the canon even approaches that of Columbia's program, of which Dean Greenberg is justly proud.

For the record, my article mentioned several core courses that focus on the canon, albeit in a disjointed way, even as it observed that students can satisfy their core requirements without taking any such courses.

I thank James Hankins for his interesting comments. I suspect, however, that Harvard adopted its "content-free" approach less to resurrect the Trivium than to escape the controversial task of defining what an educated person should know.

One reason that this task is controversial is that many people share Nich-

olas Humez's view of academia's purpose. I respect Mr. Humez's candor, but I do not think that current-events courses should be the centerpieces of a college education. Even if relevance is the true test of a curriculum, events quickly pass such courses by; the nuclear technology of twenty years ago, for instance, is not very important in the debate over nuclear power today.

Antoinette Marie Tease is surely correct that students should take courses outside their majors. But every program of general education achieves the advantage that she suggests is unique to Harvard's core.

FOOD IRRADIATION

Although Jacques Leslie covers the issues of food irradiation thoroughly and fairly ("Food Irradiation," September *Atlantic*), he uses terms at the outset that can only help keep the waters muddled. He says that food irradiation works "by exposing food to beams or isotopes of ionizing energy." That should have been "beams *from* isotopes." Radiation has no isotopes; chemical elements have them. (Isotopes are variant forms of a given chemical element, such as iron or carbon.) *Radioactive* isotopes (such as cobalt 60) can supply the radiation.

Laymen suppose that the irradiated food is tainted with radioactive chemicals and becomes radioactive. Leslie's otherwise excellent piece inadvertently supports this incorrect notion, though denying it along the way.

Food irradiation is done exactly like a dental x-ray. Your entire mouth—teeth, jaws, soft tissues, and all—is irradiated *by ionizing radiation* during the x-ray exposure. When the x-ray machine is turned off, the irradiation stops. And you do not get out of the dentist's chair with a radioactive mouth.

Leslie goes on to say that the radiation "splits" molecules of organisms that cause disease or spoilage, a term that brings to mind splitting atoms and tosses us plunk into the emotional cauldron with atomic bombs, nuclear reactors, fallout, and Chernobyl. Ionizing radiation modifies molecules. The modified molecules derail the cellular chemistry of the microbes in the food. This kills or incapacitates them. (Whoever said "splits" to Leslie was using a clumsy metaphor.)

The objective issue in food irradiation is new molecules formed in the food—the radiolytic products, or RPs, which Leslie discusses. As he reveals, if any toxic RPs are formed, they are in insignificant amounts: a few parts per billion. The point was missed, however, that allowing the food to spoil even slightly produces considerably more toxic molecules.

NICHOLAS ROSA
Saratoga, Calif.

Jacques Leslie's article "Food Irradiation" is disingenuous. "Most opposition to food irradiation is visceral," the author asserts. "It starts from the assumption that radiation, frequently a lethal agent, cannot possibly affect food in safe ways." Leslie then defends the safety of irradiation in every aspect but one, which he does not address, and attacks opponents of the procedure as kooks, weirdos, and New Age fanatics.

There is, however, a nonvisceral opposition, consisting of nutritionists, epidemiologists, and other scientists, plus informed ordinary citizens. Our opposition is based on just one fact, not mentioned by Leslie: *Irradiation has been shown to diminish the nutritional quality of a given food in direct proportion to the amount of radiation used on it.* Vitamins A, B, C, and E are particularly susceptible. A dose of 100,000 rads, the level approved by the Food and Drug Administration, will reduce the vitamin content of an apple or a pear by two thirds. Other foods will be affected similarly, and as for foods receiving enough rads to give them indefinite shelf life, one can expect their vitamin content to be rather close to zero.

If indiscriminate irradiation is ever allowed to take place, fresh fruits and vegetables—indeed fresh food of any kind—will cease to be generally available, and the national health will suffer accordingly.

JUNIUS ADAMS
Sunnyside, N.Y.

Despite Jacques Leslie's unequivocal assurances that food irradiation is safe and his condemnation of irradiation's opponents, the record shows that the long-term health effects of human consumption of irradiated foods are unknown. Although this food-preservation method has been studied for more than forty years, efforts to demonstrate



its safety have been unsuccessful. When traditional means of testing the safety of irradiated foods proved inadequate, the Food and Drug Administration approved its use for pork, produce, and poultry based on theoretical calculations of radiation chemistry and on the anticipated low levels of human exposure to the unique chemical products that occur in irradiated foods. In other words, because the FDA lacked tangible evidence to demonstrate the safety of irradiated foods, it concluded that, in theory, they should be safe. In my view, American consumers deserve greater assurances about the safety of something as basic as their food supply.

DOUGLAS H. BOSCO
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Jacques Leslie replies:

Junius Adams's claims about the nutritional impact of irradiation would indeed be alarming if they were true, but the scientific evidence does not bear him out. Thus the FDA commissioner, Frank E. Young, testified before a congressional subcommittee in June, 1987, that nutrient loss in foods irradiated at doses of less than 100,000 rads "appears to be of no dietary significance." In addition, studies conducted by the U.S. Army over the past three decades show that as long as foods are frozen and not exposed to oxygen during irradiation, they can receive doses sufficient to achieve sterilization or indefinite shelf life while losing no more than 20 percent of their vitamin B1, one of the most radiation-sensitive vitamins.

Representative Bosco's letter distorts the process by which the FDA has made decisions about food irradiation. For example, the FDA relied not simply on theory but on a review of 441 studies of animals fed irradiated food. Both the theory and the animal studies provided evidence of food irradiation's safety.

AFRICA'S TRAGEDY

David Ewing Duncan, while accurately detailing the facts of Africa's tragedy-in-progress, seems unable to draw the obvious conclusions ("Africa: The Long Good-bye," *July Atlantic*). "Africa is becoming the Third World's Third World," he quotes an ex-dic-

tator as saying. Well, should we be surprised?

No major country in sub-Saharan Africa offers its citizens full economic or civil rights. Farmers cannot sell their produce, because of state price-fixing schemes. Local businesses cannot produce for export, owing to export controls and corruption, nor can they produce or sell at home, owing to regulation. Manufacturers cannot import parts needed for factories. Foreign or local, only idiots (or those with friends in the presidential palace) dare do business in Africa. Meanwhile, proximity to that palace tends to be what proxies for democracy: riots in the capital produce subsidies for imported food and urban consumer goods; starvation in the countryside produces only sympathetic fund-raising in the United States and Europe. The majority of society is in that countryside and is cut off from having any say in government policy at all.

If "infusions of cash" in the 1980s really did total \$100 billion, then there is a lesson to be learned. That amount is comparable as a percentage of GNP to the amount that the United States spent on investment and government debt over the same period. If the 1980s infusion did not promote growth, neither will another. In the current environment more foreign aid will only bandage Africa's famines and epidemics while the lion's share of the cash goes to support the corrupt, incompetent, and repressive regimes in power. The United States should be praised for cutting down its support of these monsters. If only we would cut them off altogether.

WILLIAM THOMAS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

David Ewing Duncan poses the question "Why is Africa in such a sorry state?" The answer is simple: socialism. In their haste to dismantle the mechanisms of colonialism, country after country in Africa adopted the fluffy nonsense of European socialism, the very socialism that at this moment is being dismantled as fast as possible in Europe. Duncan is right when he says "structural adjustment" and other hokey have failed—why should the dictators relinquish market control when the mere promise of doing so is enough to line their pockets? The decision to "abandon" the African econo-

my cannot come soon enough to bring about a true market economy and subsequently the betterment of the lives of ordinary Africans.

PETER F. JOHNSON
Boulder, Colo.

David Ewing Duncan replies:

William Thomas has a valid point: it is time that parties interested in Africa engage in a debate questioning not only how to administer aid but also whether or not the concept of aid as we know it in Africa is fundamentally flawed. In case after case outsiders clearly have done at least as much harm as good in Africa, even when their intentions have been purely altruistic.

I must, however, offer a word of caution to Peter Johnson and others who believe that socialism is the root of Africa's woes, and that a "true market economy" is the solution. This is exactly the sort of popular oversimplification that has repeatedly led outsiders to err in Africa. It is unlikely that the imposition of Western-style market economies will reverse Africa's decline anytime soon. Nor will it alleviate the suffering, which will, I am afraid, get worse before it gets better.

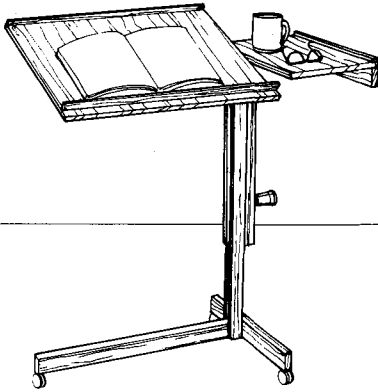
WHO KILLED JESUS?

Regarding Anthony Burgess's review of *The Court-Martial of Jesus*, by Weddig Fricke ("Who Really Killed Jesus?", *August Atlantic*): I don't see that it is either necessary or desirable to call into question the entire foundation of Christianity in order to get rid of the problem of anti-Semitism. People who take Christ's words seriously know that bigotry has no place in his teachings. The history of the early Christian Church is one of people patiently enduring the kind of persecution to which Jews have been subjected over the centuries.

BEN JONES
Salt Lake City, Utah

It is delightful of Anthony Burgess to accept so willingly the bait thrown him by Weddig Fricke in his book *The Court-Martial of Jesus*. Even as he tells us that the title itself is "more sensational than accurate," he accepts, hook, line, and sinker, Fricke's wobbly attempts to clear up 2,000 years of Christian anti-Semitism with the lus-

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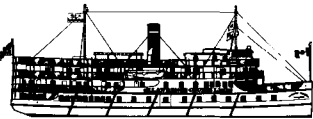
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trous stroke of a pen. While I applaud Fricke's wish to look critically at the problem of New Testament anti-Semitism, his uncritical interpretations cloud rather than clear up the issue in the long run.

Who arrested Jesus? Fricke hopes that if it can be proved that the Romans did it, the problem of anti-Semitism will be behind us. So it could not have been the Jewish Temple guards who arrested Jesus, because "if Peter had cut off an ear, they would have been quick to arrest him. Romans would have seen it as just another vaguely comic Jewish act of violence, best ignored." Now, of all the ears I have seen cut off, I cannot think of a single time when the victim, Roman or Jewish, found it even vaguely amusing, let alone comic. But of course it is important to believe it was Romans, because only they, and not Jewish Temple guards, would have needed Judas to point out who Jesus was. If they didn't know who he was, it somewhat begs the question of why they wanted to arrest him. Why would they follow this stranger, Judas, who was possibly a zealot and a sworn enemy of Rome? We have no reason to think the Romans were troubled by Jesus. On the other hand, the Jewish religious leaders were extremely bothered by him. Burgess leaves us to assume that Fricke bases his arguments on the most unlikely historical details of the story (the loss of an ear and the necessity of a kiss).

Burgess is correct in asserting that "the notion of pagan officials eager to punish a Jewish blasphemer is bizarre." But the notion of those same pagan officials appeasing an angry crowd, on the verge of riot, by punishing an unpopular victim is less than bizarre, it is commonplace—then as now. So, would the Jews have been upset with the Romans because they crucified Jesus? Indeed the Jews were upset with the Romans, not because they crucified Jesus but because they crucified everyone.

It seems that both Burgess and Fricke are still nostalgically set on the quest for the historical Jesus. Just as we can see the effects of a black hole but will never actually see it, so we can only see the life of Jesus by dealing with the early Christian writings for what they are: religious story, history, sayings, myth, dogma, propaganda.

We have to deal with what is there, not excise the parts in a Jeffersonian manner to improve upon the original.

ROGER A. BADHAM
*Cornell United Religious Work
Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing. Anthony Burgess demonstrates the truth of this aphorism once again. Burgess cleverly tries to defend his arguments against nit-picking academics and wild-eyed fundamentalists by appealing to the grand tradition of amateur scholarship and to logic and historical fact. Yet amateurism does not excuse being wrong, and it is precisely on logic and fact that Burgess's claims fail.

Almost every point Burgess makes or alludes to I could take issue with individually, but all depend on the same basic mistakes. One is that Paul invented some religion about Jesus that obscured and even opposed Jesus' own "humane philosophy." This myth, popular among certain types of intellectuals in the past century, has been debunked often. Another is the anachronistic misunderstanding of the genres of ancient literature, an error that allows Burgess to pick and choose the convenient facts and to ignore the context and central claims of the four Gospels. These and similar prejudices and naivetés form part of a sort of liberal fundamentalism as unhistorical and potentially dangerous as any of those that Burgess opposes.

It is noble to combat the wicked and bitter anti-Semitism of the West, but surely Fricke and Burgess can apply themselves to this task more effectively than through bad history, and they should understand that the greater guilt lies not in the far past but squarely in modern European history and culture. Second, Christianity has never feared historical scrutiny. Not only have we withstood it for two millennia, but we have always carried it on. Great intellects from Origen and Augustine to Aquinas and Luther were convinced about the truth of Christianity by the careful scrutiny of facts and reasons. Christians have no better sense than to do justice to historical fact.

ARTHUR SHIPPEE
*Religious Studies
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.*



ADVICE & CONSENT

With mixed emotions I read your report that the word *emporiatrics* may soon be destined for lexicographic immortality (Word Watch, August *Atlantic*). I have always hated the term, which, as you say, describes the branch of medicine devoted to the prevention, detection, and treatment of travel-related diseases, and since I am in part responsible for its existence, I feel obliged to explain my culpability.

The word came into being in 1954, not 1980, and not with the article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* you cite but with a trip to the New York Public Library. That was the year that Somerset Waters, a travel consultant and an adviser to President Eisenhower, and I created the Travelers Health Institute, for the purpose of getting to the bottom, as it were, of that ancient scourge of the accidental tourist, Montezuma's revenge, a.k.a. traveler's diarrhea. Our first official act was to order stationery; Waters felt that a letterhead with a proper logo was essential to our feeble fund-raising ef-

forts. Besides, he reasoned, if there could be *pediatrics* for children, and *geriatrics* for old people, why not *emporiatrics* for travelers (*emporos* from the Greek word for "traveler")?

I hated it. It reminded me of "emporium," the entrepreneurial euphemism for the musty, depressing corner dry-goods store ubiquitous in the Midwest of my youth—wholly inappropriate for an international organization of style and sophistication. But Waters was a stubborn man. He made a trip to the New York Public Library, where he charmed the resident linguistics expert into agreeing with him. Thus our new letterhead read, "Devoted to the Science of *Emporiatrics*." Convinced that the phrase was a real dud, but not beyond a little honest self-promotion, I used it in a few speeches and let the matter drop. Years later, while perusing *Dorland's Medical Directory*, my eyes stumbled on the term *emporiatrics*; I then read about "*emporiatric enteritis*" in *JAMA*.

So much for a parasitologist's flair for language. *Emporiatrics* has become the widely used name for a whole subspe-

cialty of medicine. Waters was the genius but, within medical circles at least, I usually get the credit.

B. H. KEAN, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

I take exception to your use of the term "anti-children" to classify adult Americans who don't have or don't want any of the little folks (September *Almanac*). There are many reasons why some couples are childless, only one of which is that they are opposed to children.

My wife and I decided not to have children because we simply aren't interested in raising a family. This doesn't make us child-haters or "anti" anything. We have enough children around us to keep us happy—our friends have them, our neighbors have them, our sisters have them, and our cousins have them. We enjoy these kids and they enjoy us.

Slapping a label like "anti-children" onto such a diverse group as childless couples is irresponsible.

ROBERT J. STUART
Melrose, Mass.

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Were a major earthquake to strike a city like Los Angeles, St. Louis or New York, the entire country would pay the price. And the impact would extend far beyond the deaths, personal injury and property damage in the immediate quake area.

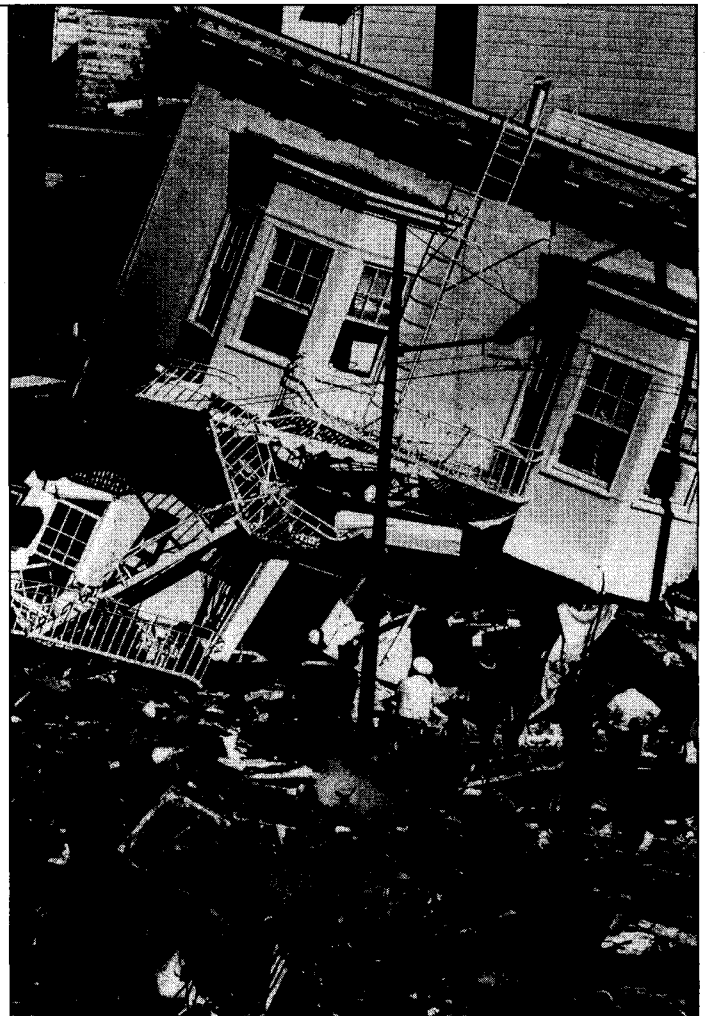
Start with disruption of critical energy and communication lines, food distribution and transportation. Add the problems in the financial markets that would inevitably arise as the insurance industry mobilized the funds to pay massive claims.

Worse yet, the insurance industry, drained of cash, might be unable to raise new capital to meet ongoing obligations and offer new coverages in the future.

As a nation, we can't afford to let this happen. Yet it easily could.

WE NEED TO BE BETTER PREPARED.

Destructive earthquakes will continue to occur throughout the world. The only real uncertainties are when and where.



Minimizing their effects calls for some fresh thinking. That's where The Earthquake Project comes in.

The Earthquake Project is supported by companies that have been working individually and through trade groups for several years to lay the groundwork for legislation to address this problem. Our goal

Federal earthquake vital for all Americans.

is to protect the integrity of our economy in the event of a major quake.

And to make earthquake insurance available and affordable to every American homeowner and business.

A GOVERNMENT-INDUSTRY PARTNERSHIP APPROACH.

The proposed legislation would create a federal earthquake insurance program based on a government-industry partnership. The program would increase the number of homeowners purchasing insurance, thereby spreading the cost of risk more broadly. As a result, rates would be generally lower than they are today and coverage would be more affordable.

Another feature of the program would be the creation of a federal earthquake reinsurance corporation. Commercial insurance companies could purchase additional reinsurance from this corporation to supplement their existing capacity. This extra layer of protection would come into play in the event insurance industry earthquake losses exceeded some predetermined large figure—say \$8 billion.

IT WOULD PROVIDE THE RESOURCES TO REBUILD OUR ECONOMY.

With such a program in place, compensation could be available to every earthquake victim suffering property losses. Moreover, the reinsurance aspect of the plan would assist the insurance industry in performing its role of efficiently

allocating the resources needed for rapid recovery and for rebuilding our economy.

As we see it, a federal earthquake insurance program, undertaken with the participation of government, business and American homeowners, is no longer a matter of choice.

It's a necessity.

WHY IS AIG RUNNING ADS LIKE THIS?

AIG (American International Group) is the nation's largest underwriter of commercial and industrial insurance, and the leading U.S.-based international insurance and financial services organization.

The nature of our business means we deal every day with issues ranging from natural disasters to political risk. Not to mention other issues affecting the future of the world economy.

AIG is a founding member of, and participant in, The Earthquake Project. We believe the American public should understand the probable extent of devastation from a major earthquake. And the ways we as a nation can prepare to deal with it.

Let your elected officials know what you think of this proposal. Or if you'd like to express your views to AIG, write Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, AIG, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

AIG World leaders in insurance
and financial services.



THE DECEMBER ALMANAC

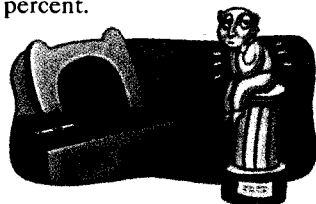
ENVIRONMENT

This month four women and four men, all single, will enter a closed environment and attempt to remain there as high-tech peasants for the next two years—all part of an ambitious experiment whose results may influence the way human beings sustain themselves on long space journeys. Biosphere 2 (Planet Earth is Biosphere 1) is a three-acre complex of domes, vaults, and greenhouses in the Arizona desert containing living quarters and laboratories; replicas of natural habitats, including a rain forest, a desert, and an ocean; and thousands of plant and animal species, some 40 percent of which are expected to die off within the first year. Biosphere 2 is mostly a closed system: no air, water, or food is meant to enter the structure, although information, including news and the latest movies, will pass freely in and out, and a healthy infusion of energy from outside will be necessary to keep all the pumps, fans, heaters, sensors, and computers running.

DEMOGRAPHICS

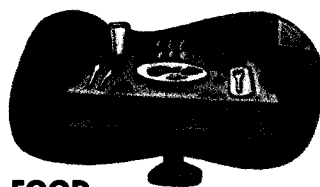
December 31, by this day the Census Bureau must deliver to the White House the final 1990 "population count." This is the number that will be used to reapportion political boundaries (among other things) unless the bureau decides or is ordered by Congress or the courts to adjust the count by means of statistical procedures (in order, for example, to include large numbers of minor-

ity-group members and homeless people who are alleged by officials in many localities to have been missed). If the bureau conducts an adjustment, it must decide to do so by next July 15. It may be that the demographic data in many American minds need adjusting more urgently than those in Census Bureau computers. According to the Gallup organization, some 25 percent of all Americans believe that 10 to 19 percent of their fellow citizens are Jewish; another 18 percent believe that 20 to 29 percent are. The correct figure is 2 to 3 percent. Some 22 percent of all Americans believe that 30 to 39 percent of the U.S. population is black. The correct figure is around 12 percent.



ARTS & LETTERS

December 17, the names of this year's most boring celebrities, as determined by the Boring Institute, of Maplewood, New Jersey, will be announced. Nominees for the list's top 10 are sure to include Donald Trump, Roseanne Barr, and the members of New Kids on the Block. Also this month, according to the American Association of Museums, contributions by individuals of objects to museums will reach an annual peak, as taxpayers take steps to garner deductions and thereby reduce their tax liability. The number of contributions of art works has declined sharply—by about two fifths in the past four years—because of a change in the tax laws in 1986 which capped the value of a deduction at the art's original price rather than at the price it would fetch at resale. This, together with rapidly escalating prices for art, has made giving far less attractive than selling.



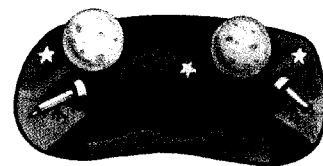
FOOD

It is a tradition in the U.S. military to provide a Christmas dinner for all men and women in the armed services who are on active duty. Doing so will be a special challenge this year, with hundreds of thousands of U.S. military personnel stationed in and around the Persian Gulf as part of Operation Desert Shield. According to Major Frank Takacs, the chief of the Proponency Division of the U.S. Army's Center of Excellence (Subsistence) at Fort Lee, Virginia, soldiers in the Persian Gulf can expect a Christmas dinner of shrimp cocktail, salad, roast turkey with giblet gravy, baked ham, mashed potatoes, glazed sweet potatoes, savory bread dressing, broccoli spears, corn O'Brien, corn bread, and pumpkin and pecan pies.

HEALTH & SAFETY

By month's end the United States will have failed to meet many of the 226 health objectives for the year 1990 that were set by Washington ten years ago. One objective was to reduce infant mortality from a rate of 13.8 deaths per 1,000 live births (in 1978) to a rate of 9 per 1,000; the actual figure last year was 9.7 deaths. Another objective was to reduce the proportion of the adult population that smoked cigarettes from 33.5 percent (in 1979) to below 25 percent; the proportion was 29.1 percent in 1987, the last year for which figures are available. A third objective was to reduce the rate of syphilis infection from

11 (in 1979) to 7 cases per 100,000 population; the figure last year was 18.4, and the figure for blacks was 121.8. The rate of syphilis infection is the highest it has been in 40 years. The government this year has published health objectives for the year 2000, and they call for an infant mortality rate of 7 deaths per 1,000 births, a smoking rate of 15 percent, and a syphilis rate of 10 per 100,000 population.

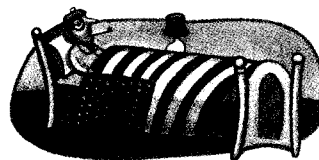


THE SKIES

December 2 and 31, Full Moons, the second of which is known as the Yule Moon. A second Full Moon in a month—an infrequent occurrence—is also called a Blue Moon, giving rise to the familiar expression "once in a blue moon." 13-14, the Geminid meteor shower, the most spectacular of the year, peaks tonight in the hours after midnight. Some 50 meteors an hour will appear all over the sky. 16, New Moon. 21, the Winter Solstice.

25 YEARS AGO

Pauline Kael, writing in the December, 1965, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Spoofing has become the safety net for those who are unsure of their footing. Unlike satire, spoofing has no serious objectives: it doesn't attack anything that anyone could take seriously; it has no cleansing power. It's just a technique of ingratiating: the spoof apologizes for its existence, assures us that it is harmless, that it isn't aiming for beauty or expressiveness or meaning or even relevance. To many in the advertising business and to those young artists who often seem to be in the same business, it is a way of life—or, rather, a time killer on the way to the grave."



It takes a
special eye to
appreciate it. 



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1991 405 models from \$15,300 to \$21,700.* Call 1-800-447-2882. In Canada 1-416-566-1900. *MSRP Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges.

How you see the Peugeot 405 S depends on how you look at it.

A glance will probably note the leather seats, but miss the two densities of foam used to eliminate seat springs which transmit road vibration. It might take in the six-speaker anti-theft AM/FM cassette stereo system, but miss the hydraulic-powered anti-lock braking system.

A more discerning eye will see Peugeot's passion for building cars which do not sacrifice any one element for another, but aim to provide the optimum balance of all aspects of the car.

Something which, if you haven't yet experienced, you are certain to appreciate.

REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Great Expectations

Acquiring tomorrow today

ONE DAY RECENTLY my seven brothers and sisters and I received a computerized form letter from our mother—the first time we had ever been sent such a thing. It consisted largely of a painstaking inventory of the objects in the house we all grew up in, and ended with a request: “We ask that you check those items that might interest you. Return when you can.” By way of illustration, here are some of the items listed under the heading “Back Living Room”:

Brass table and stand (given to Great-grandfather Murphy by the Palmers of Stonington)

Windsor arm chair (Grandma Woods’s only piece brought from Ireland)

Globe

Dad’s bound books of illustrations

Mom’s portrait

George III corner cabinet

Hammered silver service (wedding present to Nanny and Poppy)

Vase, top of corner cabinet (only piece that belonged to Great-grandma Byrne)

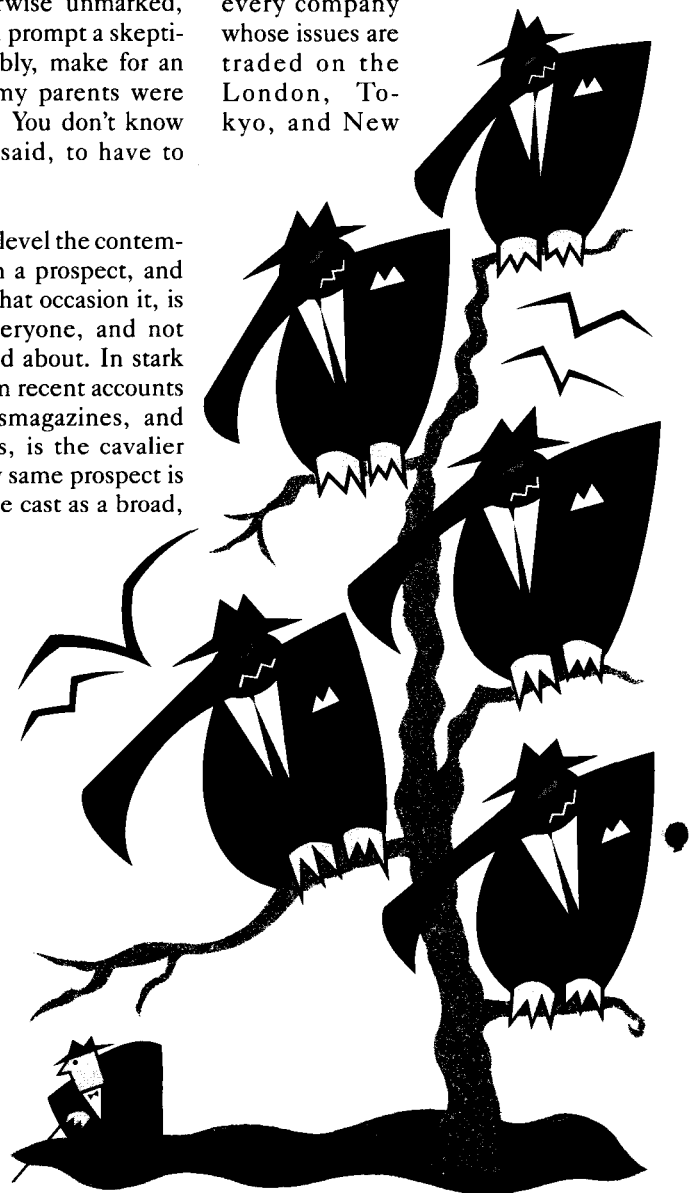
It was, as you might imagine, a disturbing sort of thing to get in the mail, and after tying up the phone lines to confirm that our parents had experienced no sudden change in their levels of health and sanity—normally quite

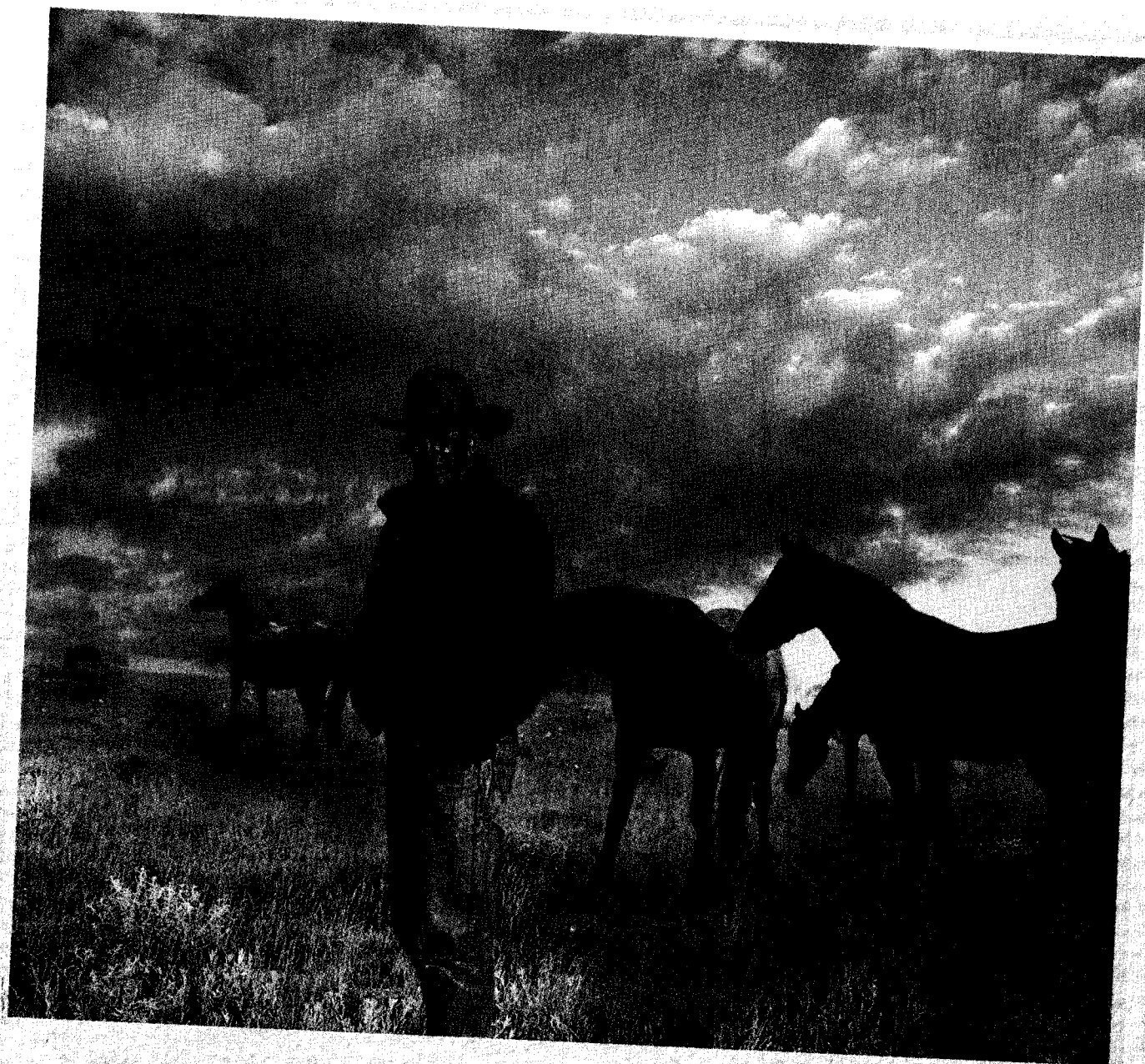
high—and had simply succumbed to a fit of long-range (I hope) planning, we all turned back to the letter, and found that we had no taste for the task. I was tempted to put my initials next to the words “Mom’s portrait” and send the inventory back otherwise unmarked, knowing that it would prompt a skeptical snort (and, probably, make for an eight-way tie), but my parents were surprisingly insistent. You don’t know what it’s like, they said, to have to break up a home.

ON A PERSONAL level the contemplation of such a prospect, and of the events that occasion it, is painful to almost everyone, and not easily or readily talked about. In stark contrast, to judge from recent accounts in newspapers, newsmagazines, and business publications, is the cavalier way in which the very same prospect is viewed when it can be cast as a broad, national phenomenon. A younger generation—mine, as it happens—will during the next quarter century or so supplant an older one, with consequences that have elicited slaver speculation and unseemly relish. The object of interest, specifically, is the roughly \$8 trillion that the parents of the Baby Boom generation are expected to bequeath to their children. This Baby Boodle, as one might call it,

already amounts to hundreds of billions of inherited dollars annually, and the sum will grow in size every year until well into the next century.

The total amount is so large—enough to buy every share of stock of every company whose issues are traded on the London, Tokyo, and New





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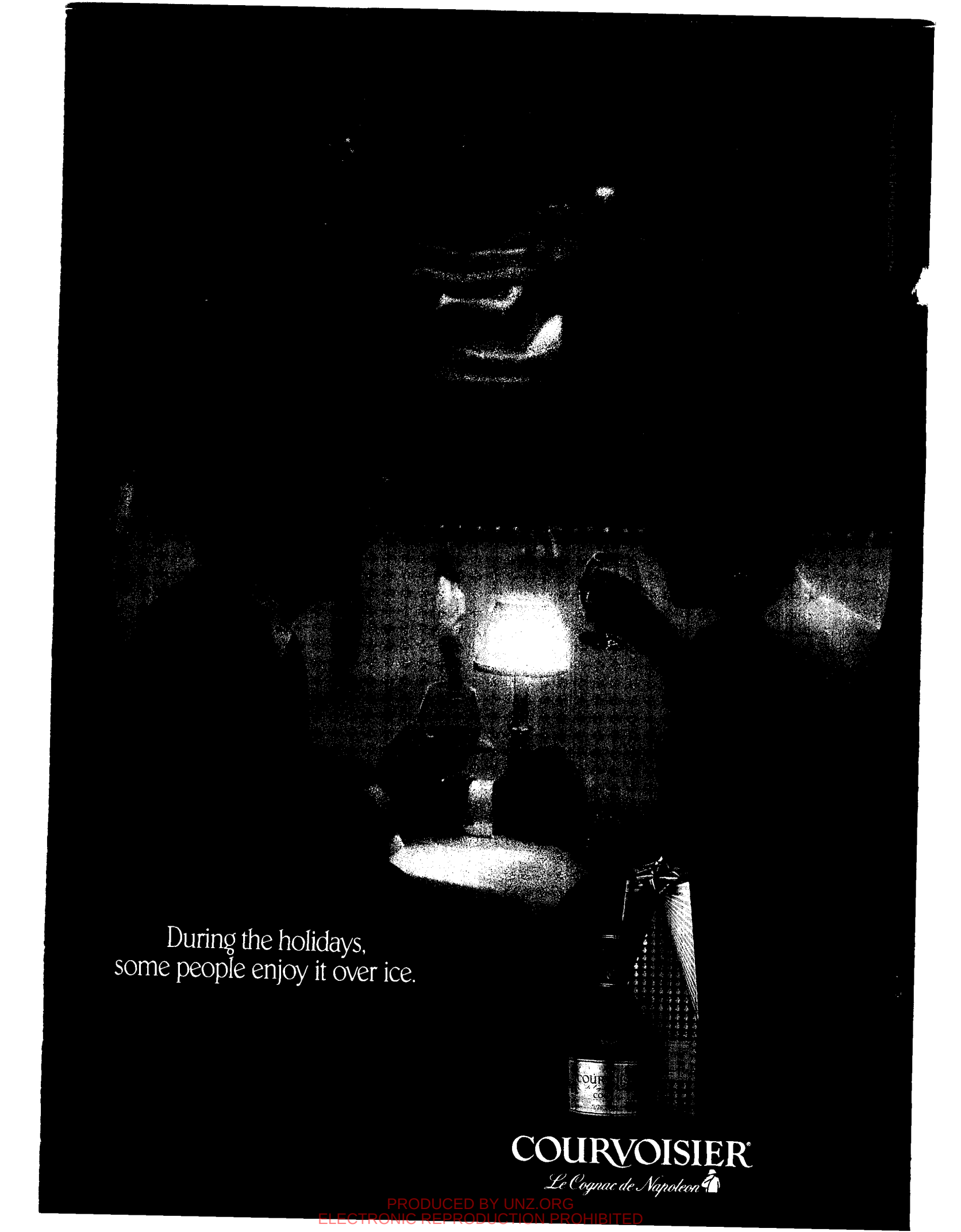
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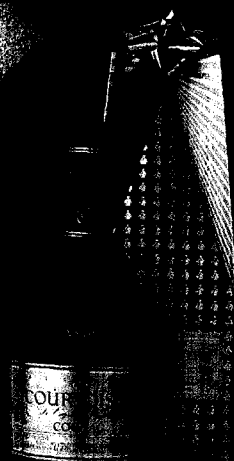
Dayton Hyde, Rancher, author and founder of The Institute of Range and
the American Mustang, wild horse sanctuary, Black Hills, South Dakota.

McKinley Flannel Shirt, \$32. Leather and Down Jacket, \$325.

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During the holidays,
some people enjoy it over ice.



COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon 

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York stock exchanges; enough to pay off the Third World's entire debt and give the 3.5 billion people who live outside the industrialized countries almost \$2,000 apiece—that economists have already begun to assess the impact it will have on the national economy. Psychologists and financial planners are offering advice on how to talk to parents about their wills ("Before you broach the subject . . . know what your goals are"; "Rehearse ahead of time"). Fund-raisers and philanthropies are redoubling their efforts to reach those people whose estates will ripen and fall during the coming "decade of transition" ("What to Do Before Your Donors Are Dead" was the title of a recent article in the journal *Fund Raising Management*). Advertisers have defined and targeted a demographic group that *Adweek* calls "the new inheritors." There are great expectations all around.

The hopeful tone of much of the recent writing recalls that of a speech made by Herbert Hoover in 1935, in which he assured graduating seniors at Drake University that, despite the Depression all around them, they could look forward to a bright economic future. "Did it ever occur to you," he said, with what I imagine must have been a sweep of his arm toward nearby dwellings and places of business, "that all the people who now live in these houses, who conduct this vast complex of life and civilization, are going to die?"

IT TURNS OUT, of course, that many presumptive beneficiaries are, well, impatient. They do not want to bide their time. They yearn, in fact, to exchange the frustrating and impetuous role of Pip for the more immediately gratifying one of Regan or Gonerril. Some worry openly that their parents' medical and nursing-home costs will drain the camel's hump, as it were. Others worry that interests and relationships forged in retirement will prompt diverting codicils (bequests to people other than next of kin are on the rise). Still others fear that the older generation will simply live on and on and on. A middle-aged man who is expecting a sizable inheritance was quoted recently in a business magazine as saying, "I feel like Prince Edward waiting for Queen Victoria to die."

What people like him need—and what someone at the University of Chicago will surely soon devise—is a fu-

tures market for inheritances. As farmers do with soybeans and pork bellies, people who anticipate an inheritance would (secretly) sign over to speculators all rights to it, in return for an immediate flat payment. For the speculator the investment would be a risky one—the collection date, the identities of the beneficiaries as of that date, and the size of the estate when settled would all be unknowable—and the cash paid out to the person selling his birthright would thus probably amount to a small fraction, perhaps 30 percent, of that person's estimated prospects. But there would be many takers, I suspect, on both sides of the bargain. Before long the market in legacy futures—"full bellies," as they'd no doubt be called—would achieve a strange life of its own, subject to all the volatility that afflicts other commodities markets. Flu epidemics during a recession, which could have the effect of spurring the number of bequests at a time when estate values were soft, would send full-belly prices tumbling. Increases in Social Security and Medicaid benefits, which could prevent many older people from having to dip into savings or investments, would make full-belly prices soar. There would, admittedly, be occasional abuses—by, say, overzealous pension-fund managers, who might arrange for the selective slaughter of wealthy legators at the height of a bull market—but perhaps no more frequently than they already occur in the wheat or Eurodollar market. Prudent regulation could deal with other problems. For instance, because the condition of the full-belly market would have implications for the nation's money supply and hence for the health of the economy as a whole, it would probably make sense to have a representative of the Federal Reserve Board on call at intensive-care units to participate (together, of course, with the doctor and the medical ethicist) in the making of certain decisions.

The system outlined here will be criticized by some, but it undeniably would satisfy what appears to be an unmet national need. It would also put to rest all this talk about a dawning "we decade." And whereas many of those who sold their birthright might well feel cheated when the actual bequest was made, one could only say, They had it coming to them.

—Cullen Murphy

Behold the Spirits of Christmas Present.

'Tis the season to give Courvoisier.
Perfect for placing beneath the tree.
Even better for sharing before
the fireplace.

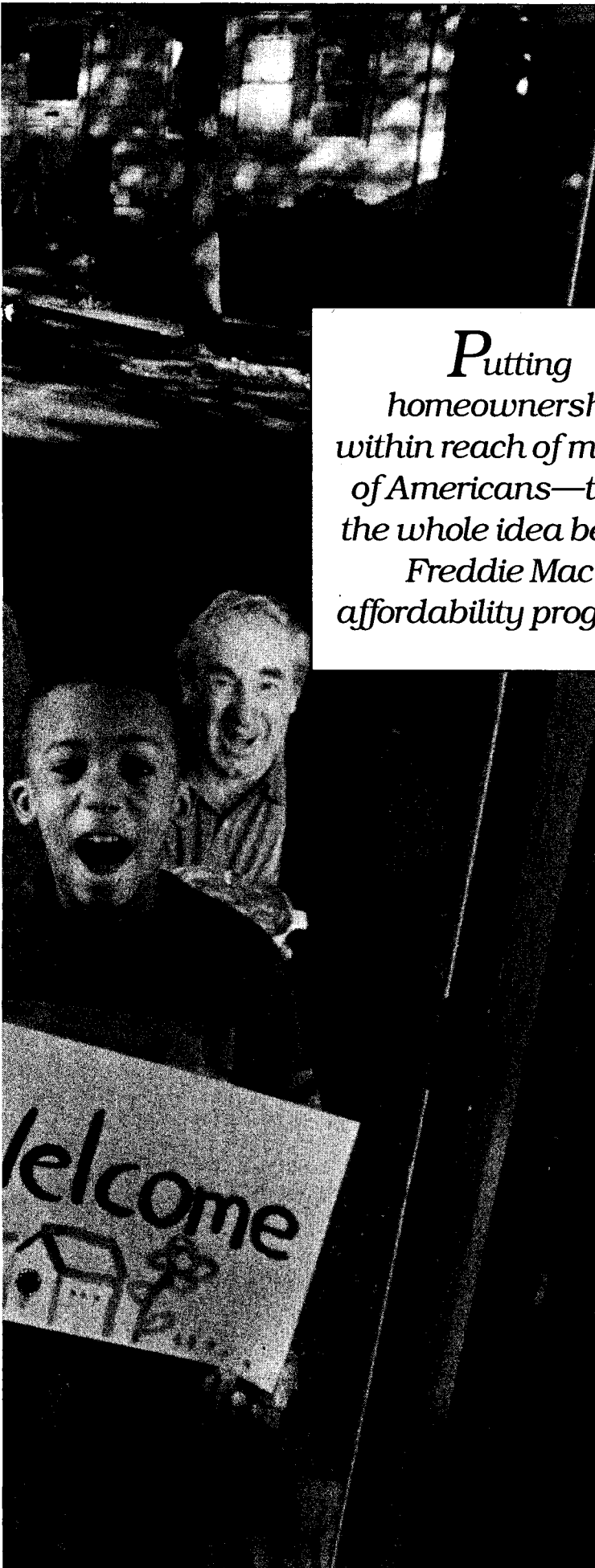


COURVOISIER

Le Cognac de Napoléon 

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Homeownership benefits more than just the families involved. It affects whole neighborhoods, giving them stability and support. And by making mortgage money accessible to more Americans, Freddie Mac is helping families become part of neighborhoods every day.

*Putting
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The public/private partnerships that Freddie Mac develops provide financing that would normally be out of reach. These partnerships make it possible for millions of low- to moderate-income Americans to buy homes.

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THE IDEA BEHIND ONE IN EIGHT

AMERICAN HOMES



Freddie Mac

**STEADY
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One casualty of Argentina's runaway inflation: the construction industry

ARGENTINA

Living With Hyperinflation

How an out-of-control economy, and the political discontent it exacerbated, has humbled one of Latin America's most cosmopolitan cultures

HISTORY IN Argentina is in constant flux. Values that seemed eternal until only a week ago may be replaced tomorrow by their opposites; misfortune bemoaned or good fortune celebrated yesterday flashes today out of memory beyond recall. Only inflation remains. No one understands how to remain upright in terrain as slippery as this.

In July of last year inflation was rising at a rate of four percent a day. According to conservative midsummer projections, the cumulative increase for the year might reach 5,000 percent by the end of December. However, in September the government placed ads in all the newspapers announcing, "We have beaten inflation. It will never return." But at the beginning of last January hyperinflation flared up again, like a stubborn summer cold. In April it faded once more and the government announced triumphantly, "This

time it's for good." By last fall inflation was fluctuating between 10 and 16 percent a month. But these figures—like any taken out of context—don't tell the whole truth. Instead of australs, the national currency, businessmen now calculate prices in dollars. The exchange rate, which over the past eight months has averaged around 5,500 australs to the dollar, has remained relatively stable, so prices in dollars have continued to inflate along with the austral. After so much anguish Argentines want only to survive. They have become accustomed to the deprivations of buying fewer books, going less to the cinema, and having shorter vacations. But the question remains: Has hyperinflation gone away forever? In Argentina what has happened once is likely to happen again. The problem is now so deep-seated that when visitors arrive from abroad and ask, "How are things?" the unfailing answer is "Never worse."

In a land where nothing remains unchanged, not even history, a President, too, may change his image (and his orientation) from one day to the next. Carlos Menem is the current inheritor of Perónism, a populist movement that has always swung like a pendulum between authoritarianism and democracy. Like Juan Perón, the movement's founder, Menem sprang from practically nowhere. At the beginning of 1988 Menem was the homespun, colorful governor of La Rioja, one of Argentina's poorest provinces. Brought up in

the Muslim faith, resigned to a difficult and stormy marriage, Menem was treated with disdain and even mockery by respectable politicians. His late conversion to Catholicism rendered him suspect to the Church hierarchy; his populism had long irritated the military, who had tortured him and kept him locked up in one prison or another from 1976 to 1981. In July of 1988 Menem ran for nomination as the presidential candidate on the Perónist ticket against Antonio Cafiero, the governor of the powerful province of Buenos Aires, and won.

None of Menem's campaign promises or pronouncements prior to his election, on May 14, 1989, gave any inkling of what he would do when in power. During the days preceding his election Menem seemed the very reincarnation of the millenarian messiahs who had flourished among the down-trodden of Europe toward the end of the tenth century and lingered into the middle of the twelfth. Like them, he heralded the advent of a new heaven, a new earth. Harvests could not but multiply in his path, and penury would vanish.

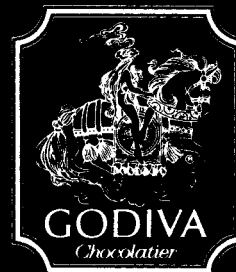
For Raúl Alfonsín, however, whose term of office was to end last December, the setbacks of May were merely a harbinger of worse to come. Inflation was skyrocketing at a rate of two or three percent a day. No one could find a way to curb it. The laws enacted to placate the intractable military proved inadequate, and the threat of a new barracks coup smudged the horizon. At the end of that month mobs of looters descended upon a dozen supermarkets in the suburbs of Buenos Aires and Rosario, two of the country's largest cities. Fifteen people died. Powerless to hold back catastrophe, Alfonsín was obliged to resign five months before his term was up.

ON JULY 14, 1989, at half past four in the afternoon, Santa Isabel Cantero had finished ironing. She was in a bad mood. Santa had received her wages for the past two days—800 australs, then the equivalent of \$1.20, covering eight hours of ironing. She had earned that much again on her morning job and had decided that this was the moment to stop at the supermarket to compensate her family for the deprivations of the whole month. It was a Friday. Juan Ig-



Dashing.

The forecast for this holiday season calls for delicious accumulations of Godiva® Chocolate. Imagine, all those golden boxes being opened in a flurry of excitement. Then the momentary silence as those legendary chocolates with their enchanted fillings are experienced with sheer delight. It's a delectable prediction that can be shared with family and friends. So, don't let the season drift by without the magical gift of Godiva.



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nacio, her husband, had not eaten that Tuesday or Wednesday. And she had eaten nothing on Sunday in order that their two children could have the last of the bread and soup. Yet she couldn't complain: they said on the radio that more than two million Argentines (six percent of the population) were now unemployed, and that almost two million were underemployed. She and her husband were not among those unfortunate people.

It had been a glorious winter's day. The sun was starting to go down, and for once it was not veiled by the usual July fog. A deathly silence had settled over vast Avenida Independencia, in southern Buenos Aires. The usual Friday-afternoon uproar of trucks was absent, and the few people about on the streets seemed like ghosts.

Misfortunes had piled up one after another since the previous Saturday, when President Carlos Menem had taken office. Everybody had been saying, As soon as he gets in, bad luck will be over. But it wasn't over. Bread was now 55 cents a kilo, double last week's price. The median family dietary requirement now cost \$277 a month, but very few earned a salary that high. The woman for whom Santa worked, a lawyer in a prominent law firm, was paid less than \$60 a month.

Santa lived in the Claypole section, an hour by train from Buenos Aires. She was almost twenty-nine years old, a strong woman, who earned nine dollars a month, nearly as much as Juan Ignacio. They had planted a tiny vegetable garden, which gave them enough Swiss chard and onions for their soups. Everything was going to improve. Menem had said so. The rich would share their profits with the poor, and the corrupt would be wiped off the face of the land. They had to believe in Menem. He was a kindly man, who loved the people and never stopped praying to the Virgin for protection. Inflation's tangled web was being unraveled by the new Minister of the Economy, Miguel Angel Roig, an engineer, who had been a vice-president of Bunge & Born, the country's most powerful corporation. From his first day in office Roig had shown himself to be forceful. He announced that the official dollar-exchange rate would be fixed at 650 australs, in order to stimulate the export of farm products and repatriate flown capital.

Santa rummaged through the supermarket shelves for groceries whose prices hadn't been marked up yet. She found cracked or broken eggs going for 280 australs a dozen and decided to treat herself to half a dozen. She bought a package of noodles for 138 australs and, after some hesitation, six bouillon cubes that cost the equivalent of half a dollar.

A monotonous voice was reeling off the spiraling prices over the sound system. Two long lines stretched to the checkout counter, and Santa realized she would not get to Claypole until quite late. All at once the whirring cash registers stopped dead, the loudspeakers went dumb, and silence settled over the aisles like a prehistoric bird. For the first time in a long while Santa Isabel Cantero felt the chill of dire premonition. She looked at the cashiers.

"What happened?" she asked in a sick voice.

"Minister Roig died," someone said. "It seems his heart stopped right after he left the French embassy."

Santa's hands flew to her lips, and she could see that everybody was overcome by the same disbelief and anguish she was feeling. Everything had been getting worse, as usual, but now this calamity on top of everything else—the man who was to be the country's savior lay dead. Misfortune of that magnitude could only make her laugh. Elsewhere in the market hysterical laughter broke out, timidly at first. Then, incomprehensibly, all joined in, guffawing uproariously, endlessly.

AT AROUND three o'clock on the same July afternoon, when the news of Roig's death reached the Government Palace, Hector Freyre's Mercedes-Benz was pulling out of the splendid elm-lined avenue that leads to the main house of his hacienda, El Pino, about 290 miles south of Buenos Aires. Freyre drove by the polo field and tennis courts he had built for his family's recreation. Twenty years ago that legacy of 4,000 arable acres in the heart of the moist pampas was a wild tangle of unfenced fields overrun by hares and gray foxes. He had tamed and civilized the irreclaimable plains.

His great-grandfather, Luis Deferrari, had come there a century before from the Italian Riviera. With his own two hands he had built a stockade, against Indian attack, and a general

store. Land was so paltry an asset that Luis Deferrari, acquiring acres a few at a time, was able to amass more than 80,000. That endless horizon is now the property of Hector Freyre and his fifteen cousins.

Freyre, called Blackie by everyone, did not consider himself a farmer. The opera, the movies, and weekends at the country club were the pleasures of his life, but more than anything else he loved his other home, on Avenida Libertador, opposite the Palermo woods. From its great windows he could watch the sailboats spinning about on the Río de la Plata.

He would spend two or three weeks in the country during the fall and about the same time in the winter, and, having left instructions for his foremen, would set aside the cares of working the land. However, when summer approached he did not budge from El Pino. He would be up at dawn and in the saddle, riding the plains, retreating afterward to the cool of his house, amid his Old Masters and tapestries patiently collected over the years.

Each measure taken by the new government lightened his heart. Peons abounded, migrating from town to countryside seeking food, and he no longer needed to haggle with them over wages. The streets and highways had been deserted since the price of gasoline rose to \$1.70 a gallon (by the middle of this year the price had increased by an additional third) and Freyre could enjoy driving his Mercedes without the annoyance of traffic. The President had put the reins of the economy into the hands of one of the most important grain dealers in the world, a man sensitive to the drama of the countryside. Blackie Freyre considered this newly wrought paradise to be the consequence. He had not voted for Menem. Now he admired him.

THE VISITOR TO Buenos Aires whose eyes are not sharp will probably be unaware of the ruin. Even the beggars retain a certain arrogant dignity. In La Recoleta, beside the cemetery where the illustrious of Buenos Aires are laid to rest, the haute couture boutiques still have gowns for princesses on display. The air is redolent of mink and French perfume. But a visitor who looks closely will see discreet little signs offering an option to



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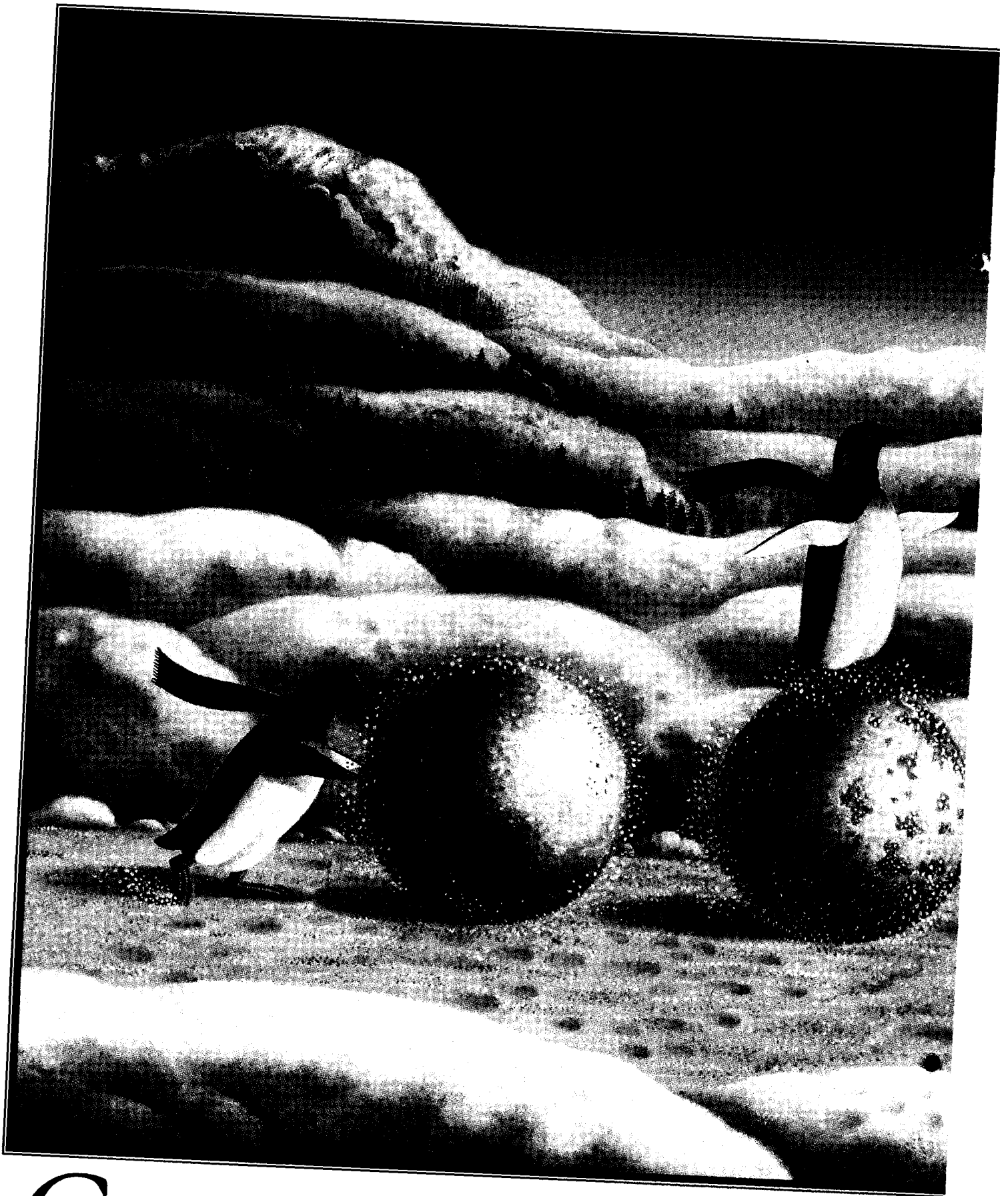
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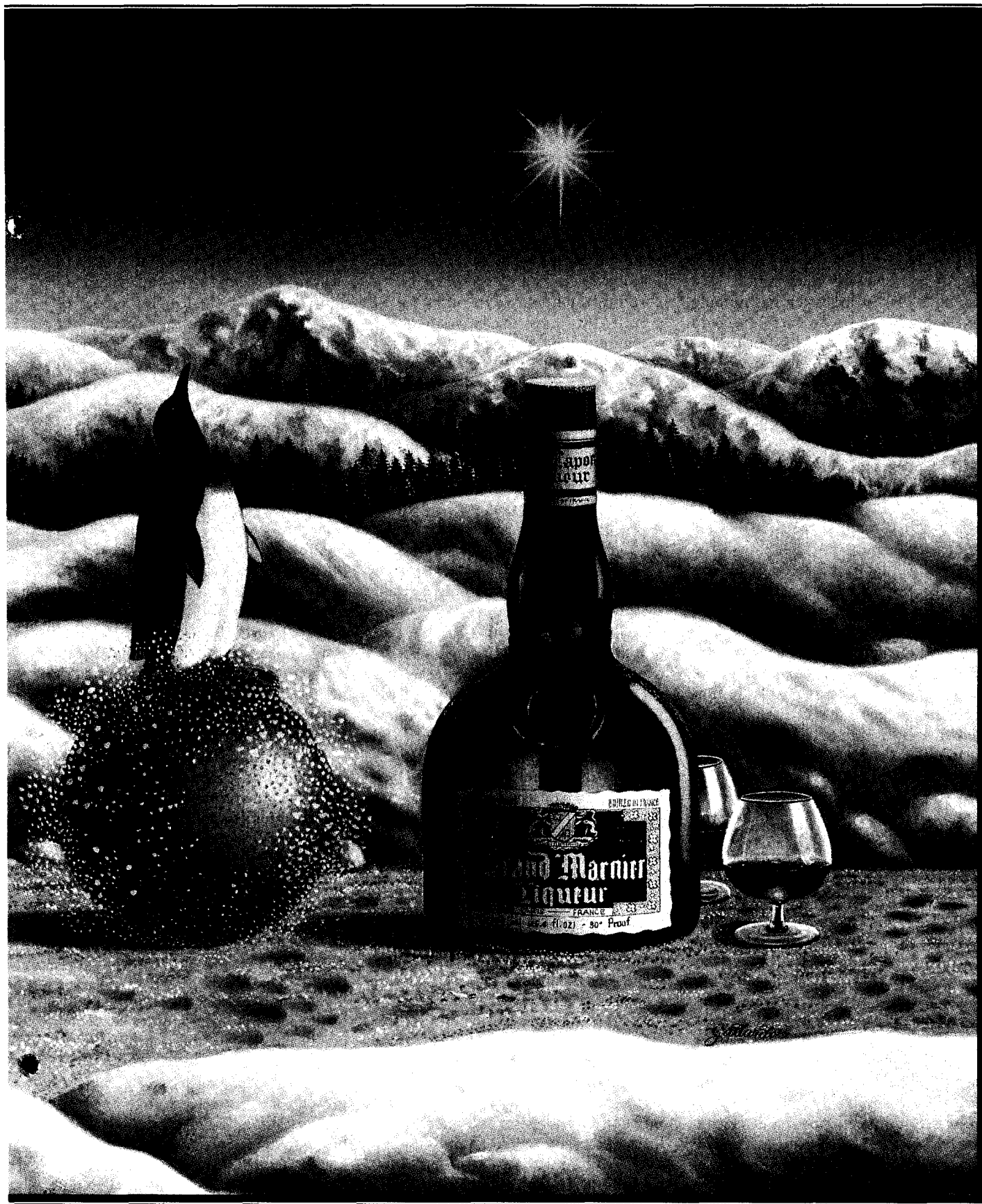
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purchase in three to five installments. The overcoats that many passersby wear are made of threadbare, homespun wool. The marbles and bronzes of the Gilded Age still stand, but stalls of cheap trinkets swarm beside the cemetery's grandiose gateways.

Argentina's was an opulent past, and the country is unable to accept having lost it. The *hacendados* of the beginning of the century, who toured Europe for months on end with their families and platoons of servants, thought nothing of taking a cow or two along on board ship to provide them with fresh milk. Jules Huret, a French journalist who was in Argentina around 1910, visited one of the aristocratic residences on the pampas where he attended, wide-eyed, postprandial discussions of Mallarmé's poems and Debussy's preludes which were worthy of the salons of the Paris elite. In less than three decades (1880–1910) more than three million European immigrants spilled over the Argentine plains, where they re-created their theater and their popular mythology and diluted the last residues of Indian and Negro blood. Georges Clemenceau, who traveled to Buenos Aires in 1910 to celebrate the centennial of Argentina's independence, recounted that even in the lowliest taverns of the backlands he heard scarcely a conversation in which the word "future" did not come up.

Today businessmen and entrepreneurs snarl over the remains of the present, because nobody feels hopeful about what lies ahead. Education, which kept illiteracy at bay for more than a century, lies in ruins. The universities are unheated and many public schools lack panes for their window frames. Last summer an elementary school teacher with ten years' experience earned less than \$110 a month. An associate professor at the Universidad de Buenos Aires, teaching ten hours a week, was paid \$37 a month. A doctor's salary at a municipal hospital was \$120 a month.

These numbers appear meager, but are even worse when compared with the cost of living, which approaches that in Washington or New York except for urban transportation, fine restaurants, and some entertainment. An acceptable pair of shoes can't be bought for less than \$110, and a typical family's weekly food bill is seldom less than \$150. From June of 1989 to June of

1990 real wages fell 15 percent for industrial workers and 18 percent for public-sector workers. Visitors from abroad who resist believing these figures ask, admiringly, "What, then, do these people do to live?" One commonly heard answer is "Hold two or three jobs at the same time." But now unemployment has also risen to levels previously unknown: 17 percent of the economically active population either has no work or is underemployed. Reportedly, the unemployment rate is 10 percent. At times, teachers took turns teaching, or cut their class hours, because they and their students could not afford transportation; electricity to homes was cut off for five hours a day from Monday through Saturday, and flickering candlelight was seen in the most luxurious residences.

FOUR GENERATIONS of Argentine schoolchildren learned that the regime of Juan Manuel Rosas (1829–1852) was the bloodiest in the nation's history; the textbooks declare that more than 500 Buenos Aires intellectuals had their throats slit in a single month, October of 1840, on Rosas's orders, and practically all enlightened men had to take refuge beyond his reach, in Uruguay and Chile. Nonetheless, October 2, 1989, provided the astonishing spectacle of Rosas's interment in the cemetery of national heroes. His remains, which had been exiled to Southampton, England, were brought back by President Carlos Menem, who had the casket put on display before the remains were buried.

Again and again in the course of the two long years of his race for the presidency Carlos Menem promised that he would not pardon the generals responsible for the torture and executions without trial that occurred during the "dirty war" (1976–1983), to say nothing of the lower-rank officers who, convinced that theirs had been a "just war," had rebelled against the government of Raúl Alfonsín and the new top brass of the army.

In 1985 Raúl Alfonsín took the unprecedented step of bringing to trial the commanders of the armed forces who had carried out the ferocious repression of the preceding decade. Two of those officers were punished with life imprisonment. Three others received sentences ranging from four and

a half to seventeen years. Cold-blooded murder, torture, kidnapping of children, and other violations of human rights are listed in the cases of at least 9,000 victims.

Under the threat of more trials that would inevitably end in punishment, a group of young officers rose up in arms against their superior officers, whom they accused of being overly submissive to justice. The rebellion broke out in mid-April of 1987, and flared up again in January and in December of 1988. The leaders were the former commandos of the Falklands War, who for reasons of nostalgia continued to use combat camouflage, and became known to the public as *los carapintada* ("the painted-faced"). The caudillo of the December uprising was Colonel Mohamed Ali Seineldín, a Catholic of Muslim parentage, who in the past helped train General Manuel Noriega's troops in Panama.

Alfonsín tried to placate the rebellious troops by pushing the congress to enact laws that relieved dozens of torturers of blame and incriminated only those who had given the orders. The concessions were useless. The President's unpopularity in the barracks mounted, and the civilian population felt that he had abdicated moral authority in exchange for nothing.

During the first uprising Menem came out firmly in support of the constitutional government. Facing a huge popular mobilization in repudiation of the military coup, the candidate insisted that Alfonsín bring the full weight of the law to bear. "The seditious and traitorous elements," he declared publicly, "must be judged with severity in order to put an end to a situation that is keeping the people of this nation on tenterhooks."

Speaking the next day before a multitude gathered in support of democracy, he recalled the horrors of the previous decade and then said, "If we forget that past and do not defend this present, it is quite possible that our future outlook will be anything but bright. We cannot forget. Peoples that forget their history repeat history."

Menem was a man of unstable opinions before he became President. Contradicting all the promises he had made during the electoral campaign, he announced in July of 1989 that "now is the time for a gesture of pacification." No one imagined how many things

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would be covered by what Menem called pacification. The most moderate of his projects involved the repatriation of the cadavers of the tyrant Juan Manuel de Rosas, the Perónist President Hector Campora, and the writer Jorge Luis Borges. Fervent imitators tried to expand this initiative. In less than a week the congress received proposals for moving the graves of some ten illustrious forebears from one city to another.

On October 7, 1989, after a trip to the United States which the Argentine press characterized as "triumphant," President Menem pardoned the army officers who had been found guilty of murder and torture during the dirty war and extended the amnesty to com-

lysts than any other city in the world except New York. Most of them are concentrated in the northeastern end of Buenos Aires, where the cafés are named after Freud and Jung and the bakeries sell Lacan pastries and Melanie Klein candies. One of the tribal gurus is Luis Hornstein.

On the afternoon Roig died, one of Hornstein's patients said to him, "I just saw Menem on television. It's not even a week since he took office and he already looks a hundred years older." In his office the next day, Hornstein reflected: "Something is happening to time in Argentina. Something is happening to values. Nobody knows anymore what life will bring next month. The thought of everything staying the

and in June expelled her by decree from the official residence in Olivos, where she lived with the two children from their marriage.

Cultural life is in ruins. Sales at the once buzzing bookshops of Calle Corrientes, which used to stay open until the early-morning hours, have dropped by about 50 percent since last year. In 1988 the Argentine motion-picture industry made some thirty films and won that many prizes at international festivals. This year four films have been in production, and the Instituto Nacional de Cinematografía, on which film producers depended for financing, has declared itself moribund. Complaints about increasingly heavy censorship of television are heard almost every week.

In July of last year Kive Staiff, who kept theater alive even during the gloomiest hours of the dirty war, was relieved of his post as director of Buenos Aires's municipal theater, the Teatro San Martín, which he had held for more than fifteen years. On the point of taking leave for Spain recently, Staiff ventured an explanation: "I'm afraid that persecution for ideological reasons is back," he said. "The government's economic plan requires that the slightest sign of dissidence be repressed. We are once more on the threshold of darkest Argentina."

No one can say, as 1990 ends, that Menem's record is as bad as the ruinous economic legacy of his predecessor, Raúl Alfonsín. Nothing of the kind: the economy is more stable, many of the wealthy are much richer, and although inflation continues, it is not out of hand. It is on ethical terrain that Argentina is going backward. Instead of democracy a crude political cynicism has been installed, a mind-set that is not disturbed by the overwhelming social cost of the economic recuperation and that is disposed to repress with arms any popular unrest, no matter how strongly justified.

BLACKIE FREYRE is considerably less euphoric than he was in July of 1989. Farming is again threatened by new taxes and by a drop in grain prices. In September of last year he was advised to trust in the "productive revolution" promulgated by the President and to sow his fields without qualms. But since then the skies have darkened, and Blackie is afraid that

ADRIANA GROISMAN/CONTACT



In Buenos Aires long lines form for handouts of food

manders in the War of the Falklands, the *carapintada* officers who revolted against Alfonsín, and sixty guerrillas, some of whom had been declared dead or disappeared in the public trial of 1985. Only four of the former commanders-in-chief, the bloodiest of the former police chiefs, and Mario Firmenich, the head of the left-wing Montonero terrorist organization, remained unfavored by presidential benevolence. But even they are to be freed before Christmas this year.

RARELY HAVE Argentine psychoanalysts been as busy as they were in those gloomy months of July, 1989, and March, 1990. Buenos Aires is said to have more psychoana-

same is a crushing one, but the idea of things changing incessantly could drive us mad."

Since that afternoon in July much has happened. Menem played soccer with Diego Maradona and tennis with Gabriela Sabatini. His Social Security Minister died in an airplane crash, and Néstor Rapanelli, the executive who succeeded the deceased Roig as Minister of the Economy, was served with a warrant of arrest in Venezuela for alleged fraud in the purchase of dollars. In April of this year the President spent a long weekend with the coach of the national soccer team discussing the lineup that would represent Argentina in the World Cup. Menem, in classic Muslim style, repudiated his wife

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A lot of well-intentioned solutions are being offered. One is that foam plastics, plastic bottles and plastic packaging should be banned.

The fact is that, according to a recent study, plastics make up about 18% of the volume of solid waste in our landfills. Paper and paperboard occupy about 38% of the volume; metals account for 14%; glass, 2%; and other wastes, 28%, all by volume.

If plastics were banned, the need for packaging wouldn't go away. The idea is to substitute other materials which are assumed to be biodegradable, so a landfill would take longer to become full. Studies show, however, that paper and other materials decompose so slowly in a modern landfill that the life of the landfill is not extended.

Recycling must play a part.

In addition to environmentally secure landfills, and more state-of-the-art waste-to-energy incinerators, we believe that a significant answer to America's waste problem lies in recycling. That means recycling everything recyclable. Yard waste. Paper. Metal cans. Glass bottles. And plastics.

Although plastics recycling is in its infancy, plastics are potentially more recyclable than alternative packaging materials.

In South Carolina, one company recycles 100 million pounds of 2-liter plastic soft drink bottles a year into everything from fiberfill for ski parkas to scouring pads to automobile distributor caps.

In Chicago, another company processes 2 million plastic milk jugs a year into thousands of boards of "plastic lumber" for boat docks, decking, park benches and fences.

In Tennessee, another company processes plastic containers into bathtubs, shower stalls and sinks.

What Amoco Chemical is doing.

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We're sponsoring a demonstration recycling program in New York showing that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into products like insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other plastics manufacturers involved in the construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

In Portland, Oregon, we renovated a 10-acre environmental learning center with a new wetlands walkway, signs, kiosks and benches made from recycled plastics partially collected from local recycling programs.

We're encouraging the start-up of new plastic recycling efforts. We're helping to find new ways to collect and sort recyclables. And we're supporting efforts to create markets for products made from recycled plastics.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe we're only beginning to see the benefits of recycling. In the not-too-distant future, it can turn our solid waste from a national problem into a national resource.

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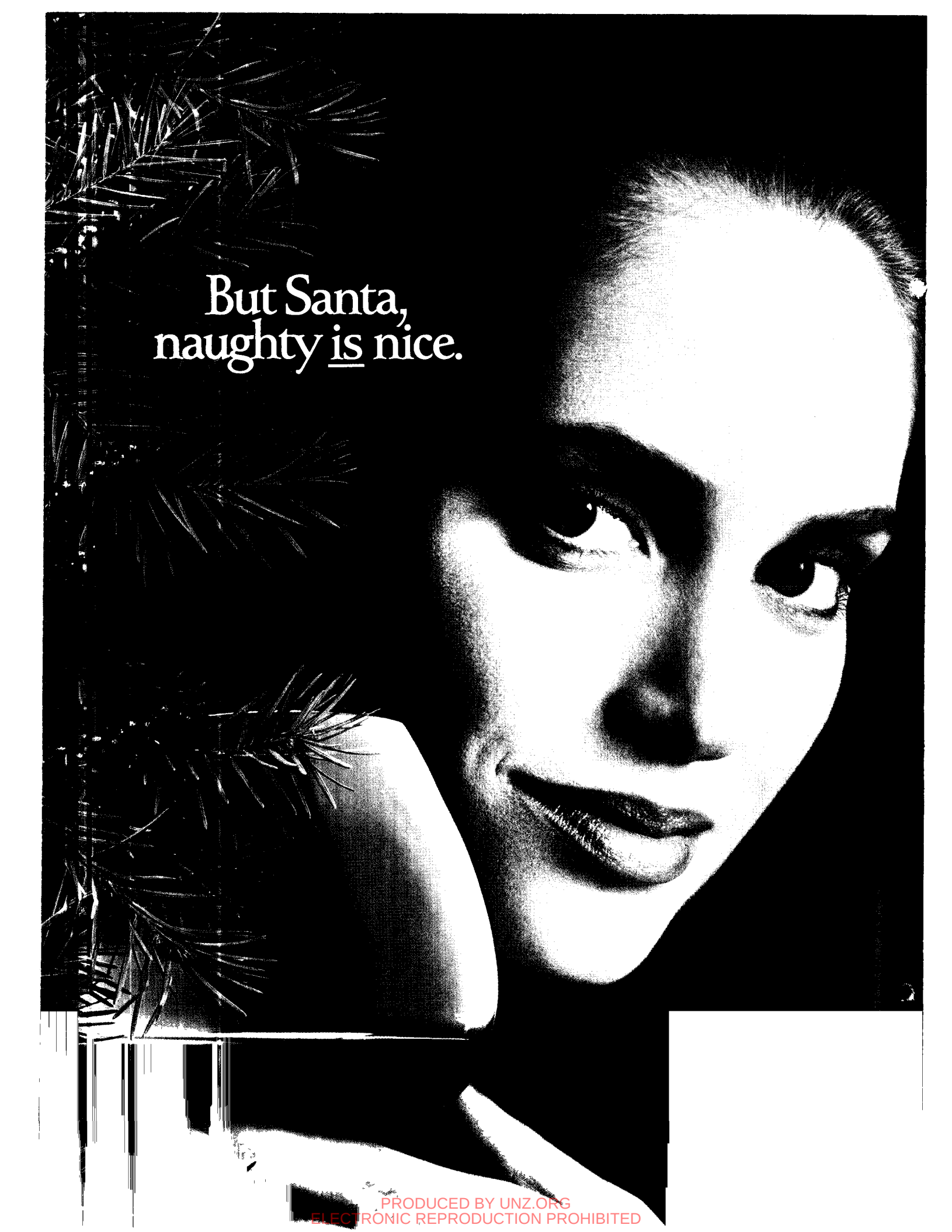
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But Santa,
naughty is nice.

grain, instead of fetching a fair return, will end up going for whatever price the exporters choose to pay.

The lush hopes of last year have withered. The President's decision to grant amnesty to nearly 300 people did not disturb Freyre until he happened to see a couple of leaders of the Montonero guerrilla organization shaking hands on television with the magnates they had kidnapped and extorted ransom from fifteen years before.

On the streets of Buenos Aires misery knows no surcease. In November of last year some fifty people evicted from their precarious shelters in the Claypole section took refuge under the expressway that runs from downtown Buenos Aires to Ezeiza Airport. Nothing can be seen from the neighboring streets, because a blue wall hides the shame, but when night falls the homeless flock to beg in the zone of movie theaters and cafés. Some still cling to a vestige of dignity and walk the prosperous area with their families and belongings, hoping that luck or God will come to their rescue.

WHAT SANTA Isabel Cantero said to her employer, Monica Maques, on July 28, 1989: "A person supposes things will get worse up to a certain point, but the worst has no limit. I lost my morning ironing job because they couldn't pay my carfare. Now all I have is the four hours you give me, Señora Monica. What will I do if you take them away? I've been a magnet for misfortune all this week. Monday and Tuesday my husband, Juan Ignacio, went to work on a borrowed bicycle. He got up at three in the morning to get there on time at six. It's twenty kilometers each way over cobblestone streets. When he was on his way home Tuesday afternoon, the bicycle broke down. That bicycle just keeled over from exhaustion, Juan Ignacio said to me. The spokes came out on the way. On Wednesday he considered taking the train. How was he going to buy a ticket when he earns 5,000 australs a month and the fare to Wilde, where he works, is 4,500? Sneak on without a ticket, I told him. The trains are so packed nobody will notice. Oh, why did he listen to me! They caught him at Avellaneda Station. They tried to collect a fine but he had no money so they took his watch as security—for how long, who knows.

"This happened on Thursday, toward morning: We didn't know what time it was. Juan Ignacio woke up around two o'clock and said, 'It's late already, Santa Isabel. I have to go.' I could see the stars still out all across the sky, and I held him back. Not yet, I told him, it's not even three o'clock. Juan Ignacio got dressed, went down to the bus stop, and asked a man what time it was. In a little while he was back. It's only two o'clock, he told me. But we couldn't go back to sleep. At three o'clock he got up again and walked to the bus stop. And that's how it went on all night long, and the same on Friday, in that frost. And that's not the worst of it. The worst is that we go off to the job without knowing if the job will still be where we left it. Everything disappears. We close our eyes and when we open them things aren't there anymore."

WHAT SANTA Isabel Cantero said to her employer, Monica Maques, on April 30 this year: "Some people have good luck only for misfortune. I'm one of those people. On April fifteenth Juan Ignacio started on a job as a painter in an automobile-repair shop. He made seven dollars. With the two and a half I get from you for ironing I can feed my family. But the good luck blew away as fast as it blew in. They came to collect our city taxes and half of our neighbors couldn't pay them, so they went to live under the bridges. I stay awake all night, worrying if the same is going to happen to me. Yesterday the automobile-repair shop where Juan Ignacio worked went bankrupt. He arrived for work at seven in the morning and the shop was closed. No sooner did things begin going better than they went bad. Not even two days ago Juan Ignacio was saying to me, 'The day you least expect it, I'm going to be getting my watch back from the railroad station. I have almost all the money laid aside.' And look what happens to us. There was a time when Juan Ignacio and I used to say, What sort of a world do you suppose is in store for our children? We couldn't even imagine what that world might be like. Now we say, What world will there be tomorrow? That's if there's any world at all left for us out there. We know nothing. Time moves but nobody can see it. We never did, not even when we had a watch."

—Tomás Eloy Martínez

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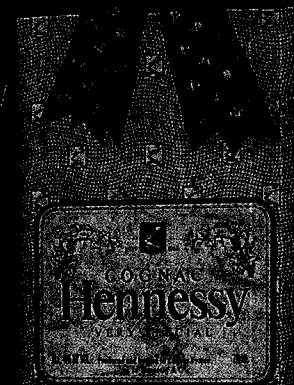




Рис. 32. Дезактивация жилых помещений

FIG. 32. DEACTIVATION OF LIVING QUARTERS

"1. wipe off the walls, the ceiling, the furniture, and all objects with a brush and wipe everything with a wet rag; 2. vacuum soft furniture and then wipe it with a wet rag; 3. wash the floor with soapy water; 4. using the aid of a hose, wash off the upper part of the building."

THE SOVIET UNION

Rad Storm Rising

A ghastly tour of a land of radioactive sausage, poisoned onions, and bald children

AHUNDRED AND fifty years ago the Russian philosopher Petr Chaadayev wrote that "we are one of those nations that somehow are not part of mankind but exist only for the sake of teaching the world some kind of terrible lesson." In the area of nuclear affairs the steady emission of environmental horror stories from the USSR confirms that the Soviet Union is in the process of teaching the world another in its series of terrible lessons.

Recent disclosures from the USSR demonstrate that the total insulation from public scrutiny which the Soviet nuclear industry enjoyed for so long has left a legacy of pollution and lax practices that remains exceedingly dif-

ficult to escape. Soviet officials themselves are today saying that the USSR is being transformed into a nuclear-waste dump. Even allowing for the Russian penchant for hyperbole, the latest revelations in the ever more candid Soviet press make clear that Soviet problems in the area of nuclear pollution and safety continue to be extraordinarily severe.

In 1989, the first year for which the USSR openly published monthly statistics and an annual report on nuclear-power-plant performance, there were 118 unplanned shutdowns and 100 "unscheduled reductions of capacity"—a "decrease" from 1988, for which no figures have been provided. A quarter of all the stoppages occurred in the Balakovo nuclear plant, near a branch of one of the largest water reservoirs in the USSR. The authorities attributed the stoppages to "personnel not doing their jobs properly" and "the indolence of managers," along with other "weak aspects of operation." A high rate of shutdowns may be a positive sign if it means that the authorities

are now prepared to sacrifice electricity output for the sake of safety. But the Soviet reports also indicate that along with design flaws, the principal causes of the stoppages are the same sort of human-factor problems that led to Chernobyl: mistakes by operating officials, poor maintenance, and inadequate coordination. One of the most serious blunders occurred in June, 1989, at a facility in the Russian city of Kursk, when, because of "negligence on the part of workers," radioactive water was allowed to spill from a cooling circuit, "swamped the floor of the plant," and overflowed onto the territory surrounding the power reactor.

The record in the first half of 1990 shows that things are getting worse. The number of unplanned shutdowns increased by 15 percent, chiefly as a consequence of "personnel error and plant defects in equipment." In July the Smolensk nuclear reactor, which has "one and the same design" as the Chernobyl nuclear plant, was shut down when a cable caught fire. The director of the Smolensk station worries that Soviet-manufactured electrical equipment is substandard. "Consider the cable," he says. Abroad it would be "insulated by fireproof materials, but here, as in the past, we use oil-soaked paper: a little overheating and it gives off smoke." Viktor Sidorenko, a top-ranking nuclear-safety official, says of Soviet reactor safety, "Our designs, alas, lag behind the standard of the designs of leading foreign countries."

The Soviet press has disclosed that secret construction under way for the past fifteen years at "site number 27," near the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk, is for an underground repository to store spent nuclear fuel imported from abroad. Part of the facility is to be located in a tunnel that has been dug under the Yenisey, one of the largest rivers in Siberia. According to Radio Moscow, because of the danger of contaminating the river, the "proximity of a large urban area, and the risk of earthquakes in the area, the plan is being challenged on safety grounds, both by scientists and by local members of the USSR Supreme Soviet." In exchange for living next to the repository, residents were promised a "hog-raising complex" and other benefits. More

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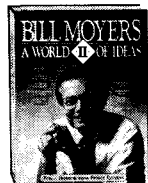
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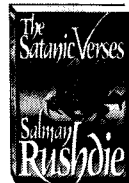
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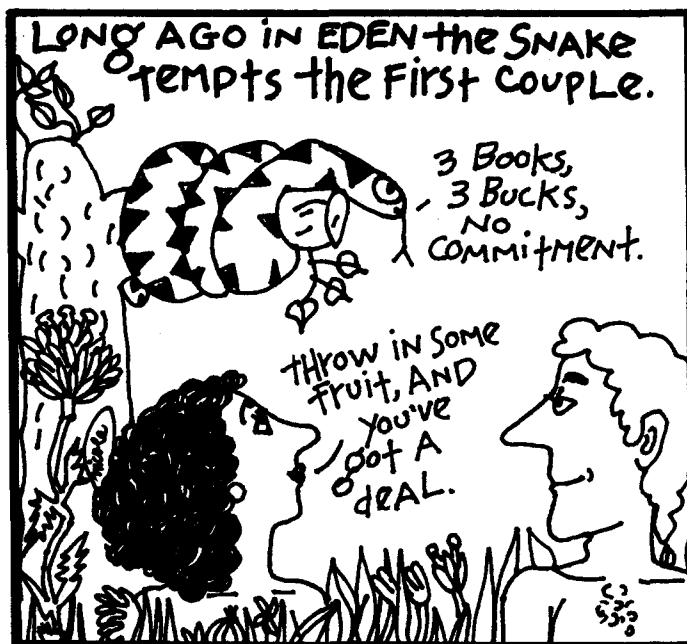
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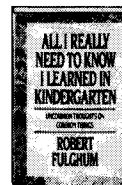


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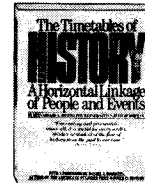
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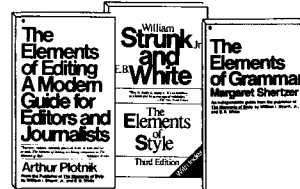
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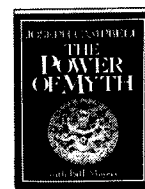
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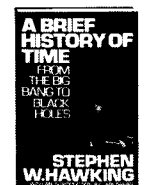
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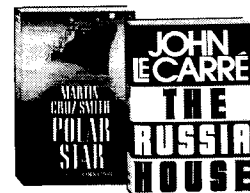
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than a million people from in and around Krasnoyarsk are said by Radio Moscow to be campaigning to halt construction of the facility. The population of Krasnoyarsk is 900,000.

In the Soviet far north, where aboveground nuclear testing was carried out in the 1950s and early 1960s, the authorities have now admitted that there has been a "sharp growth in oncological diseases" among the indigenous Chukchi population. *Moscow News* reports that liver cancer afflicts that population at a rate ten times the national average, and that the death rate from cancer of the esophagus is "the highest in the world." And over the past twenty years the number of cases of leukemia and cancer of the stomach has doubled. According to the *Moscow News* account, "All this is leading to a considerable drop in length of life and to a growth in child mortality among the indigenous population."

A severe problem with nuclear waste is also said to exist in Central Asia. According to Colonel Nikolay Petrushenko, one of Kazakhstan's representatives in the new Soviet parliament, more than 70,000 nonmilitary "radioactive sources," distributed among 8,664 installations, exist in the Kazakh republic. Ten percent of these sources need to be buried, a task currently entrusted to "the housing and municipal services." Moscow television announced that radioactive containers have been found near Tashkent, in neighboring Uzbekistan, and that "specialists regard the discovery as a major emergency." Nearby, in ancient Samarkand, cancer patients were inadvertently exposed to "sources of radioactive emanation" found in a local oncology clinic.

For more than a decade, beginning in 1949, aboveground nuclear testing was also carried out in Kazakhstan, and the population near the test site, at Semipalatinsk, is afflicted with severe health problems. *Izvestia* reports that the average life-span in the area has fallen by three years over the past two decades. Doctors say that half the local people they studied were found to be suffering from what they call "Semipalatinsk AIDS," a disease characterized by a "drastic weakening of the immune system." The authorities have also admitted that a local health clinic, ostensibly charged with combating brucellosis, was actually operated in secret by the third department of the Soviet

Health Ministry for the purpose of studying the effects of radiation on human health. A written statement from the clinic's director notes,

Only 25-30 percent of the population subjected to ionizing radiation in the period 1949 through 1963 were studied. . . . Approximately 10,000 more people were studied as control groups. . . . Some of those studied in the control groups were people from population centers that had not been subjected to pollution by fission products.

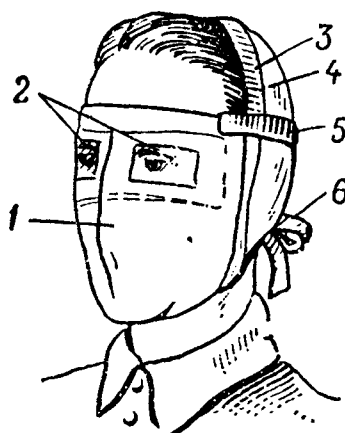


Рис. 20. Противопыльная тканевая маска ПТМ-1

FIG. 20. FABRIC ANTI-DUST MASK PTM-1

"The fabric anti-dust mask is intended to protect the breathing organs and eyes of children (3 years and older) and adults from radioactive dust."

In the Siberian city of Novosibirsk authorities prepared a radiation map of the city for public distribution in an effort to allay widespread fears of contamination. Using a helicopter carrying radiation-sensitive instruments, a map was drawn up that indicated eighty-four separate "radiation anomalies." Fourteen of these were caused by radioactive ampules from scientific and industrial instrumentation that should have been interred at a radioactive-waste disposal site, but "were mindlessly and recklessly thrown out into streets and yards."

"Dozens of anomalies" were found to be the result of widespread theft of state property. Pilferers had made off with "radioactive bricks, wooden

beams, slate, and metal" and had used them to construct sheds, garden plots, and private homes. Water pipes employed for irrigation purposes by a market-garden cooperative had been stolen from an industrial enterprise that had used the pipes to pump "radioactive pulp." As a consequence, for many years gardeners had been sprinkling their vegetables with water containing the residue of radium-226. Specially clothed workers succeeded in cleaning up all of Novosibirsk's "anomalies" except for one forty-acre radioactive strip at the mouth of the Yeltsovskaya-Vtoraya River. This zone had been "brought down by the river itself from its upper reaches where contaminated soil had been irresponsibly dumped at some time in the past."

Soviet television revealed that in Moscow, a city of some nine million people, nine nuclear-research reactors are operating. "This figure is being quoted for the first time," the report said. Although research reactors are sited within major urban centers in the United States as well, the Soviet announcement gave cause for special concern. The report stated that at present "radiological protection for Muscovites is one of the most important and crucial subjects," and that the authorities are contemplating mapping radiation levels in the city systematically, and publishing and selling radiation charts to the public. The broadcast followed a recent plenum of the Moscow Communist Party's city committee, where the "capital's radiological situation was sharply discussed."

A radiation "disaster"—the word used by Radio Moscow's domestic service—has in fact recently occurred near the city. During "routine" radiation monitoring of the Moscow suburbs, a "high radiation" zone was discovered. The source turned out to be 200 tons of radioactive metal that had been deposited on the grounds of the Podolsk nonferrous-metal-processing plant. Moscow television reported that half the aluminum-smelting furnaces at the site had been contaminated, and that railway workers refused to handle the factory's output and neighboring factories had stopped working. Authorities have launched an investigation, but the radio report stated that "it is almost impossible now to say who did it, because the scrap comes from all

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parts of the country." Radio Moscow also announced that a large amount of radioactive thorium was found in a garbage dump near Moscow and was leaking into groundwater in the area.

The Soviet Union has declassified information about ten accidents at nuclear power stations that occurred from 1964 to 1985. Several of the mishaps led to fatalities and to significant emissions of radioactivity.

- On February 6, 1974, a ruptured cooling loop in a Leningrad nuclear power station spilled "highly radioactive water" into the environment. Three people were killed.
- In October of 1975 one and a half million curies of "highly radioactive radionuclides" were emitted into the environment through a vent pipe, owing to a metal flaw in the core of the same Leningrad reactor. Sweden and Finland both queried the Soviet government about heightened levels of radiation detected in their countries.
- In 1977 half the fuel assemblies in the core of the Beloyarsk nuclear reactor melted. The Soviet account does not explain what caused this accident, but it notes that repairs took about a year, "during which personnel of the station were over-irradiated."
- On December 31, 1978, operators lost control of the same Beloyarsk reactor when a slab of the turbine room's ceiling fell into the turbine's oil reservoir, igniting a fire that burned the reactor's central control cable. According to the Soviet account, "eight persons received overdoses" while trying to cool the reactor.
- In October of 1982 a generator exploded at an Armenian nuclear power station. As the turbine room burned, most of the plant's operators "fled the station in panic, leaving the reactor without supervision." To help "save the reactor," workers were flown in from another nuclear-power station.
- On June 27, 1985, a safety valve blew at the Balakovo nuclear power plant, near the Volga River, releasing steam that killed fourteen people. The accident resulted from "unusual haste and nervousness following mistakes by inexperienced operating personnel."

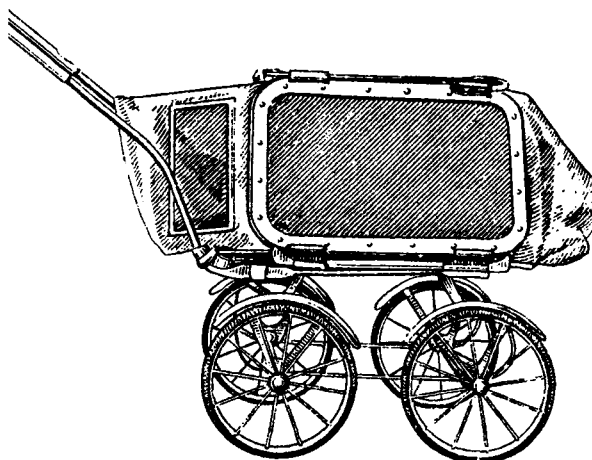


Рис. 18. Камера защитная детская КЗД-4 на шасси детской коляски

FIG. 18. INFANT PROTECTIVE CHAMBER KZD-4 ON THE CHASSIS OF A BABY CARRIAGE

THE CONSEQUENCES of Chernobyl remain the single most significant radiation-pollution problem in the USSR, but the obstacles to decontaminating the affected portions of the country are so formidable that it is doubtful that the Soviet Union will ever be able to make much progress in this area. The United States has its own serious pollution problems connected with nuclear-weapons manufacturing, and the steep estimates for the cleanup costs suggest why a Soviet cleanup is unlikely. The U.S. Department of Energy and Congress calculate that to tidy up our nuclear-weapons-manufacturing pollution mess will cost from \$100 billion to \$200 billion, a sum on the order of our budget deficit for fiscal year 1989. The Soviet Union, whose radiation-pollution problems are by all accounts far more extensive than ours, suffers from a far larger budget shortfall, which as a percentage of GNP dwarfs the deficit of the United States. Beyond balancing the budget, there are other claimants to the USSR's scarce resources. The Soviet Union's rickety industrial infrastructure cries out for a cash infusion. Mikhail Gorbachev's attempt to restructure his country's anarchic planned economy is draining away even more funds in exchange for much-heralded but thus far indiscernible returns.

Even in the improbable event that the resources required for combating its environmental woes miraculously

materialized, the Soviet Union's radiation-pollution problems would be competing for cleanup with other, more conventional ecological fiascoes, the deleterious health and economic effects of which may exceed, at least in the short term, those that stem from radiation. The Aral Sea is evaporating from misguided irrigation policies; as a result, sandstorms full of salt and chemical fertilizers blow across Central Asia, causing the blossoming of a luxurious bouquet of diseases. Air and water pollution at extraordinary levels is now characteristic of the Soviet industrial landscape and in some cities has reached nightmarish science-fiction dimensions.

In Kirishi women complain that they are covered with scabs caused by exposure to toxic chemicals from a single-cell protein factory. In Sverdlovsk ninety-three students out of a group from Urals State University summoned to help with the onion harvest subsequently collapsed from "pain in their joints." Doctors determined that they were suffering from "mass illnesses of the peripheral nervous system." The soil from which they had pulled the onions was found to contain chemical and pesticide concentrations ranging from 20 to 120 times the permitted levels. The Soviet report notes that schoolchildren "were also affected."

About 300 children fell ill with stomach cramps and hallucinations and then lost their hair in the Ukrainian city of Chernovtsy in the autumn of 1988. According to *Moscow News*, the illness triggered an exodus from the city, in which parents, desperate to send their offspring to safety, "stormed the railway station, besieged the airport, and battled to get a seat on a bus." In all, 40,000 children were sent away. Whatever its etiology, the affliction known in the USSR today as the "chemical disease" has not disappeared. Although no cases of complete baldness have been reported in Chernovtsy since November of 1988, a "softer, weakened" version of the illness caused at least 220 children and fifty-one adults in the city to become partly bald in 1989. The "chemical disease" has also appeared in other locations.



With such dramatic health problems mounting, there is no reason to believe that the fight against radiation will or even should receive the highest priority.

IN CONTRAST WITH most ordinary industrial pollutants, many of which are easily detectable by sight and smell, radiation pollution is invisible, as are its health effects over the short term. It is rarely possible to trace any particular case of illness to radiation, unless the exposure dosage is quite substantial. There is general agreement that counting the additional cancers that can be expected as a result of radiation exposure is a statistical art that remains inexact. "Errors in the calculations will certainly be very large," says the biophysicist Dmitri Grodzinsky, a member of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. Given the constraints on Soviet resources, the range of problems that demand urgent attention, and the possibility that radiation-induced health effects will prove to be both modest and far in the future,

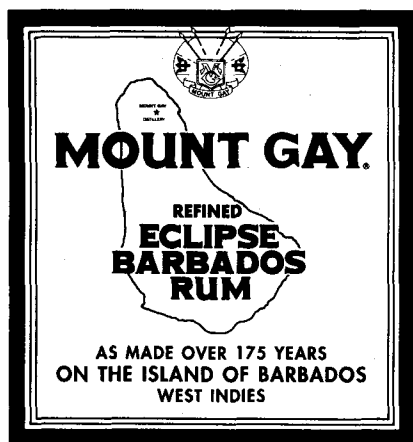
it would not be surprising if the authorities made only limited efforts to clean up, and let the population learn to live with the elevated levels of radiation.

The picture of Soviet efforts that emerges from a review of the evidence increasingly suggests that this is the direction in which the authorities have opted, or are being driven by circumstances, to move. On the one hand, in some of the most severely affected regions trees and houses are still being washed, roads asphalted, and radioactive soil buried. Evacuations of villages that have been found to have especially high levels of radiation continue. On the other hand, in Belorussia, where a fifth of the land was contaminated by the Chernobyl accident, reports from Soviet journalists and statements from officials and scientists indicate that in many cases the authorities have simply opted to wave a white flag at the invisible and uncertain danger.

The Soviet cleanup has largely focused on decontaminating settlements; contaminated farmland contin-

ues to be exploited. Radioactively contaminated fields are being worked with ordinary tractors, because in the three years since Chernobyl, according to the first deputy chairman of the Belorussian Council of Ministers, only 825 tractors with "hermetically sealed cabs" have been delivered, "which is several times less than needed. Indeed, those are without air filters." Three leading Soviet physicians, writing in *Pravda*, report that "there is an absolutely inadequate number of agricultural machines with airtight cabins, there are few special clothes . . . there is a shortage of showers. . . . The result of these defects is additional dosages and the carrying of radioactive matter into living accommodations."

Because contaminated farmland remains in use, the safety of the food supply continues to be a subject of official concern and a source of widespread public anxiety. "For the last two or three months before they are slaughtered, animals must be fed 'clean fodder,'" A. Gulyayev, a correspondent for the newspaper *Selskaya*



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Zhizn, suggests. The military journal *Voyennye Znaniya* instructs its readers that for "cattle and pigs being fattened, as well as draft animals, feeds with a content of cesium-137 and strontium-90 may be given, but only when concentrations are no higher than those set for a daily ration." These animals should be fed only "pure" feeds in the two to four weeks before they are slaughtered, because "in this period the amount of strontium-90 and cesium-137 in the muscle tissue decreases significantly." One problem is that "dirty" cattle are allowed to graze in "clean" areas. As a consequence, "more and more land is becoming contaminated through their dung." Another problem, according to the biophysicist Grodzinsky, is with "hundreds of thousands of ducks" that have appeared in the restricted-access Chernobyl zone. They fly off "to the most varied places." But it is "not desirable for the population to eat radioactive game," he notes drily. Grodzinsky has suggested that everyone be equipped with dosimetric devices, like "the Japanese who go to the market with counters and measure the radioactivity of cabbage and fish." The scientist believes that at present "there is a

strong probability of an unmonitored contaminated agricultural product ending up on the table."

One choice contaminated item making its way to table is mushrooms, a delicacy with a special propensity to absorb radiation. From 1986 to 1988 the sale of dried mushrooms grown in the highly contaminated Narodichi area of the Ukraine increased more than sevenfold, from 1.3 tons a year to 9.4 tons. These mushrooms are sold in Zaporozhye, in the Crimea, and in the Krasnodar area. In Novosibirsk radiation-detection devices in a laboratory were activated when laboratory workers made tea. The tea had been sold as a blend of Georgian and Indian tea, but was found to be "a blend of Georgian tea plus." Among its ingredients were cesium-137 and cesium-134, which had been deposited on a Georgia tea plantation in 1986 by the Chernobyl cloud. According to Vasil Yakovenko, a member of the Belorussian Communist Party's Central Committee, refrigerated meat lockers at meat combines in Belorussia are "stuffed with 'dirty' 1986-vintage carcasses," and "tens of thousands of tons of this dangerous meat" have been used as a food additive. Officials concede that from August of 1986 to March of 1989 "meat contaminated with cesium" from heavily irradiated areas near Chernobyl was shipped to Yaroslavl, where it was sold to an unwitting public. Eight hundred tons of this radioactive meat was diluted "in various proportions" with clean meat and boiled into "radioactive sausage." The Ministry of Health approved this process, but classified all documents pertaining to the meat as "official use only."

Some of the radioactive meat and produce is allowed to spoil. But it is a "crime" to allow meat contaminated with cesium to rot, says Dmitri Popov, who is identified in the Soviet press as a "major authority in the country" on radioactive fallout. Such meat could be "processed according to the recommended technology, diluted with clean meat and components, and put on the worker's table." The scientist is also upset that potatoes are being wasted. Moscow recently turned away an entire freight train full of this staple when radiation instruments "went off scale" while the potatoes were measured. Last year, Popov says, Moscow went without potatoes because of such "ig-

norance," but things are improving. "It took a great deal of effort on our part to prove that the cesium content in potatoes was practically zero. The dirt simply has to be washed off, as every housewife does, before peeling the potato."

Civil-defense authorities are assisting in the purification of the food supply by publishing simple instructions on how to treat food exposed to fallout from a nuclear accident before consuming it. Meat, cheese, butter, and cottage cheese should be "deactivated by removing the upper layer to a depth of not less than 2 to 3 millimeters." Fish, vegetables, and fruit must be washed with a "stream of water, and if necessary cut off the outer layer." Milk should be "thoroughly boiled and it can be made into cottage cheese (during preparation and storage a natural decline in the radioactivity occurs)." Other liquids, like vegetable oil, "can be deactivated by letting them stand (3 to 5 days)."

SOVIET AUTHORITIES have advertised equipment that the public can use to protect itself from the ubiquitous radiation, but there are complaints that these devices are not available. One top-of-the-line weapon in the defensive radiation war is the KZD-4, an "infant protective chamber." The KZD-4 is the "basic unit of individual defense" for children from birth to one and a half years of age. It comes equipped with a viewing window that permits "oversight of the behavior of the child." The chamber can be mounted "on the chassis of a baby stroller" or on a sled, for winter use, or it can be carried in the arms.

A military textbook intended for middle-school students concludes with a chapter on civil defense, which includes instructions on fitting cows and other livestock with cloth masks to prevent them from grazing on radioactive grass in zones that have been contaminated by nuclear attack or accident. Sewing plans are included. Younger students are given simpler tasks. According to a description of the latest curriculum reform, students in the second through sixth grades are now taught "to adapt their everyday clothing and shoes to protect their skin from radioactive dust."

Soldiers on duty in contaminated areas are issued respirators to protect



Рис. 14. Детские
фильтрующие противогазы

FIG. 14. CHILDREN'S
FILTRATION GAS MASKS

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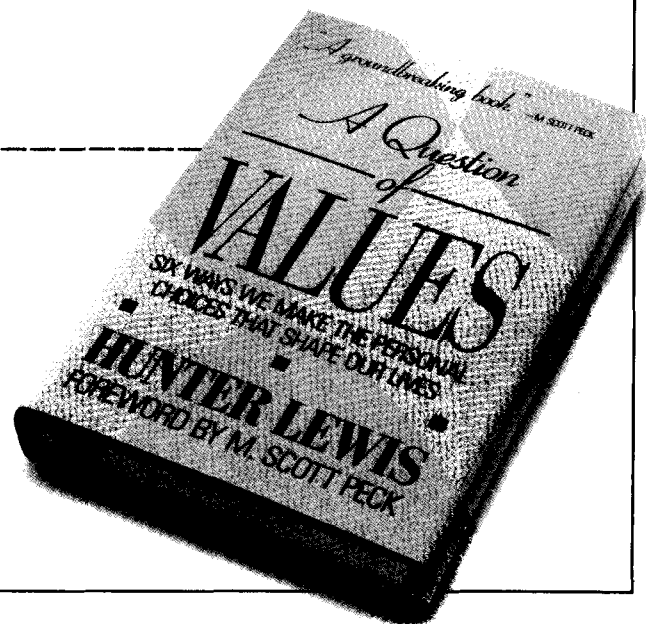
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them from radioactive dust. The Lepstok-200 "breathing apparatus" is standard issue, but it has proved unreliable. It conforms poorly to the face, and "radioactive dust is drawn through the cracks." Specialists examined ten respirators that had been worn by soldiers guarding the Chernobyl nuclear station. Three were discovered to have a radioactive element on their interior surfaces. And even if the soldiers had had adequate gas masks, radioactive particles might accumulate in the masks' filters, making them a "source

would be too expensive, and to sell it would be inequitable. The typical family of four requires "two adult gas masks, one children's and one infant's protective chamber," which together cost more than 100 rubles—half a month's salary for the average worker. Young families with several children and a low income would not be able to afford this, "so we can only be talking about a free issue." However, the Politburo has announced that 100,000 radiation dosimeters will soon go on sale to the public.



Рис. 33. Действия после выхода из очага поражения

FIG. 33. ACTIONS AFTER EXITING THE STRICKEN ZONE

"—take off the individual gear for the protection of skin, upper clothing, and, with your back to the wind, carefully shake the dust off them and hang them on a rope; then brush the suspended items with a broom, a brush, a plait of hay or beat out the remainder of the dust with a stick."

of radiation carried at the soldier's side." But there is good news as well. Servicemen engaged in cleanup activities in the Chernobyl area are to be guaranteed "shielded living accommodations" and will receive transfers to a region of their choice in which to continue their term of service.

Despite the shortcomings of the gas masks, civil-defense authorities have come under criticism for failing to make masks and other protective devices available to the civilian population. "Why are dosimeters, gas masks, and other individual protective equipment not freely available for sale?" a reader of the mass-circulation weekly *Argumenty i Fakty* asked. In the journal *Voyennye Znaniya* the public received an answer: to issue such equipment free of charge to the entire population

PARADOXICALLY, the reports of contaminated food and discussions of radiation-proof baby strollers may themselves be having a deleterious effect on health which, at least in the short term, exceeds the direct consequences of the radiation exposure. The first secretary of the Kiev Communist Party reported to the Politburo that "mass psychosis" had gripped the inhabitants of the Polesky and Ivankovsky areas, adjacent to the Chernobyl zone. He attributed the outbreak to the activities of an extremist movement of "unqualified individual groups" that is "fueling rumors" in an effort to close the reactors still in operation at Chernobyl.

But Soviet medical authorities attribute the hysteria to another cause. They describe a new and widespread

psychological disorder, "radiophobia," that has infected the population. In *Pravda*, Soviet doctors have offered a definition of radiophobia as "an increased psycho-emotional reaction to a real or imagined danger of radiation," and among its consequences, a Belorussian journalist has written, "are psychological stresses and the rejection of vegetative foods." Popov, the radiation scientist, says, "The only special medical treatment the population here is in need of is psychotherapy." The biophysicist Grodzinsky has reported that as a result of radiophobia, "many people have in general ceased to eat greens, fearing radiation. This is completely mistaken. Radiation affects a vitamin-deprived organism more intensely." Because of the widespread fears, Grodzinsky says, "some people who are mentally unstable have decided that for them 'life has ended,' and they have died. Others have let go in revelry and still others have fallen into depression. . . . Medical personnel should expect an increase in the number of nervous illnesses, heart attacks, cases of hypertension." Soviet television has shown some of the victims of radiophobia: a female resident of the hard-hit Gomel oblast asks Yegor Ligachev, a visiting Politburo member, "Tell me, please, how are we supposed to live? We are afraid of the water; we are afraid of the sun; we are afraid of the grass; we are afraid of the soil. . . . How can we go on living?"

A decade ago one of the leading Western experts on Soviet energy technology, in contemplating the Soviet disinclination to invest in nuclear-safety measures, wrote that "we might think of Soviet nuclear power policy as a kind of experiment inflicted on the Russian people that we would not choose to risk ourselves, but from which we can greatly benefit if the experiment is a success." Thanks to *glasnost*, the results of the experiment are beginning to come in, and they are entirely unambiguous. We are now also watching the progress of a follow-up experiment, one that, again, we would not choose to risk ourselves. The USSR, in particular its European part, has become an enormous laboratory in which the impact of radiation pollution on the economy, the politics, and the health of a society is being vividly demonstrated to the world.

—Gabriel Schoenfeld

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Charleston, S.C.
Through December 31

Visitors can attend a myriad of events and celebrations throughout the city, including a parade of boats in Charleston Harbor, on December 1; tours of decorated historic homes, churches, and public buildings; "progressive dinner" tours to historic restaurants and inns; harbor cruises; and orchestral, theatrical, and choral performances. Many events are free; tickets to others range in price from \$1 to \$50 and may need to be reserved in advance. For more information: Charleston Trident Convention & Visitors Bureau, Box 975, 81 Mary St., Charleston, SC 29402; (800) 868-8118 or (803) 577-2510.

HOLIDAY HOUSE

Edison-Ford Winter Estates
Fort Myers, Fla.
December 1-9

In just two days 800 volunteers will string five and a half miles of lights around the neighboring former winter homes of Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. Other seasonal marvels at the houses follow an annual theme. This year's is "The Sounds of Christmas": each room will be decorated according to the lyrics and period of a traditional carol, which will be piped into the room. An assortment of live music will be presented across the street at the visitors' pavilion. The estates and grounds will be open every evening until 9 p.m. Admission is \$2 for adults, free for children. For more information: Thomas Edison and Henry Ford Winter Estates, 2350 McGregor Blvd., Fort Myers, FL 33901; (813) 334-3614.



CHRISTMAS ON THE PRADO

San Diego, Calif.
December 7-8

The Prado, an avenue of museums in the heart of Balboa Park, expects to welcome some 150,000 visitors to its annual holiday celebration—an especially grand one this year to honor Balboa Park's 75th anniversary. More than twenty museums and institutions will open their doors free of charge. Many will be specially decorated and will provide seasonal entertainment or refreshments. Staged and strolling music performances will be given at several locations in the park. For more information: Balboa Park Information Center, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, San Diego, CA 92101; (619) 239-0512.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

Washington Crossing, Pa.
December 25

Since 1953 history has been repeating itself here. On Christmas night in 1776 General George Washington and his 2,400 men, along with their horses

and cannons, silently traveled across the icy Delaware River, in order to attack the unsuspecting Hessian troops on the opposite shore. The event, which turned the tide of the American Revolution, is re-enacted annually, following an afternoon of related events including a film, performances of Revolutionary-period music, a parade of Washington's uniformed troops, and a re-enactment of his address to them. Then authentic replicas of Durham boats are boarded and the crossing begins. Admission is free. For more information: Pennsylvania Historical & Museum Commission, Washington Crossing Historical Park, Box 103, Washington Crossing, PA 18977; (215) 493-4076.

FIRST NIGHT CELEBRATIONS

Boston, Mass.
December 31

The nation's first First Night, Boston's annual New Year's Eve celebration of the arts, turns fifteen this year. More than half a million revelers will enjoy music, dance, theater, opera, mime, and puppet performances; martial-arts demonstrations;

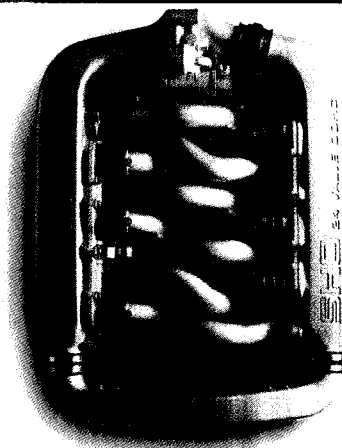
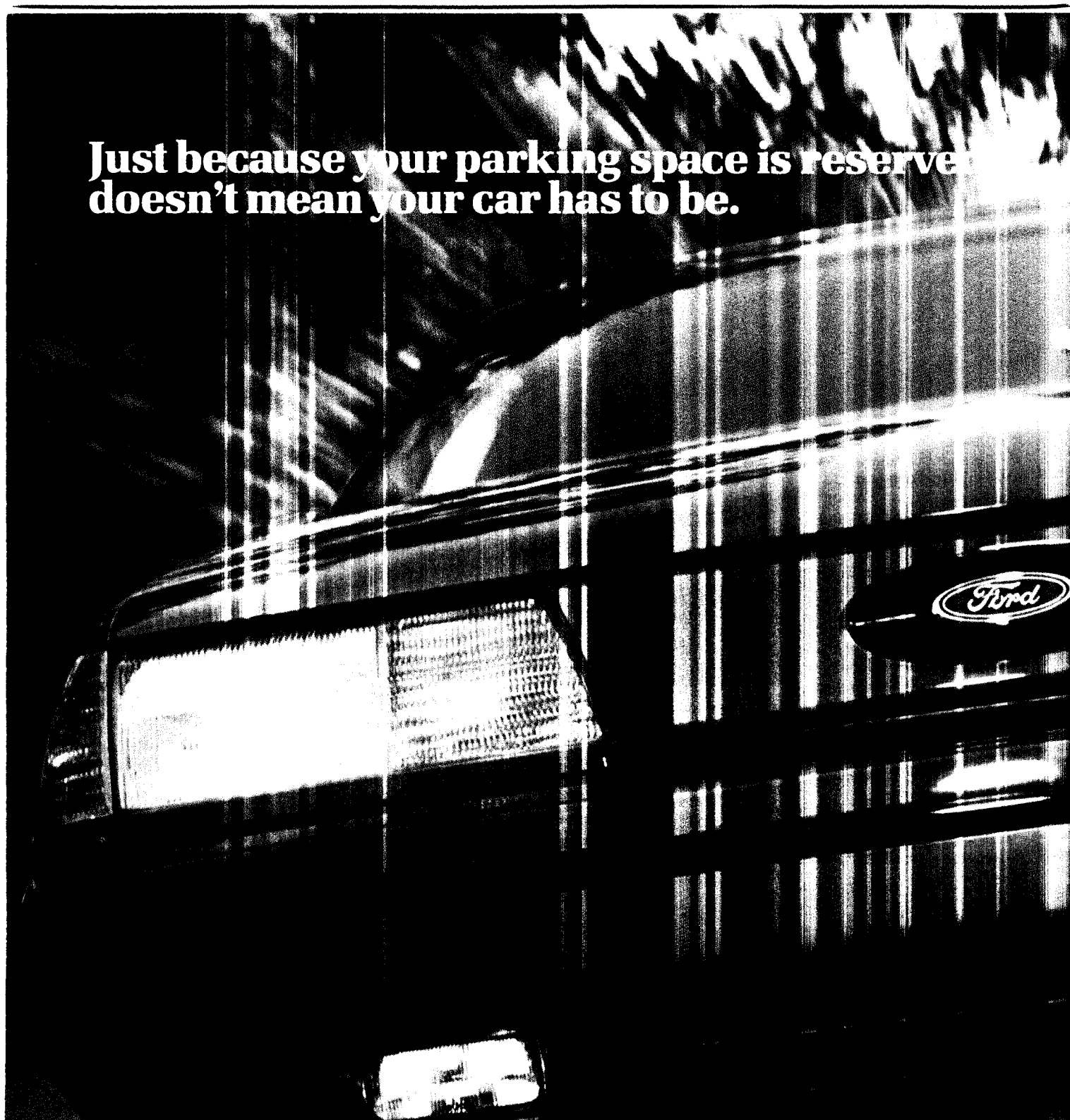
storytelling; film and video screenings; and ice sculptures and environmental and other visual arts. Events take place in over fifty indoor and outdoor locations around the city. The festival ends—and the new year begins—with a bang of fireworks over Boston Harbor, synchronized to music. Outdoor events are free; a \$6 button, which can be ordered by calling (800) 382-8080 or (617) 720-3434, covers admission to most indoor events. The First Night tradition has also caught on in some fifty other cities across the U.S. and Canada. For more information on the Boston celebration or a list of cities that celebrate First Night: First Night, Inc., 20 Park Plaza, Boston, MA 02116; (617) 542-1399.

THREE KINGS DAY

Taos, N.M.
January 6

On Three Kings Day, one of the largest winter feast days for the Southwest's Native Americans, many pueblos welcome visitors to their ceremonies. The Taos Pueblo, having been in existence for nearly 1,000 years, is the oldest and largest of the eight northern New Mexican pueblos, and it observes Three Kings Day enthusiastically. Its celebration begins with a mass at 6:30 a.m., followed by performances of the turtle dance, and then deer or buffalo ceremonial dances in the afternoon. There is a \$5 parking fee, but the day's activities are free. For more information: Tourism Director, Taos Pueblo, Box 1846, Taos, NM 87571; (505) 758-8626. For information on celebrations at any of the region's pueblos: New Mexico Travel and Tourism, 1100 St. Francis Dr., Santa Fe, NM 87503; (800) 545-2040 or (505) 827-0219.

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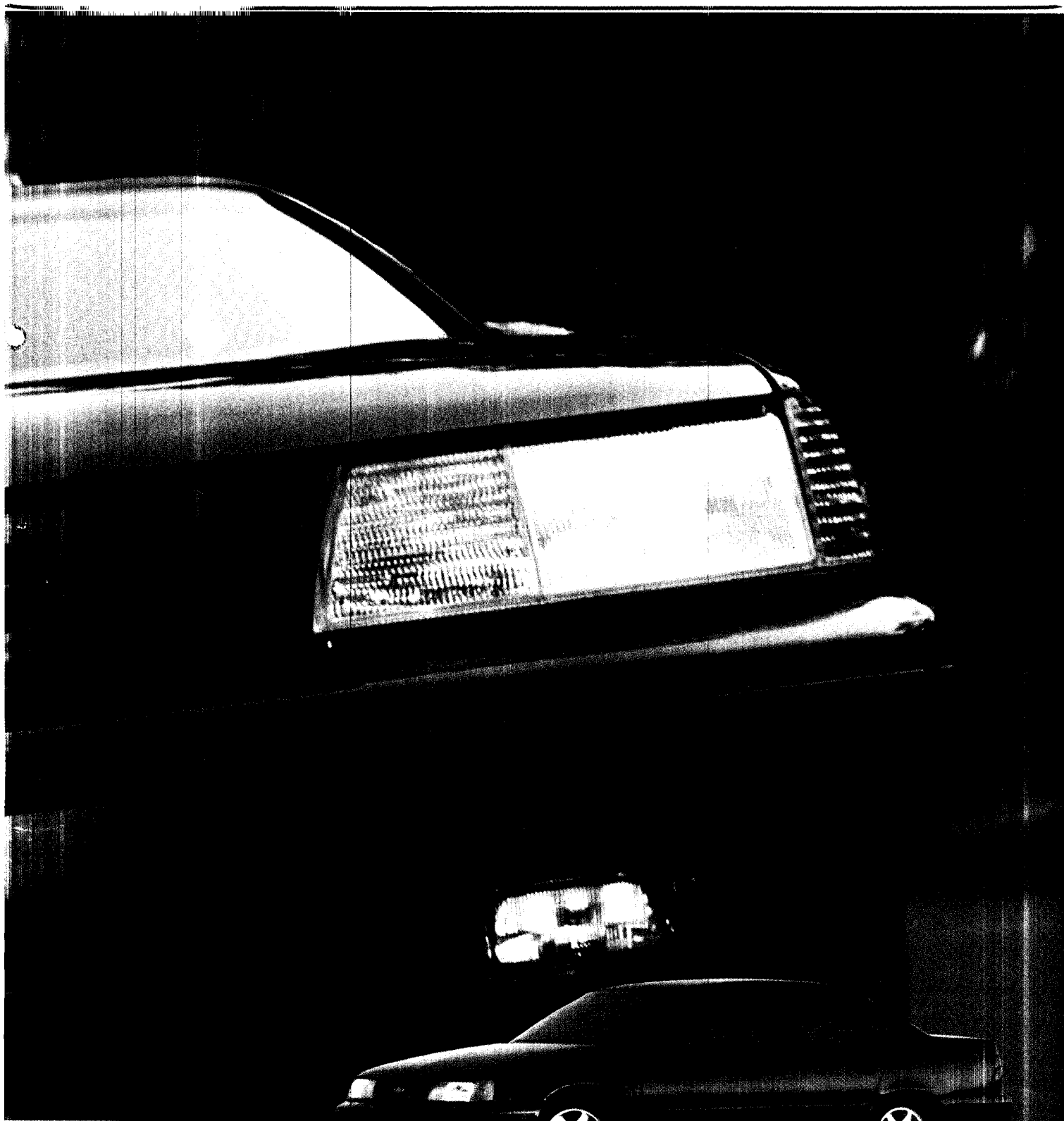
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*The changing and often deeply troubled world
of America's Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish seminaries*

THE HANDS THAT WOULD SHAPE OUR SOULS

BY PAUL WILKES



RARELY IS EVEN A TRACE OF IT APPARENT when the men and women who administer and teach in America's seminaries and schools of theological training speak to prospective students or incoming classes. Then their faces are bright, their words brim with optimism and hope. When they are asked in the public forum to assess what impact their seminarians will have on our country, it is as if a mighty spiritual armada were about to be launched: what opportunity for efficacious conquest!

But when they speak quietly and privately, the doubt shows on their faces and resonates in their voices. It is not only because they see a moral vacuum and numbing secularism in American society; it is also because they feel shame. They have squandered a legacy, and in their hearts they nurse the fear that perhaps it has been lost forever. Each of them knows well that no group, denomination, or faith is exempt.

Mainline Protestantism, once the warp and most of the woof of the American moral fabric, and a powerful voice

in national politics, continues to lose both members and influence.

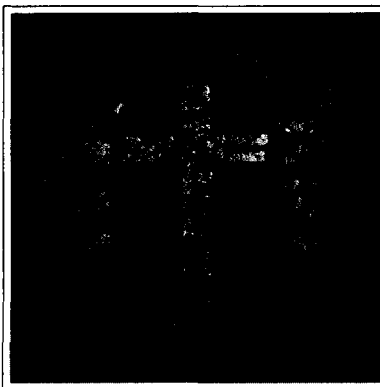
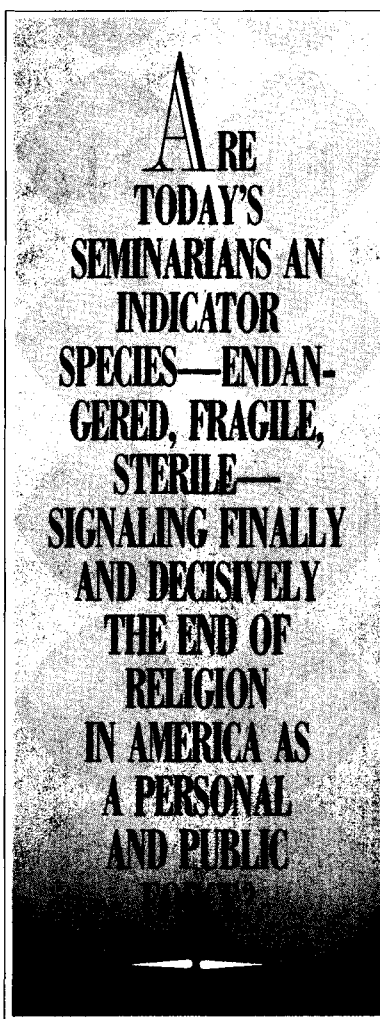
The Catholic Church, the largest American church by far, and once characterized by abundant numbers of obedient congregants hamstrung by meager education and limited access to the centers of power, now finds that an ever growing proportion of its members are well schooled and well placed—but consider the Church peripheral to their lives. They no longer look upon their priest, if indeed the current shortage allows them one, as a role model and spiritual leader.

Judaism, just two or three generations away from its rich European roots, has largely mutated into a secular culture, and is no longer the binding force of Abraham and Jacob.

The American black church, that healing balm, that unifying power, which functioned as both church and—in some senses—state during and after slavery, and then spawned the civil-rights movement: today it looks out helplessly upon a devastated black community, beset by teenage pregnancies and single-parent families, drugs, poverty, and hopelessness.

The evangelical churches, which have grown in size and influence over the past three decades, have seen their preachers-turned-politicians mocked, and have been forced to watch as their media ministers have nailed themselves to crosses of their own making, of greed and carnality. The Southern Baptists and other evangelical churches, a touchstone for many Americans, are suffering a special crisis of faith, racked by internal strife over what the Bible does or does not say.

What makes the present crisis faced by American religious denominations so perplexing is that within living memory circumstances were radically different. Through the 1950s, at least, the role of religion in America was pervasive and its importance not much questioned. Many of the country's ablest citizens enrolled in seminaries to prepare for a life of service to their congregations. The word coming from the pulpit was considered not only useful but authoritative. For a variety of reasons this situation no longer obtains. "You know the parable of the talents and how those talents were used wisely and unwisely?" Richard Mouw, the provost of Fuller Theological Seminary, in Pasadena,



California, asked in a confessional tone as we lingered over a third cup of coffee at a sidewalk restaurant one morning. "We in seminaries are in that story, and to be honest, we have not been good stewards."

The seminaries are in that story, of course, because through their doors passes each new generation of clergy—the people who have, up to now, provided leadership for their denominations in good times and bad. There are well over two hundred Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and interdenominational seminaries in the United States today. The total enrollment at those schools affiliated with the Association of Theological Schools, which includes schools representing some forty major and minor denominations, is about 56,000. Women make up more than a third of the enrollment. The seminaries range from the hidebound to the touchy-feely, from fundamentalist, where students must attest that every word of Scripture is inviolate, to thoroughly open, where atheists can attend, and where no creed, dogma, or text is sacred. They train men and women to perform the various functions that each faith's expression demands—whether these are heavily liturgical or predominantly scriptural—as well as to be spiritual guides and secular counselors. The orientations of America's seminaries may vary enormously, but today their common mandate is clear: to provide the people who will pick up the pieces left by the past three decades.

Those charged with educating and forming today's seminarians know well the size of the task they face. And they find themselves confronted with some disquieting questions as they look at the men and women who are currently studying for the ministry. Is there a critical mass of new leadership in training today? Will they become the religious leaders to whom a skeptical but—as poll after poll confirms—spiritually hungry populace is willing to listen? Does this generation of seminarians have the talent and the will to wield moral authority wisely and effectively? Or are today's seminarians an indicator species—endangered, fragile, sterile—signaling finally and decisively the end of religion in America as a personal and public force?

Several months ago I set out to visit some fifteen American seminaries and theological schools, represent-

ing many of the nation's largest denominations and a range of spiritual orientations. I spoke with scores of seminarians, faculty members, and heads of seminaries. What I came back with was a picture of institutions that are deeply troubled by contemporary issues; many, too, are beset by a flighty if implacable radicalism. And yet I found that some of these institutions still attract—and seem to be shaping—the kind of people who can lead fractious congregations.

Who Are They?

EXCEPT AMONG THE MORE CONSERVATIVE AND evangelical groups, seminarians today are older than their counterparts of twenty years ago, and many of them are married, separated, or divorced. (Female seminarians are more likely than males to have experienced a failed marriage: in 1986 one female seminarian out of six was separated or divorced, as compared with one male seminarian out of fifty.) A large number of them have had significant experience in the world, and so consider the seminary to be the beginning of a second career. At the prestigious interdenominational Harvard University Divinity School, Dean Ronald Thiemann points to successful business people, bankers, and lawyers now undergoing theological training as evidence that people who turn to the divine realm have often achieved success in the secular realm first. But there is concern that at denominational seminaries and lesser-known interdenominational schools some students have turned to religious training after disappointment in the marketplace or to gain employment in a profession that they hope will bring them the status they have otherwise found elusive. And there is also fear that the denominational schools are increasingly acting like bureaucracies with a certain number of slots to fill—slots that they will fill regardless of the quality of applicants. Those who accredit Protestant seminaries, as well as those who administer and teach in them, reluctantly admit that the institutions are considerably less demanding of applicants than they were in the past. Princeton, one of the best divinity schools in the country, has 150 openings every year for incoming students; some went unfilled this year because of the lack of qualified and promising applicants. “We still get some very bright students in our seminaries,” says F. Thomas Trotter, now the president of Alaska Pacific University, in Anchorage, and formerly the head of the United Methodist Church’s Board of Higher Education and Ministry, which oversees that church’s seminaries. “But we also have a fair number of less attractive candidates, people who will just punch a clock. The sad fact is that the middle has dropped out: the journeyman—and now journeywoman—pastor who could be counted on for thirty or forty years of good and faithful service.” Smaller Protestant seminaries, pressed for money and needing to maintain a certain student-body size to remain solvent,

have resorted to taking virtually anyone able to pay. In part for this reason such schools find themselves tailoring their curricula to fit what they think the students will agree to study—a technique not unknown to secular colleges—rather than what they think those students will need to be effective clergywomen and clergymen. Those Catholic diocesan seminaries that have survived occasionally find themselves ready to reject a candidate sent to them by a bishop, until that bishop makes it clear that if the seminary does not take *all* the men he sends them, he will find a place that does. The schools are well aware that their survival might be jeopardized if the bishop’s action resulted in the loss of five or ten seminarians a year.

There is little doubt that the quality of seminarians has declined. Dean after dean admits that seminaries are getting precious few of those ranked in the top reaches of their undergraduate classes. In 1947 some ten percent of college graduates nominated to Phi Beta Kappa went into the ministry. A Phi Beta Kappa member today who evinced an interest in the ministry would be recruited by seminaries with unholy zeal. The ministry these days must compete for the best and the brightest not only with the ill-paid and too-often thankless helping professions, such as social work and counseling, but also with the high-profile and well-paid professions of law, business, and medicine. There is concern that some of those for whom the seminary marks the beginning of a second or third career may be burdened with cumbersome psychological baggage: finally they have found a profession in which they will get the respect they deserve; the church will protect them in a hostile and confusing world; somehow the tedium of the quotidian will evaporate now that a higher calling is being pursued. One researcher found that, notwithstanding the bankers and lawyers at Harvard, entrepreneurial-type males were a distinct minority in the seminary population he studied: graduates might be able to tend established churches, but they were not self-starters. “The energy level is shockingly low,” the researcher told me. One seminary in the South reported that seven to nine percent of those it admitted over a recent ten-year period had such elevated scores on the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Index—which helps to detect mental disorders such as paranoia and schizophrenia—that they warranted immediate counseling.

The academic and intellectual level in seminaries would be mediocre indeed were it not for the ever increasing numbers of women, who, as their denominations began to allow their ordination, started coming to the seminaries in significant numbers in the 1960s. In the Catholic schools of theology that allow women to take courses—primarily seminaries attached to universities or those that have been absorbed into consortia of various religious denominations—women students consistently score higher than men. One recent study showed that women aged twenty to twenty-four entering theological

training in all denominations scored twenty points higher in the quantitative section of the Graduate Record Exam than men in the same age group. In contrast, women in professions other than the ministry score on the average eighty points *lower* than men on this portion of the GRE.

SISTER KATARINA SCHUTH IS IN THE STRANGE POSITION of knowing more about American Catholic seminaries than virtually anyone else in her church, and yet is barred, on account of her sex, not only from the priesthood but even from taking courses at a good number of the seminaries she studies. She is a fast-talking forty-nine-year-old woman with bright blue eyes and a clear complexion unenhanced by makeup. Schuth, a Franciscan with an advanced degree in theology and a Ph.D. in cultural geography, is a thoroughly modern nun and the director of planning at the Weston School of Theology, a Jesuit institution in Cambridge, Massachusetts. After visiting half of the fifty Catholic seminaries and schools of theology in the United States, surveying the rest, and talking to hundreds of teachers, administrators, and students, she wrote a book. Demonstrating a good nun's optimism, she called it *Reason for the Hope*. (The title comes from the first epistle of Peter: "Simply reverence the Lord Christ in your hearts, and always have your answer ready for people who ask you the reason for the hope that you all have.") The subtitle of the book is "The Futures of Roman Catholic Theologates."

Some within the Church who are knowledgeable about the state of Catholic theological education and the quality and numbers of seminarians might have edited the title of Schuth's book slightly: *Reason for Hope?* Schuth found that many seminaries were managing to cope adequately with an array of contemporary challenges, but they also faced "intractable problems" that had yet to be resolved. "The less optimistic observations," she wrote, "come from the same groups of people who find reason for hope—from bishops and religious superiors who are discouraged by the small number of first-rate candidates applying for ordination, from administrators who are concerned about enrollment and finances, from faculty who fear loss of academic freedom and feel overburdened by the multiple expectations attached to their positions, and by students who are uncertain of their role and identity as ministers in an unpredictable future."

Schuth noted the existence of a division in the character of America's roughly fifty Catholic seminaries. One group consists of seminaries that are university-related or are participants in consortia of seminaries that have pooled their resources because of the small number of candidates in each. These institutions tend to admit lay and religious people of both sexes. They also tend to have faculties with higher-than-average levels of education, whose members routinely and regularly publish in

the best scholarly journals and write books that are widely accepted in theological circles. Taken together, however, these institutions educate a relatively small fraction of the nation's Catholic seminarians.

By far the largest numbers of priests receive their training in a different type of school altogether, called "free-standing," of which there are about thirty. Half of these are affiliated with religious orders, such as the Franciscans and Dominicans. The other half, with the lion's share of all seminary enrollments, are diocesan seminaries, which have no ties to other institutions and, proclaiming that they must not be deflected from their primary mission, frequently don't allow lay people or women to attend classes. Schuth goes on at length in her book about the purported advantages of seminaries that train exclusively men for the priesthood (students receive a specific education for the specific set of tasks required of ordained priests), but she also noted during an interview in her Cambridge office (as she notes in her book) that the diocesan schools have a large number of faculty members without doctorates, who rarely publish scholarly articles or books. One seminarian, at a diocesan school that is known to be quite weak, told Schuth, "We come here to learn how to say mass and not to ask too many questions. We are here to learn what the church teaches. Period." That attitude is not typical—but it is worrisome that it exists at all. The bleak reality is that too many seminarians are receiving some of the poorest education the Church can offer.

Schuth alludes to doubts about the wisdom of educating parish priests in as cloistered an atmosphere as that of some diocesan seminaries. "There is a concern," Schuth said, choosing her words carefully even as a quizzical smile let the listener's mind wander where it would, "that women, lay students, and lay faculty dilute and confuse the role of a seminary. This may be the case in certain persons' minds, but actually women and lay people are among the most promising students, and lay teachers are at least as well educated as most diocesan priests who teach. These nonclerical elements give breadth and reality to the classroom, the reality of what the world is like, what the parish is like. A healthy selection of classes at a good university can broaden a future priest. It doesn't necessarily enhance his training merely to isolate him."

Owing to the crushing shortage of manpower, if a man is bent on becoming a priest and is not too educationally unfit, psychologically aberrant, or flagrantly homosexual, he can usually find a diocese that will sponsor him and a seminary that will accept him. The Catholic Church, which could at one time choose those to study for the priesthood from among the best of its young men, saw the numbers of priests begin to decline after the Second Vatican Council (1962–1965), just as Catholicism was finally being accepted into the American mainstream. Priests, frustrated by the Church's continuing insistence



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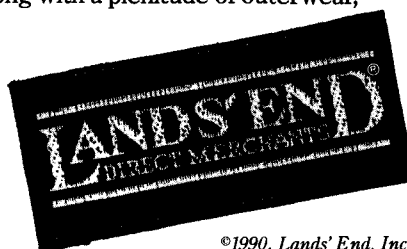
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on celibacy, and sensing the freedom and new life that the 1960s seemed to promise, were now able to obtain dispensations from their vows and still remain Catholics. Some simply took off their collars and went into the world without a sanction they no longer felt was necessary. Perhaps 10,000 American priests have left since Vatican II; the numbers of seminarians plummeted even more precipitously. Almost 40,000 young men were in training in 1968; this year the figure is just over 8,000. Much of that attrition occurred in the minor (high school) seminaries, whose enrollment dropped from almost 16,000 to a little over 2,000 students. On the theology level—the last four years of training before ordination—the decline was from almost 8,000 to fewer than 4,000.

Those brave souls who did enter Catholic seminaries became, inadvertently, the focus of a sort of social scientists' cottage industry and have been the most intensively studied group who have ever prepared for a religious vocation. Although Catholic seminarians today show themselves to be about as psychologically well balanced and mature as the men who entered seminaries before Vatican II, some crucial differences exist. First of all, they are older than their predecessors, by about six years; some studies comment that their maturity level should therefore be higher, not equal. Today's seminarians also lack the intellectual range of former seminarians. "We just don't get the top ones," Schuth was repeatedly told by seminary professors. And a good number of them seem to be out of sync with their congregations. Seminarians today are more conservative theologically than are Catholics as a whole, and they give far more weight to such pious practices as novenas, devotions to the Blessed Virgin, saying the rosary, and attending benediction. A significant percentage of them tend to want rigid structures, to aspire to the power inherent in the priestly role, and to depend on authority figures. They have unusually high levels of suspicion. One religious order found that a third of its entering seminarians are adult children of alcoholics or substance abusers—a group, we are told, that is a cornucopia of unmet psychological wants.

Disturbingly, according to a study by Raymond Potvin and Felipe Muncada, of Catholic University, in Washington, D.C., "religious-order seminarians who are fearful, worried, and prone to doubt are more likely to remain in the seminary and be ordained than their counterparts who are not." The tests and studies that have taken the measure of these men must be considered in context. As one priest-researcher told me, "Look at all the Irish-Catholic seminarians of years past and all the hard-drinking parents they had. Of course, we didn't have a term 'adult children of alcoholics' then, and we didn't have to fill out all the surveys these people have to. Maybe we wouldn't have come up so sweet-smelling." Also, it is important to make clear that Catholic seminaries are not populated predominantly by the psychologically lame, halt, and blind. But if the issues are future Church lead-

ership and the manifestation of personal traits that will attract people to religion, it is apparent that an ever smaller number of Catholic seminarians are of the caliber of the men now functioning as priests.

THE CHARTS, GRAPHS, AND ANALYSES LEAD TO SOMEONE like Dennis Dinan, who embodies many of the traits that increasingly characterize today's Catholic seminarian. He is a student at St. Joseph's Seminary, in Yonkers, New York, which provides priests to the Archdiocese of New York. The archdiocese includes Manhattan, the Bronx, Staten Island, and an area extending a hundred miles north. Dinan is forty-two years old. His father was an alcoholic. He has a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, frequently says the rosary, and is a member of the Legion of Mary. He goes to confession weekly. He staunchly backs his church on everything from its prohibition on the use of any form of artificial birth control to the necessity of fealty to the pope and to those appointed to positions of ecclesiastical authority.

While he might be too ardent for some, Dinan is a likable, sincere man, one who is so concerned about the moral deterioration in his nation and his church that he is ready to be a priest "twenty-four hours a day, to work till I drop—and not to condemn people for doing wrong but to win them over to a better way of life." His short curly hair is graying at the temples, and though Dinan's face seldom breaks into a smile—somehow the way his mouth turns down at the edges precludes excessive levity—his unblinking brown eyes glisten with a warm intensity.

Although Dinan had thought about being a priest since he was in the second grade, he spent most of his mature life out in the world, working as a computer programmer, systems analyst, and engineer. He was a daily communicant, but frankly didn't like what he was seeing in the Catholic Church. He saw newly ordained priests saying mass in what he considered too casual or colloquial a fashion, wearing vestments sloppily or only tossing a stole over their street clothes. On one occasion he witnessed a woman giving the homily—a direct violation of Church rules. Dinan was about to be married, but two months before the wedding his fiancée called it off. He moved to Boston and eventually decided to enter the priesthood, a step that would have been difficult prior to the past decade or so because of his age. He considered St. John's, in Boston, too lax (a characterization rarely attached to it) and applied to St. Joseph's.

"The priest is supposed to follow the model of Christ," he said as we talked over lunch one day some months ago in the St. Joseph's refectory. "The laity is confused when they see priests dissenting on this dogma or that, or saying a mass any way they like. When there are reasonable options in the Church, I'm for it—like placing the Eucharist on the tongue or in the person's hands. That makes sense; it makes sense to the Church. When the Magisterium gives me room, I take it. I don't think we're

overly rigid or liberal here. We're in the middle; we're not in training to be robots. What we get here is the fullness of Church teaching. That's the kind of training I want.

"Look, people are searching out there. They want a framework, they want rules. That's the way to lead people, to help them change. I'm not talking about simply reciting the Church's teaching chapter and verse. No, you have to get to know the people before you can address their problems, give them time. Teaching, preaching, sanctifying—those are my jobs. I can't wait to perform them."

Dinan's home until his ordination, in 1992, is an imposing four-story early-Renaissance-style granite edifice that welcomes visitors into a vaulted reception area with dual spiral staircases winding gracefully to an upper level, and a statue-rich foyer worthy of the Medicis. Dunwoodie—as St. Joseph's is popularly known, for the section of Yonkers in which it is located—is spread over forty acres, with precisely pruned trees and shrubbery, stone walkways, and a well-equipped athletic building containing an Olympic-size swimming pool, a steamroom, and a whirlpool. It was built to house 240 seminarians. Though its curriculum yet stands firm for the old ideals and commitments of the Catholic priesthood, the hollow echoes on the gleaming terra-cotta floors call attention to the diminishing numbers of men it draws. There are only about seventy-five in training at Dunwoodie, ten or so of them sent from dioceses like Lincoln, Nebraska, and Gallup, New Mexico—staunch Catholic bastions that appreciate the classical, directed education that their sons will receive. Dunwoodie was once at the forefront of seminary education. In the early part of this century its seminarians were called Dunwoodie Dudes, for the relative splendor of the premises and the elegant attire, including top hats, that they wore when they traveled to St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, for ordination. The Catholic scholarly journal that was perhaps the nation's most influential in the early part of this century, *The New York Review*, was published here.

Since Vatican II, when other seminaries relaxed their curricula and their dress codes, Dunwoodie has steered a

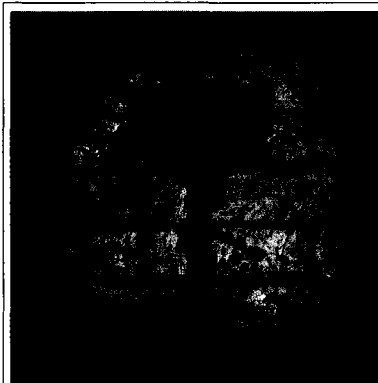
steady course under the firm hands of a succession of New York cardinal-archbishops, the former Navy chaplain John O'Connor being the current one. It is one of the few seminaries in the country where the men still wear clerical dress throughout the class day and for all meals and functions: black trousers and black shirts with Roman collars, a black soutane and white surplice for mass. Not only has enrollment declined, but also Dunwoodie has lost a number of the kind of faculty members cherished by most institutions of higher learning: those who publish and are known in their field. They have left com-

plaining that an unimaginative curriculum and uncritical loyalty to Rome produce neither good priests nor good scholarship, and that the school does not pay enough attention to the psychological deficiencies and the immaturity of those students who otherwise do well in classes, and who reflexively profess orthodoxy.

When his predecessor, Monsignor Edwin O'Brien, was named by the pope to head the North American College, in Rome, Monsignor Raymond Powers, the current rector of Dunwoodie, was one of the few priests in the archdiocese who had the three qualifications that Cardinal O'Connor demanded for the position: doctrinal certitude, an earned doctorate, and pastoral experience. The cardinal was also impressed with the subject of Powers's doctoral thesis—the just-war theory—and with his point of view, which matched the cardinal's own: "Better to have a few well-trained troops than more poorly or arbitrarily schooled ones that you really can't depend on," the rector told me. Powers is at an age—sixty-three—when most leaders of institutions of higher learning have stepped down or are about to do so. Although he is well-liked and wonderfully personable—a man with a ruddy, open face, who seems quite happy to be pulled away from his desk for almost any reason—his appointment sent a message throughout the archdiocese that there were few priests in the ranks prepared, or willing, to face the challenge of Dunwoodie.

DURING A SECOND CONVERSATION with Dennis Dinan, I found myself at a table in the refectory at Dunwoodie with a group of New York archdiocesan priests, men who ap-

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peared to be in their fifties or sixties and who had returned for some sort of meeting to the seminary that had trained them. (Later I would learn that it was a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous.) Across from us was a thin, almost gaunt priest from Bayonne, New Jersey, whose clerical shirt was open at the neck, the plastic tongue of his Roman collar askew, a proud symbol now seemingly limp with fatigue. He said nothing as Dinan talked further about his vision of the priesthood and the door-to-door canvassing he had done the previous summer, trying to get lapsed Catholics back to church. "Birth control," Dinan said. "So many people can't go along with the Catholic position on birth control. They don't realize that nature gives us a beautiful way of spacing children—natural family planning." The older priest nodded. Dinan went on: "They don't see that when you use contraceptives you are holding something back, you are not giving yourself completely."

"Amazing," the older priest said at one point, as part of a conversation that had begun with one of his companions but was now taking in Dinan and me. "Best-selling newsstand magazine in history, can you believe that?" he said, shaking his head. As he talked further, it became apparent that he was commenting on the annual *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, about to appear that week. "I mean, we're talking millions of copies," he said. "Millions!"

"Pornography," Dinan said.

"Well, yeah. But they must be doing something right. Can you imagine, the best-selling . . ."

"Sophisticated pornography, but still pornography," Dinan said.

The veteran priest looked across the table, weary amusement on his face. Lord knows what those sad eyes had seen that week in Bayonne, what battles he had fought within and without that had etched those deep lines on his forehead and had caused those cheeks to cave in, what his vision of the priesthood had been when he sat in this room thirty or forty years before. He folded his hands in front of him and leaned across the table toward Dinan as if he wanted to impart something to him and him alone.

"What's your name, son?" he asked kindly.

The seminarian told him.

"Dennis. Ah, Dennis," the priest said, exhaling. And he got up to get himself another cup of coffee.

As I was about to leave the seminary, I met with Father Thomas Madden, who was the director of field education at the time, and who offered his assessment of the seminarians at Dunwoodie. "They are surely not like we were in my first year in the seminary, so it would be foolish to compare them," he began. "The Church is different; society is different. We had a Church that was more tranquil, one I think that many seminarians and others yearn for. That Church has been stolen away by greater contact with the world and by the internal changes from the Sec-

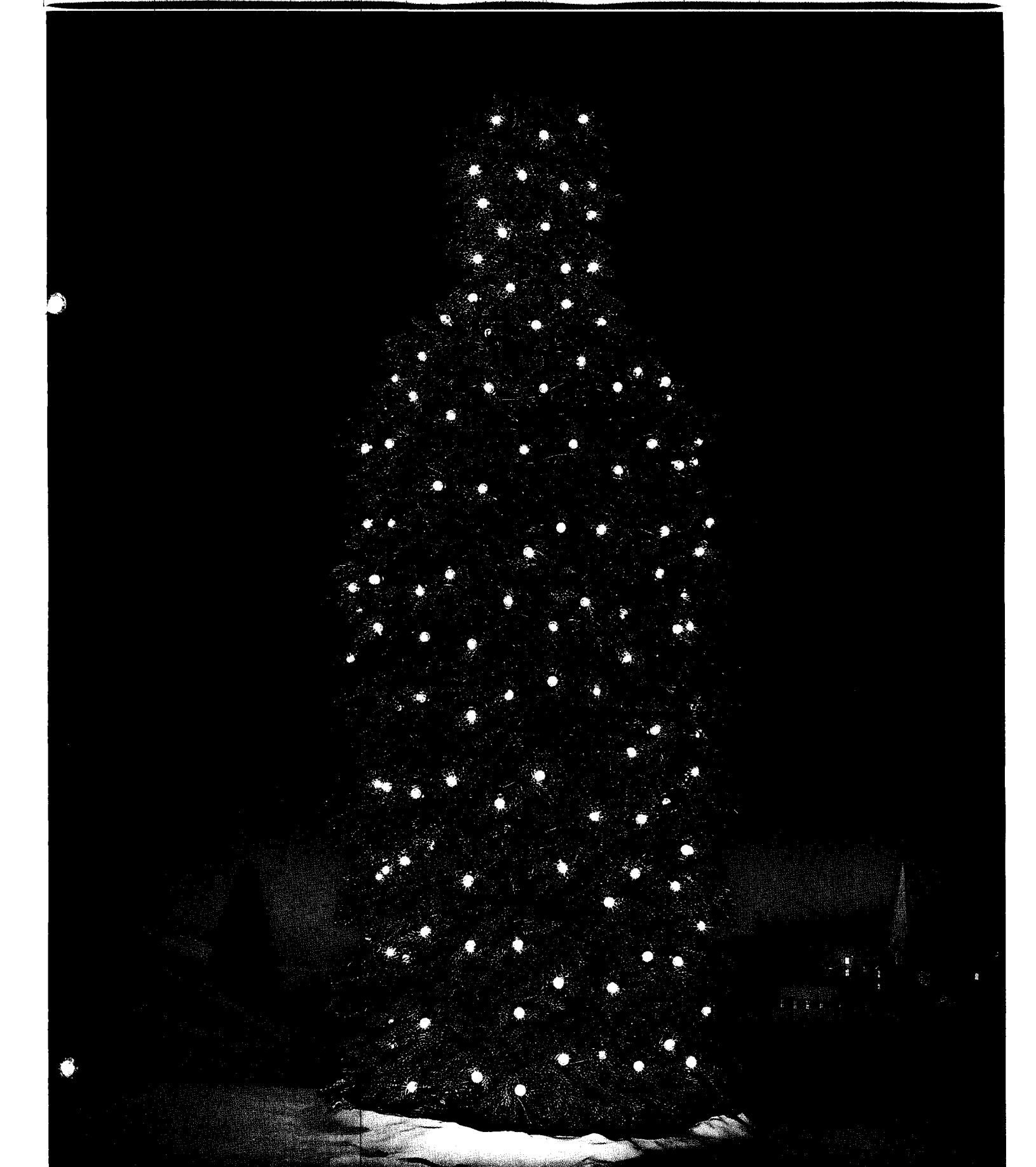
ond Vatican Council. There were terrible misunderstandings—for example, saying that going to the Eucharist wasn't necessary if a person didn't feel like going. It's as if overnight a sledgehammer had been taken to the communion rail. The line between priests and people was demolished. Some said it was irrelevant anyway. Others felt it was vital. A seminarian might want to serve in a Church of calmer, clearer times, a Church they never knew. Seminarians are, as they have been, good men for the most part, who will be shaped and further matured by the people of the parishes they serve."

Hearing the Call

MOST OF THE MEN AND WOMEN IN SEMINARIES are, by age at least, charter members of the "me generation"—supposedly self-seekers—and their motivations for pursuing theological training are being closely scrutinized, by those who teach them and by the social scientists who study them. Today's seminarians readily talk of spirituality and calls from God, of a vocation and not merely a profession, with a pre-sixties fervor. But what do they hope to find in religious training—the best way to serve others or a better way to serve themselves? Will they be predictable products of their era, or will they be somehow different?

The call to ministerial life, once so straightforward when answered by evidently upright, churching young men in their twenties, is now being heard by a wider array of people: a lesbian who is at seminary with her lover, wanting it to be a "couples experience"; a former Roman Catholic black woman at a Protestant evangelical school; an unschooled rural preacher in his fifties; a twenty-five-year-old former art student and a forty-five-year-old mother of three (who is still not permitted to read Scripture at her Orthodox synagogue), Jewish candidates for the rabbinate. Or consider two of Dennis Dinan's classmates: one a former helicopter pilot, the other a convert from Presbyterianism who spent three years before seminary working with runaway teenagers.

Only about half the people in theological training today are pursuing a Master of Divinity degree, the standard credential for ordination; fifteen years ago, when the clergy were hardly at the apex of esteem, four out of five were studying for it. "People come to us frustrated by the norms of professional practice and look to religion as a way to illuminate crucial issues they want to tackle," says Constance H. Buchanan, an associate dean and the director of women's studies in religion at Harvard Divinity School. "They realize their framework of meaning was inadequate and they want to address human values more centrally in both their professional and private lives. As for calling—yes, most M. Div. students do feel a call to some form of theological leadership. Because of what the culture has imparted, men often



A black and white photograph of a Christmas tree made of lights, with a person lying down in the foreground.

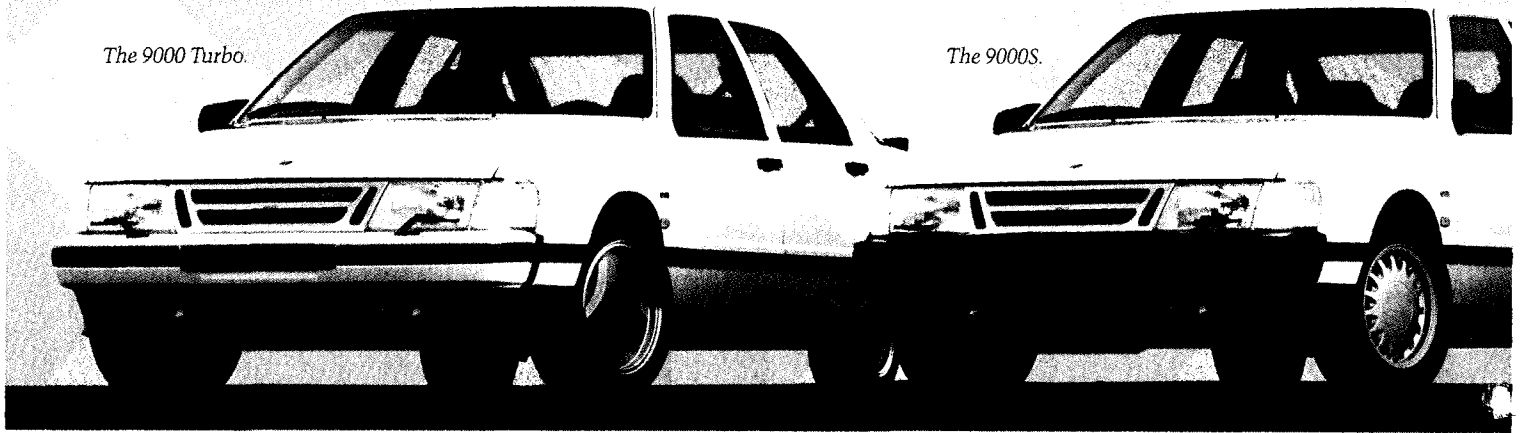
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Convertible.

The 900.



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have to reorient themselves. For women, the call is somewhat simpler in certain aspects, because they're socialized to see nurturing as one of their primary purposes in life."

Some theological educators, though happy to see a new generation turning from Buscaglia to Bultmann, from Erhard to Eckardt, are withholding judgment. David Hubbard, the president of Fuller Theological Seminary, said a few years ago during a discussion for the magazine *Christianity Today*, "The piety and that strong personal faith that wrenches people out of one career into another are certainly there. But I'm not quite sure we have as much passion at this stage for the social outreach or the political implications of what it means to be Christian."

Whether or not they are headed for formal ordination, virtually all the older, second-career theology students, as well as younger seminarians, are going to seminaries at great personal and financial cost. Two, three, or more years at a seminary can put a person deeply in debt—tuition and living expenses (in the range of \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year) can match those at any graduate school, and considerable income is frequently forgone. Modest clerical salaries make it hard to pay back loans. "But money becomes a secondary issue," Ellen Charry, a Luce Scholar at Yale University Divinity School and a former staff member of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, told me, "because so many people coming to seminary today have touched something that they now know they urgently need. And they have a sense America needs it too—whether they go back to express it in the workplace or in the pulpit. Yes, it is intensely personal; no, it is not the classic 'call' to ministry for many. They are in a seminary not always because they have found God but because they have decided to search for him."

"But we have to be careful as we train them," Charry added. "It is not the purpose of theological education to give a little Julian of Norwich, a little John of the Cross, a little Matthew Fox, and a little Shirley MacLaine, even though those may be the voices people have heard and which brought them to a seminary." Two from column A and two from column B, in other words, is not the way to teach—or learn—theology.

RABBI NEIL GILLMAN SQUINTED TOWARD THE LEFT side of the enclosed grassy courtyard of the Jewish Theological Seminary, on Broadway at 122nd Street, in New York City. He was almost ready to speak, but his hesitation implied that he wanted to summon the precise words. The seminary walls muted the din of traffic outside to no more than a dull hum. To his right were the cloisterlike archways of the original structure, built in 1929 to replicate the look of the best Christian seminaries (positively monastic) at a time when American Judaism badly wanted to be accepted, if not for its religious con-

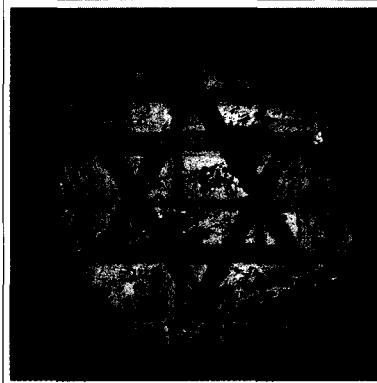
victions then at least for the academic rigor of its students and faculty. To his left, grafted onto the venerable red brick, was a starkly modern glass addition built in 1983, a portion of which is called the Palm Beach Friends of the Seminary wing. The structure was funded not only by Jews gone south but also by Ivan Boesky, who took courses at the seminary and gave more than a million dollars to it. (Having promised another million, Boesky was to have the entire building named after him—but his business difficulties intervened, and the plaque with his name was removed.)

"You know the biggest problem with our students?" Gillman asked. "Sounds. Tastes. Smells! Me? I didn't know anything intellectual, but I was inhaling Judaism from the cradle on. Soup and candles and boiling cabbage and latkes and gefilte fish, kasha, krep-lach, pot roast."

Gillman's face, still cherubic in late middle age, relaxed, as if his olfactory system were responding to a memory. "These kids are smart, and the intellectual stuff they get easily, but it's hard to get the other: the ritual sensuality of Jewish religious life. The guts of it. How do you teach that?"

The architectural incongruity of this place, which is the fountainhead of Conservative Judaism in the United States (Orthodox Judaism, which adheres to more traditional practices, and Reform Judaism, which allows more leeway for personal choice, are the other two main branches of American Judaism), is symbolic of the dissonance in the lives of many of the young men and women who come here for training to become rabbis. Like significant numbers of Protestant and Catholic seminarians, many rabbinical students at Jewish

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Theological, or JTS, have not been steeped in the kind of religion they are studying and hope someday to interpret and propound. A good number come from Reform homes, many of which are not oriented toward traditional forms of observance. Likewise, the good Catholic homes and parish schools that were once the hothouses of vocations are mostly memories, and Protestant youth groups, once the anchor of many a Methodist, Presbyterian, or Congregationalist teenager's social life, must now compete with a dizzying array of possibilities. In Jewish homes of Rabbi Gillman's generation, immigrant parents lived, cooked, and prayed their testimony as the chosen ones, only to see their grown children stumbling over themselves to put Air Wick in the kitchen, take the mezuzah off the door, and generally become assimilated into an America that was finally getting used to having Jews around, unless a person was *too* Jewish.

It is hardly surprising that when I asked JTS students who or what inspired them to want to become rabbis, many mentioned a grandmother or grandfather from Eastern Europe, the *bubbeh* or *zayde* who quietly and doggedly kept the faith, kept the holy days, and would rather crawl than ride a bus on the Sabbath. More than one student mentioned the books of Abraham Heschel, whose soaring writings about God's relationship with man find great acceptance in both the religious and secular worlds.

"The students want authenticity, because they have been exposed to so much phoniness," Gillman said, "but they are on the periphery. They want the authenticity of Judaism and yet want to be able to pick and choose, be free to accept or reject aspects of Judaism—which puts them exactly where most of their congregations are. What differentiates them, raises them up in this secular time, is not only that they want an inner focus to their life—everybody wants that—but that they are seeking it through religious beliefs. By the time they come here they are religious, but not necessarily observant, Jews. When they have been here for a while and have seen how all the elements of Jewish life work together, we find the students taking dietary practices, daily prayer, and Scripture reading back to their homes and in a sense reconverting their parents and their friends to what they might have been brought up with. Here, at an institution that always prided itself on its intellectual rigor and steered clear of the mystical side of religion, we can now talk of what everybody calls 'spirituality.' I don't know what the word means, but to students today it means they don't want to be Jews and rabbis just for the rituals, just for symbolism, but in order to come closer to God."

KEVIN MCGINLEY SAT BETWEEN TWO OTHER JESUIT seminarians at Weston as our conversation turned to what call a Catholic man might hear these days that would bring him to study for the priesthood. "It's apparent that we're already in the midst of a very spiritual

age but we just don't know what to do about it," McGinley said. "So it takes the form of channeling and meditation and sometimes bizarre practices—the very stuff that seems to have taken the place of organized religious beliefs in some people's lives—but there is a lot of spirituality swirling around in the world. Sure, some people say we are throwing away our lives in becoming priests today, that we are becoming part of a Church that hasn't gone far enough. But what I see is a call to give people back what they really need and want."

David Cassidy, a student at the Interdenominational Theological Center, in Atlanta, when I spoke with him, smiled at the word "call." "Mine came with all the fire and fervor you would expect of the strict Pentecostal church I was attending. But God calls and calls and then he calls again, and you've got to listen real close to what he's saying each time. I belong to the Church of God in Christ, which is growing rapidly, but at the same time has a very narrow view of education, like too much of it can pull you away from God. I'm going to help change that. I'm going for a Ph.D. in theology at Vanderbilt after I finish here. That's the call I heard. Most recently."

The Crucible of the Classroom

THE EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY HAS ALWAYS responded to the felt needs of the congregants of the day. For most European settlers in North America those requirements were quite simple: people needed to know the holy texts that revealed their God, and they needed clergy to officiate at regular services and the rituals that mark the steps along life's path, birth to death. The minister's education was designed to give him an entrée into the lives and souls of those who were already in his flock and those he might convert. Though clerics also saw to aspects of the material needs of their flocks, they were largely trained to deal with the divine. In continental Europe, England, and Scotland, where most of America's eighteenth- and nineteenth-century clergymen were trained, seminarians were taught church history, Scripture, and a minimum of theology. The earliest candidates to be trained in America as priests, ministers, and rabbis were often simply apprenticed to a clergyman and taught Scripture and theology in a work-study program. What they needed to know—from Bible-based preaching for members of denominations like the Baptists and Methodists to the more liturgical approach of the Lutherans, Episcopalians, Catholics, and Jews—was learned by observation and through whatever structured training the mentor had time for. The beginnings of formal religious training for the Protestant clergy were implicit at schools like Harvard and Yale in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and training in actual seminaries began in the early nineteenth century, with the founding of Andover Theological Seminary, in 1808, and Princeton Theologi-

cal Seminary, in 1812. The Catholics had opened their first American seminary in 1791. Not until 1875 did the Jews create a place in America for theological studies.

Seminary education quickly became routinized, generally imitating practice abroad. Although Protestants were progressive in introducing new courses as the field of theology grew, they made few other changes in the curriculum until the late nineteenth century. A certain amount of information was imparted by the school and absorbed by the seminarian for later dispensing to his congregation. In the early twentieth century, however, it became apparent that rote study would not prepare clergymen to serve and lead their people. As late as 1957, in the now famous study *The Advancement of Theological Education*, of which he was a co-author, H. Richard Niebuhr wrote, "The greatest defect in theological education today is that it is too much an affair of piecemeal transmission of knowledge and skills, and that, in consequence, it offers too little challenge to the student to develop his own resources and to become an independent, lifelong inquirer."

Along with a more systematic and comprehensive approach to religious study, a new concept was developed, that of "clinical pastoral education." CPE, as it is widely known, can be regarded as an acknowledgment that well-trained clerics needed to know not only the word of God but also the word of Freud and other modern thinkers and practitioners, and that the congregation needed help not only with the transcendent but also with the immediate and the secular. Churchgoers were concerned with religion not only as a means to salvation but also as something that could enrich their lives. It would take Catholics and Jews another decade or more to embrace the CPE concept, but most Protestants by mid-century saw the need to train a clergy that was "professional" as well as theologically literate. An ever better educated populace, accustomed to well-trained specialists in such fields as medicine, law, social work, and psychology, expected their clergy to be able to do more than quote chapter and verse, and perform stylized rituals. The idea that clerics needed to be effective practical managers of their congregations as well as spiritual managers had come into its own. Professionalization also led the clergy to acknowledge that they must serve and heal themselves as well as others. If the hazards of their job were ignored—the loneliness, the frustration, the scrutiny—this could render them ineffectual and perhaps cause them to leave ministerial life altogether. The pastors, in short, needed pastoring.

Strangely, the issue of the personal spirituality of the Protestant and Jewish clergy was hardly addressed and not considered especially relevant. Except for the Catholic seminaries, which have always devoted a significant amount of time to a candidate's spiritual formation (often at the expense of CPE-type training), divinity schools emphasized more and more the scholastic elements of clerical study—the Bible, church history, theology—of-

ten to the exclusion of the spiritual. Theological education in the 1950s was breaking down into specialized disciplines, each taking on a life of its own: critical biblical study, dogmatics, ethics. Academic specialization set in, as it did in fields from anthropology to literature to physics. A person's spiritual life could not be quantified, charted, assessed, so it was pronounced personal and left up to the individual.

In their response to the upheavals of the 1960s and 1970s, seminaries were little different from other institutions of higher learning. Classical texts were found to be inadequate, unblinking loyalty to authoritarian structures unnecessary, and once-unquestioned truths no longer convincing. Some seminaries turned to political dialectics, to Marxist critiques, to feminist, gay, and black theologies, as paths through an increasingly complex and threatening world. At the same time, the question was raised: What was the role of the new clergy? To serve? That seemed so out of date. To empower? That seemed to be a good one; yes, it would empower. Would it be through individual conversion or systemic change? The saving of souls or the reordering of the society in which those souls must live? The debate raged on, and rages still.

IN MY VISITS TO SEMINARIES AROUND THE COUNTRY, I found that no class was extolled as highly as the one taught by Katie Cannon at Episcopal Divinity School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. If I really wanted to see what 1990s seminary education was about, and how religious leaders should be formed, I was told, this was the course. "State of the art" and "on the cutting edge" were phrases employed by Fredrica Harris Thompsett, the school's academic dean. (Others in theological education are less enthusiastic, and feel that the school has, as one seminary educator told me, "gone over the edge.") So one Monday morning I found a seat at the back of an amphitheater-sized lecture room, having been put on notice that I could stay for only the first half of the three-hour class. The second half would be too personal; "Layers have been peeled back," Katie Cannon told me.

The first half hour of Cannon's class, "Genealogy of Race, Sex, Class Oppression," was taken up with student announcements of meetings, talks, and demonstrations; the range was from gay rights to abortion rights to newly found slave documents to the emancipation of Palestinian women. Cannon, an effervescent, mesmerizing, and quite humorous black woman, seemed pleased and patient with the long parade of opportunities presented. The class, composed that day of fifty women and five men, obviously adored her—as evidenced by the "Ahhh"s and "Amen"s, reminiscent of a revival meeting, with which they affirmed many of her statements. When, near the end of the announcements, one of the men in the class conveyed his pleasure at having the opportunity to attend such a course, Cannon confided that he was not



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alone, and that many schools wanted her to teach, but "Can you imagine? They want to make mine a required course! How do you force a person not to be racist? Just for three credits?"

"Ahhh." "Amen." "Yes." Her class affirmed her.

"Really, there are so few that do the kind of work I do," she added.

"Yes." "Amen."

Cannon then asked for reports on the assignment she had given during the previous session: Do not betray a girl for twenty-four hours. This was an exercise in which class members were to watch and analyze their actions toward female teenagers, trying not to oppress them as an unthinking result of their own sexist, class, or other biases. "My sister was having her fourteenth birthday party," said one young woman, "and told me, 'I want to go out and do something real wild tonight. Nuts. Crazy. I'm only fourteen once!' And you know what I did?" she continued, her voice just a shade lower. "I told her not to do it. And I know it was gender-related, I just know it. It was internalized sexism on my part. Only now do I see what I've done."

"Uh-huh." "Ah!"

After other stories, Cannon moved on to an oral quiz, reviewing material from the previous session. "Class location is determined by . . . ?"

"Ancestry." "Manners." "Values." The answers were shouted out. "Economic income." "Education." "Religious affiliation."

"Language, motivation, expectations," Cannon filled in. "There are thirteen of them on the handout I gave you. You've got to know them as well as you know your own name and address. Take any of them and go with it," she exhorted. "Examples."

Manners: "Someone asked me for salt and, being raised in a good home, I passed them the salt *and* pepper," a young woman said. "I knew better. I was asserting my class location."

Motivation: "The lazy and the slow—we in the middle and upper classes degrade them, class them," another woman said.

Ancestry: "My mother is included in a book on black and white women textile mill workers." This time Katie Cannon herself was confessing. "We grew up poor, all that. I know I've come a long way, but I just didn't want people to know about it. Can you imagine that? Me?"

Current events were mixed with ideology in class that morning, and the world was found consistently wanting. There had been an incest settlement of \$10 million; but, Cannon noted, the crime was so prevalent and so badly underreported, what did that mean? The media mogul Walter Annenberg's gift of \$50 million to black colleges? A pittance from an enormously rich man, leavings from his table and money made off the backs of his workers, was the students' (and their teacher's) assessment of such "benevolence."

THE EXPERIENCE OF OPPRESSION MAY OR MAY NOT truly be central to the lives of all those in Katie Cannon's class, but for students in a class taught by the Harvard-trained, Zimbabwe-born minister and theologian Temba Mafico which I attended at the Interdenominational Theological Center, in Atlanta, it is likely to be a dominant issue. And yet for them the classroom is a setting for scholastic endeavor, not therapy groups or revival meetings. ITC is a consortium of six predominantly black seminaries that banded together thirty-two years ago for economic and ecumenical reasons, and also because it was found that black seminarians who were admitted to predominantly white schools rarely received training in the special style of black preaching and in the needs of black churches. ITC is regarded as the premier institution in the country for the training of black clergy, and although the course offerings are little different from those in most seminaries, being black and serving blacks is at the core of its educational philosophy.

Temba Mafico took a tack different from Katie Cannon's to address oppression. He was teaching an old seminary standby, "Introduction to the Old Testament." With one exception, the forty-three students' faces in the room were, like his, black, and unlike the vast majority of other seminarians I had sat with, these were all well dressed. This was obviously serious business, and they were attired for it. "Now, look," Mafico said with a slight British accent, pressing his nose close to the words in the Bible that he held in his hand, "you can look at this as a holy book, and shout out the words on Sunday morning, and mop the sweat off your forehead, and your people will holler out, 'Testify, Preacher!' But the next day your congregation, like the day after they go to a rock concert, will have forgotten how good they felt and will remember nothing. Like how to deal with that alcoholic father or son or daughter on drugs. No, those days of empty quotes are over! *Hear* what the text is telling you. And what you can tell your people. Here in Deuteronomy we have the Israelites. Slaves. A fact. That's all. Blacks in American history. Slaves. Fact. Blacks in Africa. Colonialized. Fact. Why go on railing against the Egyptians or the slaveholders or those colonialists in their pith helmets? That makes us feel wonderful, but doesn't do anything for Monday morning."

"Here it is, my friends," Mafico said in a hoarse, high-pitched whisper, as if he wanted to share with them a newfound and rich secret. "History will make you know where you have been—and what God has done for you. If you only look at today, at the miserable conditions here or there, and you try to throw around those fine words of a God who *did*, you will fail. If you see yourself in isolation, you will put a gun to your head."

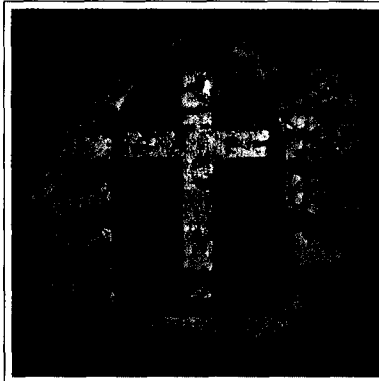
"Whether or not there was a Joshua blowing and blowing his trumpet until the walls of Jericho came tumbling down, there is a history and there is a God working in history. A God that is great, that leads slaves to freedom. But

those slaves have to cooperate with His power; they can't sit on their front porch with iced tea—or something stronger!—and chastise the oppressor. The words float out and the oppressor doesn't hear them anyhow. He's on another porch, enclosed, air-conditioned. So, we in Africa were colonized and American blacks made slaves and the Israelites made slaves. All one, no difference. God turned a bunch of slaves into a great nation. He wants to do the same for us. Today. We are not studying a God who *did* but a God who keeps *doing*. A God of history beyond the Bible. Don't think this is the word of God. The Bible is the word *about* God. And don't preach on Sunday of a God who *said* but a God who *says*. No more raving from the pulpit or your people will say, 'Shut up. And start talking.' Your people in the pews are educated; they won't go for it anymore. Jesus came to teach, not preach. But we have too many preachers out there with no teaching behind them. Preaching from a Bible they can quote but don't know."

"'Oh, but most honorable teacher Temba Mafico,' you will say to me, 'I am called,'" he said, piously lifting his eyes heavenward. "'You see, God has called me and I don't need all this stuff.' Well, the next time you have a headache and want to see a neurosurgeon, make sure you find one who says, 'Oh, I am called to be a neurosurgeon. Books? Who needs to know what's in the books? Now, may I begin surgery?'"

The next morning at ITC, at a chapel service in honor of Nelson Mandela, a dynamic Atlanta minister, Timothy McDonald, finished his sermon with a rhythmic chanting of the refrain "And Mandela had to wait." This produced the "hoop," as black churches call the congregants' response to the invitation or recollection of the message. It was the kind of spirited and spirit-filled service for which the black church is well known, replete with choruses of "Amen" and "Ahhh" and "Yes." But in Mafico's class the response of the men and women—most of whom were in their thirties and forties—was to nod soberly and take extensive notes. Of the more than two hundred schools affiliated with the Association of Theological Schools, only six serve black churches. At ITC, which trains nearly one in five of black churches' clerics, the rhetoric of the 1960s and 1970s has been rel-

**"THE
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egated to the basement of memory, a hammer that felt good to wield but didn't pound enough nails. And religious emotionalism has been reserved for religious services.

MANY OF THOSE WHO TEACH IN seminaries grant that the discipline of theology in America is currently in disarray, and that seminary education is trying to find itself. Seminaries may long have been the intellectual centers of religious life, but the dominant spirit within seminaries today is commonly branded "technological" and "utilitarian." The curriculum is said to be driven not by what congregations might need but by what the seminarian wants or demands or thinks he or she needs to be an effective professional, as well as by faculty members' interest in areas of their own specialization. (Still under debate is the sensitive issue of whether theological education should be primarily for people who intend to join the clergy or should be available to anyone who seeks it, regardless of how he or she might put it to use.) Yet while seminaries await an apocalyptic vision to guide them, they offer an impressive array of courses.

At progressive evangelical schools like Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, in Fort Worth, and Fuller Theological, even once-standard courses in "mission"—that is to say, in establishing new churches or revitalizing the moribund—have taken on new sophistication. In two classes that I attended—one of which, at Southwestern, was taught by Daniel Sanchez, who has a divinity degree in missiology—inursions into the land of the unchurched were plotted with military precision. In Sanchez's class Census Bureau statistics

and other demographic reports to determine a neighborhood's profile, the assessment of existing church buildings to see if they are being maintained (if not, the need for a more committed church is obvious), counting cars in parking lots, and hypothetical models of church-founding are all employed. At Fuller the sociology of the post-war generation ("the largest unchurched group in American history") was analyzed in great detail in Eddie Gibbs's course "Reaching the Unchurched in the 1990s": what they eat, what they watch on television, what they expect and demand of service professionals. The days of

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THE
Armenians of the Ciallo

going door to door with only a Bible in hand and good intentions in the heart are over.

At Jewish Theological Seminary the classical, the practical, and the theoretical are blended throughout the five years that a typical rabbinical student spends there. In David Kraemer's class on the Talmud, the students wrestle with words and passages; but the premise of the course is that before they can understand and teach the Talmud, they must be able to prove to themselves—and to a modern congregation of doubters—that the sacred text does indeed have a claim on them, "that it does not bind and restrict but continually challenges us to rethink who we are and what we want to be," Kraemer said. "Death, Tragedy, and the Rabbi," a course in dealing with the ill, the dying, and the bereaved, considers not only grieving but also such issues as how to deal with hospital bureaucracies. "The patient and patient's loved ones see the nurse most of the time, the doctor some of the time, and the administrator never, but if something needs to be done, who has the power to change it?" asked Samuel Klagsbrun, M.D., a psychiatrist who teaches the course. In a class on modern anti-Semitism taught by Jack Wertheimer, questions were posed: "Who here thinks anti-Semitism is strictly in the mind of the beholder?" (Two hands.) "Who thinks Jews contribute to anti-Semitism?" (A dozen hands.) "Now, how can we begin to think about that?"

Again, seminary education ranges wide—the array of courses offered to today's seminarians confounds clerics who graduated just ten years ago—and while the "cutting-edge" schools proclaim the absolute necessity of adopting their approaches, even the weaker schools can say they teach "relevant" material. Christian seminarians today are far more conversant with Hindu and Muslim beliefs than their counterparts were in the past; cross-

culturalism is definitely in. The education of future clerics works in new and mysterious ways.

AS I THINK BACK ON WHAT I EXPERIENCED OF various kinds of modern seminary life over months of visits, two examples for some reason stand out. One course I dropped in on, at the Weston School of Theology, had what was hardly a compelling title: "Presiding at the Church's Liturgy." Taught by the Reverend Peter Fink, a Jesuit, it involved simple role-playing. On the day I attended, one seminarian played a person going to confession and another played the priest. The first pair got through the assignment handsomely—the "penitent" had had sex with his girlfriend, drank too much, and was cheating on exams. The "priest" gently moved him to reflect on his actions and to determine for himself which offenses were the most serious and what he wanted to do about them. The second confession presented more of a problem: this "sinner" didn't provide a lot to work with—he gossiped, missed mass once, not much else. The "priest" was stymied, not knowing what to do with such minor-league transgressions, and he looked up, mouth agape and useless, at the instructor. He was a man drowning in triviality.

"Deep in your gut, what would you like to say to this guy?" Father Fink asked. The face of the seminarian was frozen, the classroom still with unease. From the middle of the class another seminarian, sensing the distress, rose from his seat, swooped down a half dozen steps, and took the place of his brother. He pointed out that such small infractions indicated a basically good life, and suggested that the penitent work not on correcting faults but on doing good works, quietly, regularly. There were no audible assents to this effortless rescue, but a simple act of compassion had made its own statement.

The other example was an evening mass at St. Joseph's Seminary, in Yonkers. The seventy or so men in their resplendent, restricted home were treated to a mass said by Father Wallace Harris, a St. Joseph's graduate and one of New York's few black priests; he was accompanied by his choir, from St. Charles Borromeo Church, in Harlem. There were some twenty women in the choir, and as they swayed into the magnificent, vaulted chapel, their voices were warm and high-pitched, the splendid mixture of their perfumes sumptuous and sensual in a great room more accustomed to clean-shaven men and wafting incense. Soon the seminarians were clapping in rhythm, rocking back and forth to old hymns that had taken on new life. Their faces were glowing; surely thoughts of the lonely rectories they will one day inhabit were far from their minds. At a reception in the refectory afterward, one seminarian came up to a choir member who had testified to the power of her Lord in a haunting, wailing solo, and said, "Boy, I wish I could sing like that." She put a beautifully manicured hand—the fingernail polish was a pulsating red—on his black sleeve and said, "Honey, I know you're doing just fine."

SILENCE

Sometimes we don't say anything. Sometimes we sit on the deck and stare at the masses of goldenrod where the garden used to be and watch the color change from day to day, the high yellow turning to mustard and at last to tarnish. Starlings flutter in the branches of the dead hornbeam by the fence. And are these therefore the procedures of defeat? Why am I saying all this to you anyway since you already know it? But of course we always tell each other what we already know. What else? It's the way love is in a late stage of the world.

—Hayden Carruth

Sex: Of Preference and Gender

WHAT IS PERHAPS THE MOST VOLATILE AND DIVISIVE issue pertaining to the immediate future of the American clergy was being quietly addressed on the bleak February day I sat in a seminar room at Yale Divinity School. The class was Religion 797b, "Readings in Liberation Theologies"—seemingly a predictable line of inquiry, given the influence wielded by such revolutionary Third World religious thinkers as Gustavo Gutierrez and Leonardo Boff. But here at Yale the class was about another kind of liberation, another expression of theology. Religion 797b afforded gay men and lesbian women the opportunity to talk openly about the beauties and terrors of their sexual orientation while attempting to construct a theology that incorporates homosexuality as a natural phenomenon.

Homosexuality is the *timor maximus* within the seminary community and, if openly proclaimed or practiced, is considered by most denominations to be a reason for denying ordination. Some of the students in Religion 797b know that although they can speak freely at divinity school about their orientation, they cannot be so open with their denominations if they expect to be ordained. They asked me not to quote them by name.

Homosexuality in the ministry, of course, is hardly a new phenomenon. Yet even with the ascendance of the gay-rights movement, homosexuality among the clergy has been an open topic only at a small number of Protestant or multid denominational seminaries that are among the most liberal: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Union Theological, Episcopal Divinity, Andover Newton, Vanderbilt, the University of Chicago, and the Pacific School of Religion, to give some prominent examples. It is emphatically not an open topic in Catholic or evangelical seminaries, and is just beginning to be discussed in some Protestant and Jewish schools. Whereas feminists have already contributed a prodigious array of articles, theses, and books expressing their viewpoint on theology, it is only within the past five years or so that a significant body of writing about being gay and a member of the clergy has begun to appear. The recent publication of such books as *Homosexuality in the Priesthood and Religious Life*, *A Challenge to Love: Gay and Lesbian Catholics in the Church*, *The Vatican and Homosexuality*, and *Gay Priests: Research and Comment* attests to the attention paid within just one church. Each side of the debate over whether or not to train and then ordain people who are openly gay has fervent champions. Opponents point to biblical admonitions against homosexuality and argue that homosexual servants of God who live actively homosexual lives set a dubious moral example. Also, there are the political realities: do gay clergy alienate and eventually divide mainstream congregations? Advocates say it is a simple matter of justice: that to deny ordination to any

sincere, otherwise qualified person contradicts the idea of acceptance that is fundamental to religious thought. They also object that denying ordination to gays smacks of Donatism, an ancient heresy in which the purity of the sacraments was believed to be dependent on the purity of the priest.

The meeting of Religion 797b that I attended was only the second of the semester, too early to be discussing what the students might have to face as ministers or how gays and lesbians form their theologies—the ultimate purpose of the course, which is taught by Letty M. Russell, a respected theologian and feminist writer. Rather, class members were talking over how they had experienced homophobia in their lives. Although the class members were predominantly gay and lesbian, this was not a requirement for the course; it was mandatory, however, that students approach the issues that would be raised from the point of view of the oppressed group—a given in liberation theology.

An unsmiling young woman, who was to lead the day's discussion, had drawn an elaborate outline on the chalkboard, titled "The Heteropatriarchal Familial Ideology/Social Theory." It profiled what she called the "pervasive heterosexism" in American society.

"Are we internalizing homophobia as gays by trying to have long-term monogamous relationships just like heterosexual models?" she asked, beginning her presentation. She pointed to a box containing the statement "Heterosexual, monogamous marriage and procreative sex is the highest norm." "Here, as if this were the *right* way to do it and any other way was wrong," she said. "Is this what we've worked so hard to do, just to fall into the heterosexual stereotype? Just to gain limited acceptance by society? By our parishes, if they'll accept us at all? Is it worth it to sacrifice everything you believe in for *that*?"

She went on at length, the words "pervasive heterosexism" acquiring new bitterness each time she used them. One young man knitted, another looked at her quite pensively, and many of the other men and women nodded in agreement as she quoted from an Adrienne Rich article, "Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence," about injustices heaped upon women, from purdah to burning at the stake. Gays, single mothers, men and women who do not marry, men and women who do marry but do not have children, poor mothers with children—the student's list of the oppressed went on. "All marginalized, and heterosexual modeling is not going to save them. We need to form coalitions with them. Our objectives are the same." Her somewhat rhetorical presentation had met with no dissents to this point.

She paused, and the young man with the pensive look slowly raised his hand. "Look, my lover and I have fought too hard for six years working on a relationship to be hit with the thought that we might be modeling it after heterosexuals. Who carries out the garbage, who

picks up the clothes, who puts in what money and how it's spent—that's what it's all about. Being true to each other, decent. Making a commitment and keeping it. Why condemn it?"

Theology and critical analysis would wait for another day, as more personal stories were offered—of parents who eventually admitted that they themselves were gay, of other parents who supported their children when they learned that the children were gay, of conventional marriage today and the necessity that it incorporate, as one married woman put it, "man, the problem!" The candor of the students surprised me, given that Yale, although tolerant of this class, is hardly a flawless model of nonhomophobic theological inquiry. That point was driven home last year at the chapel service for the first Yale Divinity School student to die of AIDS. The Bible on the lectern was found opened to the passage in Leviticus that is often invoked as a scriptural rebuke to homosexuals: "You shall not lie with a male as with a woman. It is an abomination."

"Homosexuality sits there as a question and powder keg in all denominations," Ellen Charry, of Yale, says, "whether they deal with it or not." And most denominations, it must be said, do not. At most schools of theology it is far easier simply not to raise the issue. There the old contract remains valid: you can be gay and be ordained unless you are flagrant about it or your activities bring shame on the church. Other schools raise the issue, and confront it sternly. "If a person is a practicing homosexual, they are making a choice and the choice entails not being a rabbi," says Gordon Tucker, a man of otherwise very liberal views, and the dean of the Rabbinical School at Jewish Theological. Fuller Seminary's Richard Mouw says of active homosexuality, "It is immoral, and if a person is living an immoral life, he or she cannot be an effective minister." The Evangelical Lutheran Church in America will not allow an actively gay person to be ordained, although a Lutheran lesbian couple and a gay man were ordained in an unauthorized service early this year in San Francisco.

Within other denominations certain bishops or church leaders are well known to be sympathetic to gays and willing to ordain them. But only Reform Judaism and two smaller groups, the Unitarian Universalist Association and the Reconstructionist movement in Judaism, have a national policy that authorizes ordaining people who are actively gay.

There is another element—an important one—in the debate over gay clergy, one that I heard expressed from East Coast to West. Of those theological schools that have been most open to gays, many have found that gay faculty and students have in turn attempted to influence curriculum, faculty appointments, and other matters. Given all the other difficulties that seminaries face, the possibility of a "gay veto" is not an issue that most schools are eager to take on.

ACCEPTING THE OPENLY GAY INTO SEMINARIES AND then into pulpits is a difficult issue in many denominations, but it is perhaps most deeply troubling in the Catholic Church. In many other churches, where the ordination of women is permitted, the supply of clergy has generally met demand. (The Episcopalians actually hold people back from entering seminaries, because there is a surfeit of priests in some dioceses and a lack of open positions.) But in the Catholic Church, where women cannot be ordained and priests cannot marry, the number of available priests is declining at an ever greater rate. Catholic schools and colleges that once had huge staffs of clergymen now have a token few; chaplaincies go vacant. In the Catholic Church the ratio of clergy to faithful is already worse than 1:1,500, and becoming wider. In the Lutheran Church it is about 1:500, in the Episcopalian 1:300.

This shortage is embarrassment enough to the largest church in America, one that claims as a member one American out of five. Even more troubling is the question: Is the Catholic clergy, which can accept only men and can no longer afford to be selective, turning more and more gay? For many Catholics the answer is positively mortifying. The priest and novelist Andrew Greeley has been outspoken in assailing the proliferation of "lavender rectories"; estimates of the proportion of Catholic priests who are gay run from 20 percent to as high as 40 percent. In 1987 the Reverend Richard McBrien, the chairman of Notre Dame's theology department, posted thirty-nine questions in the pages of the influential Catholic periodical *Commonweal*, and sent shock waves through the Church:

What impact does the presence of a large number of gay seminarians have on the spiritual tone and moral atmosphere of our seminaries? . . . How many heterosexual seminarians have decided to leave the seminary and abandon their interest in a presbyterial vocation because of the presence of significant numbers of gays in seminaries and among the local clergy? . . . Do homosexual bishops give preference, consciously or not, to gay candidates for choice pastorates? . . .

What are the realities? "First of all, it can be said with some assurance that there are more, proportionately, homosexual priests today than, say, twenty years ago," McBrien says. "The pie is smaller and gays are a bigger part of it. Yes, more heterosexual than homosexual priests have left, and yes, it is easier to live an active homosexual life-style than a heterosexual one as a priest. Going on a skiing vacation with a buddy is certainly acceptable; with Miss, Ms., or Mrs. Jones, hardly." One result from a questionnaire given to Catholic seminarians in 1984 provided added cause for alarm. More than 50 percent responded that the statement "The male body sometimes attracts me" was true, whereas about 35 percent did in 1969.

Priests like Greeley, McBrien, and others who have addressed the issue of gays in the priesthood are hardly

ensorious about homosexuality. The issue within the Catholic Church is not so much being gay and ordained as being ordained, sexually active, and part of a gay culture. "I hear about it too often from the seminary people I know," McBrien says. "How heterosexual males are being forced out, discouraged by the excessive number of homosexuals in the seminary. It was always there; we knew guys were gay in my day. But today the balance is being tipped in their favor. Claiming celibacy is a wonderful cover for gays, and let's face it, the seminary presents a marvelous arena of opportunity for them." Tales of sexual harassment by both faculty members and fellow classmates have emerged from some Catholic seminaries; whispers are heard of dioceses where gay priests seem to get better appointments because of their bishop's sexual orientation. But if there is a powerful gay underworld in the Catholic Church, it would be news to anyone who has seriously studied the institution. The concern seems to be less the current situation—and the current number of gay priests—than the direction of change. As the Reverend John Coleman, a sociologist at the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, in California, has observed, "I'm sure that gay people make good priests. But when a disproportionate number of priests, even if chaste, have a different sexual orientation than the population they serve, this is a serious issue."

IF THE SEXUAL PREFERENCE OF ITS clergy is an issue that is especially troubling to the Catholic Church, Catholicism at least has so far been spared the upheaval that reliably follows a decision to begin to admit women to the ministry. (Other denominations that do not accept women as clergy include the Greek and Russian Orthodox, the Orthodox branch of Judaism, some churches in the Lutheran and Presbyterian traditions, and the Seventh Day Adventists; only a few churches in the Southern Baptist Convention have done so.) But overall, women are enrolled in record numbers in American seminaries. In accredited Protestant and interdenominational seminaries the number of women seeking a degree that would prepare them for ordination more than doubled from

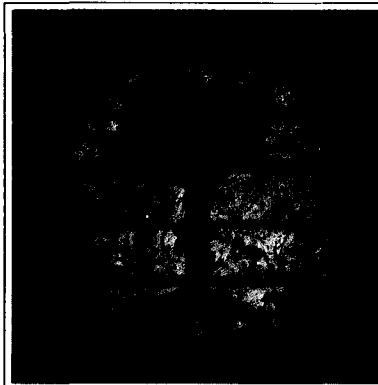
1976 to 1986, from 2,905 to 6,103. And although considerable effort has been made to ease them into parishes and into jobs that were once the exclusive domain of men, the impact of women clerics today is mixed at best. Year after year the number of women seminarians continues to set records, but though it is quite ordinary to see more women than men in mainstream Protestant seminaries—and a large proportion of women in Reform and Conservative Jewish seminaries and in those liberal Catholic schools of theology that allow them—the reality of what American churches and synagogues want has had

a chilling effect. Although enormous strides have been made in the acceptance of women clerics, it is still a rare seminary graduating class in which the percentage of women receiving calls to pulpits matches that of men.

The real problem for women isn't finding a first job, however. "There are jobs as college chaplains or assistants at bigger churches, or specialty jobs like music or education," Ellen Charry says. "The problem is when the choice comes down to a man or a woman for the average-sized parish, or when an opening occurs in the bigger, most prestigious churches or temples. Women complain bitterly about the 'glass ceiling' they keep hitting—invisible but there." Jackson Carroll, a professor at the Hartford Seminary, and the co-author of *Women of the Cloth* (1982), one of the first books on female clerics, says, "I think if you'd track a seminary class over the years, you'd find that by the time men and women reach, say, their third assignment, men are significantly ahead, both in size of church and salary. More and more churches are open to women, but a church that has a woman pastor now might not want another woman, for fear of being called 'a woman's church.'"

Perhaps even more important than the numbers of women in churches or high church positions is the issue of their impact. "Oddly enough, we know very little about it," Carroll says. "There are those who say women are more affirming and democratic, less authoritarian than men—and I basically agree with that—while others insist that women's ministerial style is not and should not be different from men's." Leon Pacala, the executive director of the Association of Theological Schools,

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INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

says, "For sure, churches are being forced to look at women's issues, and that is good. There is a lot of debate in the field as to whether or not a certain type of woman goes into the ministry. It's all so new; we only have hunches and little hard data. But just that churches have accepted the validity of women clergy is a monumental step in itself."

The Education of the Soul

SIGNIFICANT CHANGE OF ANOTHER KIND, TOO, IS sweeping through American seminaries. Spirituality has been rediscovered. Ari Goldman, a *New York Times* reporter who attended Harvard Divinity School, says, "The mere mention of God—an omniscient God, God as a transcendent being—when I was there, just five years ago, would be guaranteed to produce snickers." Since Goldman's day a former dean of HDS, Krister Stendahl, has been appointed its chaplain—a post, oddly enough, for which the venerable 184-year-old school never before saw the need. "My mind is being fed, but my soul is dry"—I've heard this in one form or another almost from the day I got here," says Dean Thiemann, who created the position. "There were spiritual motivations that led people to come here in the first place. Our challenge is to address those needs by integrating the life of the spirit with the academic study of theology."

At Jewish Theological students explore their personal spiritual life in the required "Rabbinical School Seminar," whose class size is generally limited to six or seven. (Many other seminaries have started similar courses.) "We want rabbinical school to transform, not only to train," says JTS's Rabbi Gordon Tucker, who recently oversaw a revamping of the school's curriculum. "The old way was to teach a rabbi what he needed to know. Yes, you must be rooted in the classical texts, but you must also be emotionally committed to Judaism. We are looking for people who want to *be* rabbis as much as they want to *become* rabbis."

"We work very hard so that it is not merely a feel-good kind of spirituality," says James Butler, who teaches "Biblical Wisdom Literature" at Fuller. "One of the television evangelists has taken the Bible and highlighted in blue all the positive messages, places where the reader can get all pumped up. In Ecclesiastes, 'There is a season . . . a time for everything . . . ' pops out at you and seems so uplifting; but later on, 'But what gain does the worker have from his toil?' No blue over those words. Not nearly so uplifting. People come here clutching Bible to chest and ready to quote righteously at the drop of a hat. True spirituality goes much deeper than that. There's a lot of pain in it too."

A resurgence of interest in spirituality began back in the mid-1970s, even as many people were turning away from religious rituals and studying, say, myth-writing in-

stead. Ellen Charry says, "It began to dawn on them that there just wasn't enough there to build a life on. Today's seminarians, except for the most conservative denominations, come with a sophisticated, post-critical outlook—ready to confront the inconsistencies, the vagaries of Scripture—but also a primitive, basic spiritual need. They sense that just being a competent professional isn't enough; they want firm spiritual grounding."

"Spiritual direction"—wherein the person being directed meets regularly with a mentor to discuss the state of his or her inner life—is sought after in most seminaries across the country. Spiritual direction has always been a staple of the Catholic seminarian's formation, but now those training to be Protestant and Jewish clerics have discovered the benefits of a continuing one-on-one relationship that focuses exclusively on this aspect of life. Because of a dearth of "spiritual masters," it is not uncommon for non-Catholic and even non-Christian seminarians to go to Catholic clergymen and read Catholic classics such as *The Cloud of Unknowing*, *The Practice of the Presence of God*, and *Seeds of Contemplation*.

Southwestern, a huge Southern Baptist seminary that built a library around biblical and theological study, recently bought—at considerable cost—the entire library of a Carthusian monastery because of the thousands of volumes on Western spirituality it contained. John of the Cross and other giants of what has always been considered Catholic spirituality are now spoken of at Southwestern in the same sentence as Calvin or Luther or Roger Williams. "In the past, students came to us spiritually sound, with years of undergirding," says Southwestern's president, Russell Dilday. "Now we have students who are Christians only two months. Without spiritual formation they're going to have a rough time out there."

THE NEW EMPHASIS ON SPIRITUALITY IN SEMINARIES has, predictably, engendered enormous hope among some educators, but it has also caused enormous problems on two broad fronts. First, many of those who teach in seminaries have routinely kept their spiritual lives to themselves, even as they have tried hard to establish the disciplines of theological education as serious, dispassionate, academic pursuits, immune from such unquantifiables as faith. The influx of "seekers" is looked upon warily by some. Second, some other faculty members—generally younger ones, who were in graduate schools during the tumult of the 1960s and 1970s—tend toward an orientation that could variously be described as anti-institutional, anti-dogmatic, deconstructionist, "post-Christian," or Marxist. As graduate students these faculty members were relentless in their questioning of smug sectarianism or unthinking adherence to a creed, and some would say unapologetically that the God who brought them into such studies did not make the cut as the new, lean team was chosen.



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In a way these faculty members, who are to be found disproportionately at the liberal, university-based divinity schools, represent something of a lost generation of American religious leadership and scholarship. Now in their forties and fifties, they have adopted religious beliefs and values that diverge sharply from tradition. Some of these teachers are feminists; others have roots in the radical politics of the 1960s; still others view the world through the lens of race. Radicalism threatens to become central to the curriculum in some schools, and faculty appointments are often made on the basis not only of scholarship but also of political outlook. Religious beliefs are hardly considered. As for religious practice—attending or working in a local church? Please!

Some schools have resisted this radical tendency—Yale for one, Princeton for another—but at Union Theological and Harvard Divinity, famously, radical faculty members exert considerable influence.

I had been told that one faculty member at Harvard who was greatly concerned by the situation was Paul D. Hanson. So, questions in hand, I visited him one afternoon in his quarters as master of Dudley House, one of Harvard's undergraduate "colleges." I asked just one question and he was off—I didn't have to ask a second.

"Look, I can see how people get disillusioned with the church. A very imperfect body. But the pendulum is now where not a revision but a negation of tradition is espoused in the classroom. If you approach theology as a deconstructionist, it falls apart in your hand. Too often the feminism that is espoused is patently post-Christian. The so-called new thinking when applied to Scripture and symbols comes up with largely negative results. The patriarchy of the Apostles, the exclusion of women in language—these are all products of an ancient civilization that have to be understood in their time. We must be able to sort out the liberating dynamics from the historical accents. When we lose sight of the transcendent God, we begin to create our own gods.

"Can the sisterhood replace ecclesiology as the norm? Can the symbol of a raised fist replace the symbol of the cross? The thinking is that we should no longer look to Christianity for myths and symbols but to modernity;

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feminism, for example, will produce new and better and more-inclusive symbols. Pluralism is not a buzz word anymore; it is here. But should such pluralism within seminaries merely reflect society or attempt to shape it?"

"But you know what?" Hanson hesitated, as he did rarely, not for formulation but for emphasis. "You have to have faith, you have to trust, to do this. Our beliefs have the power to redeem society, and we must go beyond scrutiny to guidance, beyond the scientific study of religion. Beyond the transient movements of the day. We need to be caretakers of a unique part of the university. And we have to provide something—for God's sake, something—so our students can go out with hope. My fear is that without a faculty with a clear vision of what we are about, we will *reflect* more than *shape*. Where are the Reinhold Niebuhrs and Paul Tillichs, men who forged a moral vision for America? These men could not have been produced in an era of schizophrenia like we are now witnessing, where ideologies—often conflicting ideologies—are central. I say it, and not at all facetiously, that it is essential for students to have a strong faith before they come here. They will be sorely tested when in one class they hear of Christ as savior and liberator and in the next as irrelevant or actually part of the oppressing forces."

The beliefs and practices of seminary teachers are increasingly important in theological education now that it is becoming clear that a brilliant faculty of agnostics may produce some interesting scholars and scholarship but will do little to help shape men and women for careers in the ministry. The issue is dealt with forthrightly in evangelical,

fundamentalist, and conservative seminaries, where faculty members are often asked to sign a statement of beliefs. But such a pledge would be anathema to seminaries that have prided themselves on academic freedom and are in fact the very schools that brought theological scholarship out of a strictly parochial framework. "The statement was proudly made for years at Jewish Theological by more than one member of the faculty that 'I teach Torah here the same way I would teach it at Yale or Harvard,'—and they weren't referring to the divinity schools," Rabbi Gillman says. "We continue to place a

high premium on scholarship, but academic excellence alone does not make a rabbi. We have to stop training people who love Judaism and hate Jews; we need workers out there, not only scholars. But I feel sorry for the young faculty here—they were hired for their scholarship and are promoted on the basis of scholarship. They are career academicians and now we are also asking them to bring their personal religious commitments into the classroom.”

As for the Catholic Church, the fundamental issues of who teaches in seminaries and what is taught have conspired to produce distressing results. In terms of scholarship the output of Catholic seminary teachers is surely more meager than that of teachers in the other two major religious groups. Because of the severe shortage of priests, the beleaguered yet loyal priest-teacher in a seminary is stretched terribly thin. He must carry an unusually heavy teaching load, act as spiritual director and faculty adviser for a number of students, perform collateral tasks within the administration, deliver a sterling homily when his turn comes to celebrate the community mass—and, because he usually lives on a floor with them, be available to seminarians who are constantly stopping in. On weekends he may go to a parish to hear a few confessions, perform a marriage and a baptism or two, and say two, three, or four masses. Some of the religious-order seminaries (such as Weston) and collaboratives (such as Washington Theological Union) have Catholic faculty members who are consistently publishing books and articles and are sought-after speakers. But at precious few freestanding diocesan seminaries (the Chicago area’s University of St. Mary of the Lake, in Mundelein, is one of them) is notable scholarship or acclaimed teaching in evidence.

As priests become scarcer and the Catholic seminaries increasingly turn to lay teachers, the best of those laymen and laywomen are wary. “Who would want to teach in a fishbowl like that?” says one priest who teaches at an order seminary. “The pope is looking over their shoulder. Any fervent seminarian could turn them in at any time to the bishop if they stray from accepted doctrine. They don’t have any job security or prestige among their contemporaries and they are in an atmosphere where research and writing is considered fluff—‘Good teachers teach; pitch in, buddy; we’re all carrying a heavy load and there you are, *reading* over in the library!’”

The Real World

THIS GENERATION OF SEMINARIANS WILL SOON be visited upon us, regiment after regiment, flying the colors of the faith, denomination, or ideological orientation that they feel best defines them. Or, as religious moles, ministers without portfolio disguised in well-cut suits and fine silk blouses, they will quietly slip back into corporate life. They in-

clude people of modest intellectual ability and people who are brilliant; they include homosexuals and homophobics; they preach a literal Scripture, they deconstruct it; they follow a party line, they will be bound by nothing but their conscience; they will perform their ministry within a church, they will do it as a partner in a law firm; they are dependent upon authority, they will fight the system; they have received a superior education, they have been spoon-fed pabulum by inadequate teachers. They are a lesbian couple and a celibate deacon, a Christian sure that Christ is the answer, a Christian who wonders if Christ is the problem, a Jew who would not claim that his religion has all the answers, even for Jews.

Whatever their abilities or shortcomings, they will seek to reoccupy the territory that the clerics before them have seen slip away. They are charged with revivifying our souls and directing our society toward a sense of justice informed by faith. They face us, a postmodern populace that wonders if it may have evolved beyond the religious institutions that sustained this country for more than 200 years. At a minimum, the past few decades have made it clear that many Americans look at formal religion, churches, and, indeed, the ordained ministry with no small measure of unbelief. Many Americans would not concede—except perhaps in the darkest hours of a restless night—that they want religion to shape their lives.

This “us” that future clerics will be dealing with is as fragmented as the clergy itself, but we are united by a few strands. Religion is just one of many options we are offered if we seek self-knowledge and inner peace. If we choose to follow a religious faith, no longer do we join or stay with a church because it was where our family worshipped. We go not out of a sense of obligation but, so we claim, because we have picked and chosen, and are discerning consumers about even this. It may be the child care offered, the music or level of preaching or social commitment, the charisma of the pastor. But all those incidentals break down, I think, in the face of some simple, persistent truths: many of us go out of naked need, and of those of us who don’t go on Sabbath or Sunday, most have the same need and don’t know what to do about it. Perhaps our religious commitment is deeper *because* it is no longer expected or demanded of us. But we know, as a certainty, that it is hard to be a self-made good person. And we sense that secular morality and the laws of the marketplace lack something basic.

So how will these seminarians fare? Are they what we need or want? If only we had the GREs, SATs, and Rorschachs on Abraham and Jesus, Ignatius, Luther, and Wesley, reports on their early field placements, it might be easier to predict. Each of today’s seminarians—at least each of those who think of the work as vocation and not merely occupation—has a vision, his or her own plan, macro or micro, to reach us. As I traveled from place to place, I heard the seminarians talk of their aims and I

watched them trying to live out their beliefs. Certain people stand out, offering fleeting glimpses of who they are and glimmers of what they might become.

Some of them—perhaps a good number of them—may never make a satisfying connection with the real world. That sad truth was brought forcefully home during a mostly valuable program I attended called “Seminarians Interacting,” sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. A diverse mixture of some sixty men and women was present—Conservative, Reform, and Reconstructionist Jews, mainstream and evangelical Protestants, Catholics, Eastern Orthodox, blacks, whites. We sat in a ground-floor lounge on the campus of General Theological, an Episcopal seminary in New York, for one of the discussion groups. Before the group leader, an NCCJ staff member, could begin to try to direct the discussion, a Lutheran looked at a Jew and said she wondered why Jews would even want to talk with Christians, when Christians had been responsible for so many atrocities against Jews. The staff member tried again to get the discussion started. A female student whom I would later see in Katie Cannon’s class, at Episcopal Divinity School, interrupted, registering umbrage on another topic. “Look around you at the male authority pictures in this room. Were there no women in this church? My church! I’m uncomfortable here. I’m offended!” The group members peered up sheepishly at the paintings of some of General Theological’s most celebrated teachers and presidents. The discussion, floored before the opening bell, staggered to get off the canvas. Halfway through the session the talk turned to what members of the clergy uniquely provide as counselors, and how they can prevent personal burnout. David Krainin, of Jewish Theological, spoke of a course he was taking that dealt with trying to help people through times of crisis, and noted that his instructor had come up with what to him was an apt analogy. “Don’t let people stick to you like you were a tar baby. If you’re really going to help them, that’s not going . . .”

“Tar baby” rang the racist bell in the head of the EDS student who had spoken up earlier, and she would have none of that kind of talk. What was a word that could be substituted for “tar baby”? she asked. The lounge was quiet once more, and the Episcopal fathers on the walls stared off to a distant horizon. The look on David Krainin’s face took me back to the refectory at St. Joseph’s Seminary on that day when the exhortation against pornography was visited upon that fatigued priest with his Roman collar askew. Krainin’s look was at once kindly, amused, and slightly amazed.

BUT IN MY VISITS I ALSO MET MEN AND WOMEN WHO did manage to connect. I traveled on the IRT subway with two Dunwoodie seminarians, Tom Lynch and Martin Maher, as they went to their field placement on New York’s Lower East Side. They would spend the

day at the New York Foundling Hospital, playing with some seven- and eight-year-olds, showing them that although they had been rejected by their families or sent there by the courts, there was a love that transcended the chaos and hurts of their lives and would never abandon them. I listened to Aaron Bergman, a burly-chested Jewish Theological student who looked more like a member of a wrestling team (as if JTS would have such a thing!) than of the rabbinate, as he spoke about the faith that he hoped to instill. He was laboring at a temple in one of those lush suburban vineyards—in Westchester County—where money was not a problem but meaning was. He wanted to make Judaism “part of their lives as it has become part of mine: not a ball and chain but a good, pleasurable thing, the center of family life as it has been for centuries.” I sat at lunch in a Tex-Mex restaurant in Fort Worth with five Southwestern students, as one of them, Kelly Broom, talked of her work with AIDS patients, the rejection shown them by the church, and her desire to “earn the right to talk to them about Jesus.”

And then there was Henderson Spivey, once a shoeless sharecropper’s son but now a stately fifty-five-year-old man in a bowler hat, crisp yellow shirt, and three-piece suit. For twenty-five years, before taking early retirement from his job in insurance and enrolling at Interdenominational Theological Center, he had been an unschooled Pentecostal preacher in rural Georgia. “It eventually got to me,” he said. “Every time I heard ‘black male,’ ‘black male,’ on the news reports, it hit me in the gut. Black males can do more than commit crimes. I want to walk the streets—like Socrates—and sit and talk to teenagers, to convince them how precious they are in God’s sight, what promise they have. I came to seminary to stop being a preacher so that I could begin to be a pastor.”

If they are to succeed, this generation of seminarians must, of course, be educationally and spiritually sound, politically aware, as conversant with demography as they are with morality. They must be sensitive to race, ethnicity, gender, and sexuality, but they must not drive us up still another wall with their convictions. We have been flogged enough; we know our shortcomings. When our future clerics speak, we want to hear powerful yet measured voices bringing out the moral dimension of life, and not only the politics of the left wing of the Democratic Party or the right of the Republican, masquerading as religious belief.

We want them to be people who in some tiny way reflect the mercy and goodness of the God we want to know, not only his judgment. We want them to be people who see the goodness in us that we have yet to unleash, the potential within us to transcend our differences. In the end, I think, we are looking for those who will help us find that voice deep within us which is not our own, but calls us to do what is right. □

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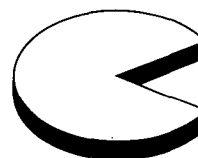
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The New York governor likes to distinguish the "poetry" of politics—the cheers, the charisma—from the hard "prose" of government. As the presidential-election cycle approaches, it's a good time to ask, How has this poet done with that prose? What kind of governor has he been and what does his record say about the kind of President he might make?

THE PROSE (AND POETRY) OF MARIO M. CUOMO

BY CHARLES C. MANN

IT'S FULL-BORE SUMMER IN QUEENS, AND THE AIR in the Sunnyside Community Services Senior Center auditorium is close to unbearable—it feels like breathing through a hot sponge. Perspiring beneath a gaggle of ceiling fans is a crowd of some 300 people, almost all of whom are old enough to be called senior citizens, and many of whom are waving fans printed with the name of a local funeral home. Despite the oppressive heat, they are wreathed in smiles. A local boy has come back to visit, and he has brought good news with him.

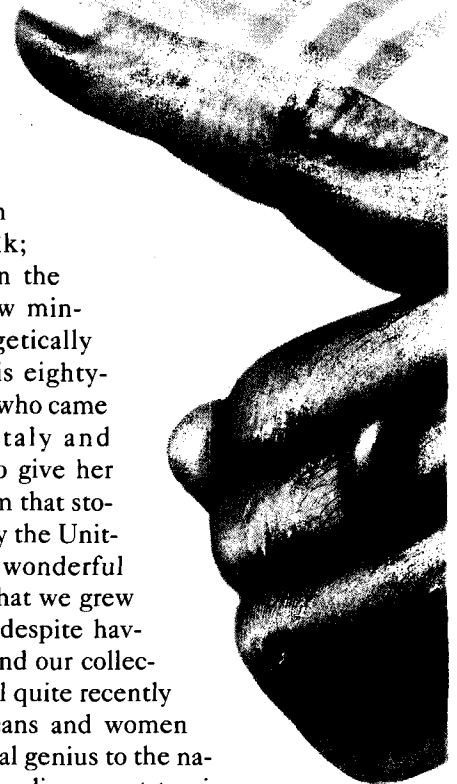
The dais is crowded with reporters, photographers, community activists, and minor political luminaries, but the center of attention is a man with the shrewd, pouchy face of the likable tough guy in an old movie. He wears a blue suit of no particular cut, black shoes of no particular style. With his sleek, bulletlike head tucked into his powerful shoulders, he is instantly recognizable. He is Mario Cuomo, the governor of the state of New York.

Because the governor usually plays the starring role on ceremonial occasions, he is almost always the last person to speak. Thus Cuomo spends a surprising amount of time before audiences who are waiting for him to take center stage—something that one might see as a metaphor for a man whom Democrats have longingly invoked as a presidential candidate for six years, and whose every public appearance is dogged by questions about his designs on the White House. Such questions are unavoidable as long as Cuomo remains, as a recent *National Journal* poll indicated, the two-to-one favorite of Democratic Party operatives for their 1992 presidential nomination. Today, however, Cuomo is not running for President. Today he is going to sign two bills, one capping what doctors may charge Medicare patients, the other expanding a program called EPIC, which insures the elderly against high drug costs. Both are wildly popular in this chunk of Queens.

Cuomo advances to the podium. He moves with the zest natural to anyone who has been greeted at the door

by a marching band of young girls in adorable yellow sequined dresses. The crowd is palpably with him. He wants to talk; they want to listen. In the course of the next few minutes he will unapologetically extol the virtues of his eighty-eight-year-old mother, who came to New York from Italy and struggled all her life to give her children a chance; claim that stories such as this are why the United States is the most wonderful place on earth; argue that we grew to our present stature despite having one hand tied behind our collective back, because until quite recently we kept black Americans and women from adding their special genius to the national effort; urge the audience not to give up on government, because the capacity to enact programs like EPIC is a sign that government can work; bemoan the failure to ban assault rifles, which is a sign that government is not working well enough; decry the federal government for walking away from social programs; and repeatedly thank the people who made this moment possible—especially the Republicans who control the state senate—thus firmly associating the opposition with the \$75 million annual cost of EPIC.

"We are begging the federal government for a billion dollars to fight crime and do something about drugs," he'll say. "They say there's no money! They can't fund it. But where are they going to get five hundred billion dollars for the savings-and-loans?" Shrugging, he will cock an ear toward an imaginary Uncle Sam at stage right.



"Okay, okay, we accept it," he'll tell Uncle Sam the welsher. "But didn't you promise our people they wouldn't have to sleep on sidewalks? Didn't you promise that people would live a decent life? And now you're telling me you can't think of national health insurance? Every other industrial nation in the world has it! We have more of everything than they do, but you're saying we can't do it? You're saying we have to leave thirty-five million

without insurance? And twenty-five million illiterate? *People who can't even read the label on their prescriptions?* Of course you can do it! You're the greatest country in the world and you haven't even tried!"

These themes—particularly the one about Mom, in this audience of Moms—will go over like thunder. Cuomo will be applauded rapturously. But for now, as he stands on the dais, everyone is going to have to wait just a

little bit longer. The man many believe to be the finest political orator in the country is being drowned out by a spidery old fellow in a faded blue shirt. "Cuomo for President!" the man bellows, at astonishing, improbable volume. "Cuomo for President! *Cuomo for President!*"



"Nobody Has Any Idea What He's Been Doing"

MARIO MATTHEW CUOMO HAS JUST BEEN ELECTED overwhelmingly in a contest in which the outcome was regarded as so definitely a foregone conclusion that last August a senior editor at a major New York City newspaper was not sure whether his publication would bother with its customary election-year evaluation of the governor's record. "We'd have to find out the guy was an ax murderer to affect the results," this man said. "I'm not sure we have the resources for futile gestures."

In some ways Cuomo's invincibility is mystifying. The word "liberal" is said to be anathema, but New York has been run for eight years by someone to whom it is applied more often than to anybody save perhaps Senator Edward M. Kennedy. The governor, who detests labels, claims that such a description is meaningless; but it is not if taxing and spending is any measure, because New York

lent crime has increased steadily during Cuomo's tenure, and children are being caught in the crossfire—twenty-two were shot in New York City between July 22 and September 23 alone. Why, it is fair to ask, have the voters returned Cuomo to the governorship?

Part of Cuomo's hold on New York is surely that he is a Democrat in a state without a functioning statewide Republican Party. Despite having a popular senator, Alfonse D'Amato, control of the state senate, and heavy support in suburban and rural areas, the New York Republican Party has never managed to run a well-known professional politician against Cuomo. "It's strange when you think about it," says Alan Chartock, a political-science professor at the State University of New York at New Paltz and at Albany, who hosts a weekly radio talk show with the governor. "The Republicans could run a dog and get forty percent of the vote. And that's more or less what they've been doing." Cuomo's first opponent, in 1982, was a zillionaire chain-store owner who wore big red suspenders everywhere and criticized Ronald Reagan for in-

sufficient adherence to supply-side economics. Next, in 1986, came a little-known county executive from the suburbs who walked around with a life-size cardboard cutout of Cuomo that he "debated" when the governor, as incumbents will, set tough conditions for accepting

"TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME," THE GOVERNOR LIKES TO SAY NOW, POINTING TO THE LONG NOSE, THE DEEP BROWN EYES, THE LATIN FEATURES. "CAN YOU IMAGINE ME AS MARK CONRAD? CAN YOU IMAGINE ME IN WHITE SNEAKERS AND A TENNIS RACKET?"

taxes the average citizen more heavily than any other state and, except for unusual cases like Alaska, spends more money per capita, and Mario Cuomo is therefore a "tax-and-spend Democrat" of the sort that is supposed to have vanished with the California tax revolt of the late 1970s. New York, moreover, is in the same financial predicament that has toppled or threatened governors in nearby Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and New Jersey. The state government has piled up a \$5 billion deficit at a time when tax revenues are less than expected, and welfare costs are soaring. Months of deadlock between the governor and the legislature over the budget were resolved only by a series of accounting gimmicks that included arranging for the state to "sell" some of its prisons and highways to itself and then issue bonds to pay for the "purchase." In the process New York's bond ratings became the third lowest in the country.

The consequences of failure would seem everywhere apparent. Schools and universities are in parlous condition; city emergency rooms overflow with the poor, the addicted, and the deranged; and even the highways are shaky, with 60.8 percent of bridges on federal highways in New York (which are maintained by the state) not meeting U.S. standards for design or maintenance. Vio-

real debates. Cuomo's most recent opponent was a rich economic consultant named Pierre Rinfret who was picked to run as a Republican despite not being registered in the party. Soon after the nomination reporters discovered that Rinfret, who claimed to have a Ph.D. from the University of Dijon, had actually neglected to earn one. Matters did not improve from there on.

But another, greater part of the governor's hold on New York has to do with his ability to transmit his vision of things—a skill that many non-New Yorkers became aware of during his televised speech at the 1984 Democratic convention. In that address, which caused a flurry of presidential rumors, Cuomo urged the citizenry to "surrender some small parts of our individual interests, to build a platform we can *all* stand on, at once, and comfortably." And that is exactly what Cuomo has tried to do, slowly and cautiously, in New York State. During his tenure New York has, willy-nilly, conducted an incremental experiment in the ability of government to deliver services to the people, especially the poor, the elderly, and the helpless. At the same time, it has been testing the willingness of its taxpayers to pay for those services—all in an era when government's very ability to plan, monitor, and respond has been under attack from the highest officials in the land.

It is hard to depict Cuomo's popularity as the public's reasoned acceptance of these policies. Despite its ever-growing importance, state government is a kind of black hole: money goes in, and almost nobody knows how, or if, anything comes out. Albany, the capital of New York, is no exception. Just three hours from New York City, it is treated by the metropolis's media as if it were three time zones away. "Because the media only cover political scandals and the annual budget fight, the public has no way of knowing what's going on," says Meyer Frucher, a former state official who has been described as one of Cuomo's closest advisers. "I'm a big supporter of the governor, but I have to tell you that I think almost nobody has any idea of what he's been doing up there for all these years."

Taxing & Spending #1: Taxing

ON SPRINGTIME MONDAY MORNINGS THE 7:35 A.M. Amtrak to Albany leaves Grand Central with a full load of bleary-eyed Democratic legislators and their aides. Before long the train is out of New York City and rumbling north along the lush Hudson River valley. The country is green, agricultural, conservative; Republicans come aboard at almost every stop. Lobbyists and reporters appear as if from nowhere. The discussion gets hotter, the cigarette smoke thicker; because it is budget season, the word "taxes" is in every second sentence. By 10:15, when the train arrives, the legislative day is in full swing.

As one comes into Albany, it is easy to see who has been to the capital before. While the regulars argue, the newcomers are pressing their noses to the window in disbelief. Atop a hill in the center of town is an immense white marble plaza crowned with white marble skyscrapers of remarkable ugliness. Although 10:15 is coffee-break time, not one of the thousands of workers has chosen to sit outside; the harsh stone of the plaza is empty. This is the Empire State Plaza, seat of the government of New York State.

In its overweening scale the plaza seems to epitomize what fiscal conservatives loathe about the Democratic Party. But the plaza, like much of the governmental machinery it houses, was created by a Republican, Nelson A. Rockefeller. Rockefeller, people in Albany say, was the greatest Great Society liberal of them all. First elected in 1958, this rich, ruthless, idealistic man utterly dominated New York for fourteen tumultuous years. By the time Rockefeller left, per capita state taxes had jumped sevenfold and state and local taxes absorbed an amazing 16 percent of New Yorkers' personal income. With the money Rockefeller built what was then the biggest public-university system in the world, thousands of miles of landscaped highway, hospitals by the score, dozens of state parks, and, of course, the Empire State Plaza, which alone cost the equivalent of more than \$4 bil-

lion in today's dollars. To a large extent the job of every governor since has been to cope with this legacy.

Rockefeller chose to locate the plaza on a hillside, and its designers balanced the whole gigantic structure on a huge platform that is periodically checked by engineers to ensure that it is stable. The plaza did not collapse; the government nearly did. By the end of 1974, the year after Rockefeller left office, some state agencies were on the verge of default. New York City almost went bankrupt in 1975. Governor Hugh Carey, a Democrat, was forced to pick up the pieces: he cut taxes a bit and held spending steady. Ultimately Carey was rescued by the inflation of the Carter years, which pushed more New Yorkers into higher tax brackets. As his secretary of state, Carey picked a lawyer from New York City, Mario Cuomo. It was Cuomo's first major public office.

By most measures the legislators pouring from the train into the plaza are full-time civil servants. Yet New York's legislature, like most other state legislatures, is based on the long-ago ideal of a government by gentleman amateurs. Enough of the Ted Mack flavor remains that Albany can be easily lampooned. New York has a state muffin: the apple muffin. It also has a state fossil: *Eurypterus remipes*, a sea scorpion. Both were selected and debated by the legislature. At the same time, Albany must deal with closer, harder truths than its more august uncle in Washington, D.C., has to face. New York, like many states, is required by law to balance its budget. And because states have neighbors, they must worry about driving people away with high taxes.

Such matters seem more pressing than usual on this particular spring morning. The 1990-1991 budget is more than a month late; this is the sixth year in a row that the negotiations have gone overtime. The budget itself is not the issue. Instead, the fight is over projections of how much money the state will get from this year's taxes. The estimates come from two well-known private economic-forecasting firms: DRI/McGraw-Hill, hired by the governor's office, and Wharton Econometrics, hired by the state senate. Both seem to have guessed wrong. According to the governor, actual receipts indicate that there will be a shortfall of more than a billion dollars, and so a scheduled tax cut must be put off. The senate is arguing that the governor's revenue and spending estimates are too pessimistic by more than \$300 million, and so the tax cut can go through.

Humiliatingly, it will soon emerge that the governor is right and the Republicans are being fiscally irresponsible. But the senate majority leader, Ralph J. Marino, is addressing a real concern with his complaints that New York's taxes are too high. The past decade has transformed "tax" into the dirtiest word in American politics. Although the reaction to taxes is sometimes hysterical, it does mirror a real public-policy concern: that higher taxes make it harder for people and businesses to stay in a state. Unfortunately, it is unclear when taxes are "too

high." Too high compared with what? What are the bad effects? And how would you know?

State tax systems are far from alike. Seven states have no personal-income tax; five have no corporate-income tax; five have no sales tax. All states tax gasoline, cigarettes, and estates, but at different rates. Alabama doesn't tax prescription drugs for the elderly; Rhode Island taxes sports clothing but not formal wear; Kentucky doesn't tax some kinds of coal. Only fifteen states have a state property tax. Because of the differences, comparing state tax systems seems impossible. Does a state that raises money by taxing an asset like property burden the citizen more than one that raises money by taxing income? Is a low sales tax in a poor state as burdensome to its poor citizens as a high income tax is to the relatively richer people in a rich state?

Widely used comparisons emanate from a little-known federal agency called the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. Every two years a small platoon of ACIR statisticians estimates the depth of the tax pocket available to each state government, and compares it with its fellows. The national average is set at 100; New York, at 152, has the highest tax effort of any state in the nation. (Massachusetts—"Taxachusetts"—has an ACIR rating of only 94; its high per capita income cushions the

impact of its taxes.) That figure is what people mean, or should mean, when they say New York is highly taxed. The number, slightly reduced during Cuomo's tenure, implies that the governor is betting that taxes 50 percent above the national average are not a recipe for disaster, for the state or for his own political future.

He may be right: economists argue that the simple amount of taxes can be less important than the type of taxes levied. The influence of taxes in South Dakota, which has no income tax but very high death and gift taxes, will be different from that in North Carolina, which has a high gas tax (almost twenty-one cents a gallon) but a very low cigarette tax (two cents a pack). New York's high ACIR rank may make little difference to its economy overall if the state has the right mixture of taxes. But here one enters the realm of folklore, because the consequences of state tax policy are rarely studied systematically. According to the former governor of New Jersey Thomas H. Kean, it is generally thought—but far from proved—that the "most dangerous" tax for states is the progressive personal-income tax. (A progressive tax is one that requires richer people to pay a greater proportion of their income than poorer people.) "For the working class, any raise in the income tax is going to be less than the cost of moving [out of state]," Kean says. "But when you sock it to the wealthy, a high percentage of their fixed costs are going to be in that tax, and it starts to be worthwhile for them to move. Then what happens is they take their companies with them, even though strictly speaking the economic justification might not be there. And we've benefited from that in New Jersey—companies following their CEO out of New York." The problem, as Kean points out, is that this logic induces states to rely increasingly on flat taxes that disproportionately hit the poor; indeed, Elliott Dubin, an ACIR analyst, has calculated that the use of regressive "non-taxes" like parking fees and school-lunch charges has more than doubled since the 1950s.

If state income taxes especially induce business and the upper middle class to seek greener, tax-free pastures, New York should be in trouble. Although Democrats Carey and Cuomo have cut Republican Rockefeller's top rates by more than half, ACIR computations show that New York still relies on income taxes more than do all but two other states. In other words, New York raises money on a system that weighs on the poor much less than do the systems of most other states—but shifts the burden to precisely those people who can most easily flee it. If they flee it, Kean says, "you get in this kind of cycle I think Massachusetts has gotten itself in at times, where in order to keep the state services you have now, you increase taxes again." The spiral gets out of control, and the state's finances are wrecked.

New York sometimes seems to have begun that cycle. Cuomo likes to trumpet that New York has generated a million new jobs in the past decade, but on a percentage

POLISHING THE SILVER

Even kept inside its closet
the family tea set, candlestick,
will darken in a year, the brightwork
clouding and smudged with soot

oxygen leaves tasting silver
through months of still and darkness.
We bring the stuff to the terrace
and the polish cream in its jar

and rub away the smoke to find
the mirror flesh original
reflecting us in the ritual,
scrubbing till the heirloom's new and

perfect, glitters as when beaten
and brought back from Charleston over
muddy trail and swollen river
and kept hidden like a weapon.

—Robert Morgan



REMY MARTIN est D



COGNAC XO SPEC
EXCLUSIVEMENT FINE CHAMPAGNE
DEPUIS 1724

basis that figure is a quarter below the national average, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. (These numbers always refer to nonagricultural jobs, partly because many farm workers are nomadic and thus are hard to assign to a particular state.) Worse, in the past five years New York actually lost 134,000 manufacturing jobs, which are usually well paid—at a time when even an economic basket case like Michigan held steady.

People left too. In the past decade, New York's population grew by only a quarter of the national average, indicating that thousands of New Yorkers moved out. Although such counts are notoriously uncertain, it is sometimes proposed that New York gained population only because it absorbed a large number of poor immigrants, suggesting that many, if not most, of those who left were in the middle class.

Cuomo's conservative opponents naturally like to quote such figures. But it seems reasonable to ask if taxes actually caused the state's relative decline. If tax policies were a principal reason for businesses and their workers to relocate, one would expect that over the long haul states with low taxes would generate more new jobs than states with high taxes. That isn't necessarily the case. New Hampshire, with tax policies ranked by Grant Thornton, a Chicago accounting firm, as the most attractive in the nation, created jobs at twice the national rate during the 1980s. But neighboring Vermont, a high-tax state ranked thirty-sixth, created them at almost the same speed. One must believe either that the businesses that chose to expand in Vermont rather than in New Hampshire were foolish or that, notwithstanding the hoopla surrounding the tax revolt, taxes were not the most important factor in their decision.

Most economists argue the latter. "The major factors," says Bruce Fisher, the research director of Citizens for Tax Justice, a Washington lobby, "are the average hourly wage, which state and local governments don't have much control over, and things like education and other services, which they do. Businesses like places with good schools, good health-care systems, and good roads. The cost difference is going to have to be enormous before they'll take a chance on illiterate workers and pothole-filled streets. And if that's what they want, they'll go to Mexico, not a low-tax state."

In other words, once you've established that a state's taxes are high, you've learned nothing other than that they raise a lot of money. A more useful question is how that money is spent. Does, so to speak, a dollar of tax buy a dollar's worth of government? If tax revenue is employed carefully and efficiently, then a relatively high rate of taxation may be an appropriate response to a relatively high level of need, as when there are more poor people than average, or more children to educate. It might also indicate that the citizens of the state, through their government, have decided to buy something expensive, like beautifully landscaped parks, or a top-notch

public health-care system. "Judging government's performance is extremely difficult," says Harry Hatry, of the Urban Institute, who recently co-managed a project with the Governmental Accounting Standards Board which attempted to do just that. "It's a question of the level of service. With high per capita costs, like New York's, if you're getting value, it's one thing. If you're not, it's really bad."

"What one has to ask is, are we getting our money's worth?" a former top New York City official says. "Are the hospitals, schools, and bridges worth the price the state is charging? If you need a reliable car, you're willing to pay more for one that runs well than one that doesn't. But is Mario asking us to pay for a Mercedes—and giving us a Rent-a-Wreck?"

"The Smartest Person I Ever Met"

IF YOU SIT BEHIND HOME PLATE AT A NEW YORK METS game and look over the center-field fence, you can see the spot where Mario Cuomo began his political career. It looks like a bunch of junkyards. In fact, it is a bunch of junkyards—the "Cuomo Memorial Junkyards," as the governor puts it. Next to them a New York State potentate named Robert Moses decided to locate the 1964 World's Fair. A paladin of big government, the seventy-six-year-old Moses was a preternaturally energetic man whose multiple positions within the city and state had allowed him to construct a gigantic network of parks, roads, beaches, bridges, and housing projects. In so doing, he destroyed dozens of neighborhoods and displaced hundreds of thousands of people. Moses was also the president of the World's Fair. For its site he chose a near-vacant marsh called Flushing Meadows. At the north end of the marsh, just beyond the fair site, was a small group of scrap-metal dealers. Their establishments were piled high with rusty metal. Moses thought the whole setup unsightly, and wanted to replace it with a stadium for Little League baseball.

The dealers felt trapped. Because not much of New York City was zoned for junkyards, they couldn't move. Having few skills, they couldn't find other work easily. They decided to fight. They ended up with a lawyer who was just thirty-two years old. But he was from Queens, and, like many of them, he was Italian-American. His name was Mario Cuomo.

Cuomo took the case, he says now, because he thought the idea of playing Little League in a full-tilt stadium was ridiculous. Moreover, a city without junkyards is a city in which amateur mechanics can't paw around for parts on Saturday afternoons. "The proposal I made," Cuomo says today, "was to reduce all the piles, to build magnificent corrugated green fencing, with Lombardy poplars, at our expense." When Moses brushed aside the fencing and poplars, Cuomo commenced the now-familiar round of threats, injunctions, hearings, appeals, and press conferences by which small organized groups of

citizens thwart the will of their leaders. Eventually Cuomo won. His grateful clients responded by trying to stiff him on his fee.

One public struggle begat another, and that begat a third. In both the new cases Cuomo strove to make the political establishment sensitive to the concerns of neighborhoods that felt threatened by the means planned to accomplish liberal goals like building low-income housing. In return Cuomo was given the punishment that a democracy always metes out to a successful crusader from outside—he was invited inside, and asked to run for office. He failed several times before becoming governor, a position whose duties had been set out in the 1920s by Robert Moses. Moses had wanted to be governor; he did not stint on the authority he awarded the job.

Cuomo has often expressed ambivalence about being in charge. He was not a politician until he was over forty, and has always clung firmly to his social roots, which are among people who did not expect to wield power or to move in elevated circles. He was born and raised in Queens, the largest of New York City's five boroughs. Visitors to New York can learn all about Queens's place in the city, Cuomo likes to say, by reading the signs at the expressway entrance from John F. Kennedy Airport. The signs say TO NEW YORK CITY. JFK Airport is in Queens. "We're Queens, you're New York City," Cuomo says. "Technically, of course, we *were* New York City, but we weren't Manhattan, we weren't power, we weren't nightclubs, we weren't anything like it. We were every poor neighborhood in the United States of America."

His parents, Andrea and Immacolata, emigrated in the 1920s from a village near Naples and eventually set up a small grocery store in South Jamaica, Queens. In those days Queens was much more a collection of villages separated by open country than seems possible today, and South Jamaica was a reasonably self-contained unit. It was separated from the richer settlement of Jamaica by an embankment with a railroad track on top. (Yes, Mario Cuomo was born on the wrong side of the tracks.) The third and youngest child, he spent his first years playing alone with the boxes in the back of the store. He scarcely spoke English until he went to school.

Andrea Cuomo worked fearfully hard. Cuomo claims never to have had a long talk with him, because he was always working. He was as fierce a taskmaster with his family as he was with himself. He set aside all his money for his children, and expected them to do well in school. "He couldn't read the report card, right?" Cuomo says. "The only thing he knew were the marks, the A's. . . . But he would look at it and he would say, 'A, A, A, A—

B!'" Each B earned a box on the ears. "He didn't know what the subject was or what you got the B for, but he knew you were supposed to get an A."

With such encouragement, Cuomo did well in school. Eventually he finagled a scholarship to a Catholic high school, St. John's Preparatory, run by the Community of St. Vincent de Paul. Cuomo was one of the poorer kids, an argumentative, competitive, terribly hardworking boy who found his social niche on the baseball team. When there was time, he played basketball in several leagues—under aliases like Glendy La Duke and Lava Libretti. He went at it street style, scrappy and fast, elbowing in a little harder than they do in the suburbs. (He still does; when a TV news crew recently filmed him playing basketball with his son, viewers sent angry letters because he was so rough.) A classmate, William Tash, recalls a day when he managed to drag himself to the subway particularly early. It was barely daybreak, and there on the train was Mario. Gee, Tash said, you're getting to school early. No, Cuomo said. It's not early. Tash was stunned to learn

**IN SOME WAYS CUOMO'S INVINCIBILITY IS MYSTIFYING.
THE WORD "LIBERAL" IS SAID TO BE ANATHEMA,
BUT NEW YORK HAS BEEN RUN FOR EIGHT YEARS BY
SOMEONE TO WHOM IT IS APPLIED MORE OFTEN THAN TO
ANYBODY SAVE SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY.**

that Cuomo got up at 4:00 every morning to study and work in the store. Tash was not surprised to find there was something about his friend that he hadn't known; then, as now, Cuomo held his cards close to the vest.

St. John's steeped its students in the intricacies of theology—a kind of intellectual seduction of the believer with an interest in argument. For Cuomo, who was and is a practicing Roman Catholic, it was a terrific place to be. When he graduated, he went across the street to St. John's College. Now on another, bigger campus, St. John's was then a small place with perhaps 800 students. The Vincentians lived in the "priest house" just off campus; the seniors wore black gowns. It was quite conservative, recalls Jim DeNike, who graduated with Cuomo. "There was a lot of discussion about McCarthy," he says. "The general feeling was pro-McCarthy, probably from some of the faculty."

Cuomo didn't give a rap about politics. He wanted to get As and go to law school and marry his girlfriend, Matilda. A BMOC, Cuomo was a top student and athlete. His reputation as a baseball player brought him to the attention of the pros. In 1951 he was signed by the Pittsburgh Pirates—with the proviso, which Andrea insisted upon, that training not interfere with his education. Cuomo's *Bull Durham* period didn't last long. In his first sea-



son on the farm team he was hit on the head by a fast ball. Hospitalized for weeks, he was told that he might not recover from a second hit. He went to law school at St. John's. A year later he married Matilda.

Although Cuomo did well in his first two years, the arrival of his first child, Margaret, made him realize how far away real security lay. "It's 1956, you don't know anybody, nobody in your neighborhood goes to school, let alone law school—they don't go to college. Where am I going to go for business? . . . So I, gee, I nearly worked myself to death that last year. I got A in everything. I just knocked everything dead. I did very well on the bar exam." Tied for first in the class, Cuomo waited for the job offers to fill his mailbox. They didn't come. He couldn't even get an interview with a Wall Street firm.

The irate Cuomo was approached by his law school dean, Harold F. McNiece, who gently suggested that he change his name to something without a vowel at the end. "Take a good look at me," the governor likes to say now, pointing to the long nose, the deep brown eyes, the saggy, stubborn, Latin features. "Can you imagine me as Mark Conrad? Can you imagine me in white sneakers and a tennis racket"—he drops into a startlingly good imitation of an oatmeal-faced WASP—"Hi. Mark Conrad, from Debevoise and Plimpton?"

Cuomo eventually landed a prestigious clerkship at the New York State Court of Appeals, but the slight remained vivid. When he went into private practice, he joined a firm in Brooklyn, becoming part of the throng of lawyers whose offices crowd Court Street to this day. The term "Court Street lawyer" has curious connotations in the city's legal profession; it is used to refer to the mob of assembly-line attorneys who fill the borough's personal-injury and nuisance-suit courts. (In one legal broil a professor at Brooklyn Law School actually countersued a colleague for calling him a Court Street lawyer.) Cuomo, as it happens, worked for Corner, Weisbrod, Froeb, and Charles, one of the two or three prestige firms in the area. But, as the firm's first litigation specialist, he was not entirely separate from the contentious ambience of Court Street.

Going to trial requires a fantastic level of commitment. When court is in session, good litigators work round the clock in a state of meticulously controlled fury. Cuomo loved it. It became apparent that he possessed what lawyers call confrontational skills. After just a few weeks at the firm, Cuomo was taken to lunch at the Brooklyn Club by Richard Patrick Charles, a tough Irishman who was a senior partner. In Cuomo's recollection, Charles opened the conversation by growling, "You're pretty good. What are we givin' you?"

"Seventy-five hundred," Cuomo said.

"Make it eighty-five," Charles said grandly.

Cuomo quickly became a well-known presence at 32 Court Street. James Starkey, a St. John's law school graduate who worked for another firm in the building, sometimes met Cuomo for a drink after work. "I noticed that something was occurring I was unused to," he recalls. "I kept losing arguments." Starkey's brother, who had known Cuomo in college, asked if the new man was as smart a lawyer as he seemed to think he was. "My response was that he may be the smartest person I've ever met," says Starkey, who is now a judge on the state court of claims. "Nothing that happened since has caused me to change that opinion."

Cuomo won case after case and built up his firm's litigation department. Nonetheless, in the opinion of Fabian Palomino, who had become Cuomo's friend when they were law

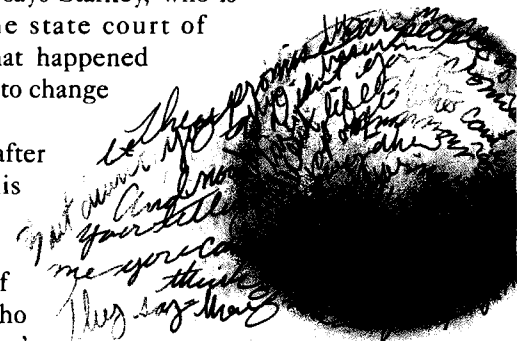
clerks together, the work was not, finally, satisfying. "Making other people rich wasn't enough," Palomino says. When Cuomo began taking on jobs like the junkyard fight, things became more interesting. "Fighting politicians, he learned that government had a lot of power," Palomino says. "It could do a little bit of good." With that realization, Cuomo took his first, gingerly step toward elective office. Years later, when Nelson Mandela came to New York, Cuomo and Palomino, who is now special counsel to the governor, greeted him at the airport. Cuomo had been asked to introduce the hero of the South African resistance at a special session of the United Nations. While waiting for Mandela, Palomino asked him: Mario, when we were law clerks together, did you ever think you would end up addressing the United Nations?

No, Cuomo said. Inconceivable—what had happened in his life was beyond belief. Entering the airport, they passed the signs: TO NEW YORK CITY. The sky was blue, merciless, hot. A battalion of photographers waited outside the gate. All the nation seemed to focus on the resistance leader's arrival.

Governor Cuomo! A woman thrust a microphone in Cuomo's face. *Governor Cuomo! Are you running for President?*

Confrontational Skills

"CAN I TELL YOU HOW RIDICULOUS THAT IS?" the governor asks pleasantly. He is sitting in a stiff, back-saving chair in the executive mansion, speaking into a phone connected to one of the radio talk shows that are a staple of Cuomo's contacts with the media. In this case the host is a conservative Long Islander who thinks the



state is shoving special-education programs down the towns' throats without providing the funds to pay for them. The host is a member of his local school board, and is trying to take the governor to task. But the governor is not interested in being taken to task. "We said, 'You have to educate the children,'" Cuomo explains. "What you're saying is, 'You have to pay for it, governor.' But what are you really saying? You don't want to take care of the disabled children unless I raise income taxes to give you money for it? You won't do it with your own taxes?"

Cuomo listens to the response. A vulpine smile steals across his face. The host has just said that his community will flip if they have to raise property taxes, giving Cuomo the opportunity to eat him for breakfast. "You can't have it both ways, Bruce," he says in a warm, chiding, avuncular tone. "You can't say you're against tax increases, but, Mario, you raise the income tax so that I don't have to raise the real-estate [property] tax, because they'll kick me out of office if I raise the real-estate tax." Isn't that asking people in Schenectady, Buffalo, and Utica to foot a bill that Bruce doesn't want to pay?

During the past eight years, the governor says, the state has increased funding to Long Island schools at twice the rate of inflation. "The net result: you people are blaming us for raising taxes. We were so generous to you, we wound up taking the heat. Isn't that true, Bruce? Haven't you on your program said the taxes are too high? Yes or no? Yes? Well, *then why are you asking me for more money?*"

The Bully Pulpit

IT IS TOWARD THE END OF THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH in the Sunnyside Community Services Senior Center, and the room is rapt, silent, and hotter than ever. The fans overhead might as well be trying to stir aspic. Even the flies seem stunned by the heat. "Nobody knows better than I what tough shape our budget is in in Washington," Cuomo is saying. "I know all of that. But I know some other things, too. Despite all these problems, when you take this country and say no matter how expensive it is, we must do it—we do it. Take," he says slowly, "the savings-and-loans crisis."

Cuomo waits for the buzz; the term "savings-and-loans" now evokes visceral responses in Americans. Here it has suddenly conjured a world of rich thieves, of insurance executives and investment bankers who are about to reach into the pocket of each citizen and extract several thousand dollars. One hazards the guess that Cuomo's mention of the debacle is related to the one thing all Americans know about insurance executives and investment bankers: they are Republicans.

"It's important," he says. "Not just because people said they stole it, though they did. But because it's an example of a commitment we need to honor." The commit-

ment in this case is to the S&L depositors, many of whom will lose a lot of money if Uncle Sam does not step in. "They"—the savings-and-loan operators—"said they needed freedom to operate. So we gave them their freedom. We let them do their own thing—and they stole you blind! The hit: five hundred billion to a trillion dollars."

It is difficult to describe the impact that Cuomo's voice has without sounding like a campaign commercial. He speaks simply, in short, clear sentences that roll quickly into one another, like surf. His voice is both deep and sharp, the words etched against the humid air, imbuing his speech with the passion of a defense lawyer arguing for a doomed client. Playing against his street-kid presence, he talks about intellectual issues; playing against his bullish demeanor, he talks about love. He works hard to avoid being above his audience, looking down. He speaks in the terms most people use when they think about choices: right and wrong. It is wrong, he says, to let social problems stew in their own juice. And it is right for people to demand more action from their government.

Given the country's commitment to the savings-and-loan bailout, Cuomo says, "it's a *disgrace* to say we can't afford national health insurance! It's a disgrace, it's an *abomination*, to say we can't help the homeless! But you"—he points to the perspiring audience—"you can do it if you try! Keep demanding it! Keep shouting for it! You're absolutely right!"

The crowd roars. Cuomo is here exercising what a one-time adversary, the former New York City mayor Edward I. Koch, calls his "cheerleader quotient." Koch was hardly being derisory. Not the least of a politician's duties is assuring the public that somebody is at the wheel. Cuomo being what Koch calls "the eight-hundred-pound gorilla" of New York politics, he is in an unmatched position to shape the agenda of political discourse. His strength is magnified by his ability to communicate, which is of Reaganesque dimensions. He has again and again used what Teddy Roosevelt called the bully pulpit to manifest concern for the disenfranchised. ("He's the best the system produces," says Douglas White, a former state human-rights commissioner. "I mean that absolutely sincerely.") It is the common duty of all citizens to care for their weaker fellows, the governor argues, and the mechanism to accomplish that is called government. To dismiss the possibility of helping, he suggests, is a moral lapse—an ignominy unworthy of Americans. Applied to national health insurance, this stance has clear appeal to this group of elderly people in Queens. When he leaves, the air is still quivering with applause.

The cheering demonstrates why some Democrats have long wished that Cuomo would seek a national stage. For the past ten years, these people believe, the White House has been in the hands of men who have pushed beyond the economist's natural skepticism of government into the realm of Dr. Feelgood. The nation is beset by any number of crises. Homelessness, education,

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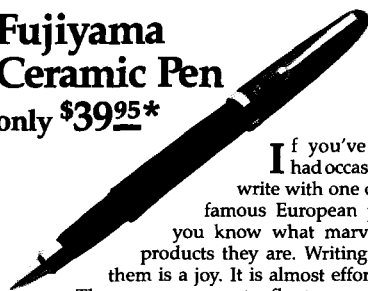
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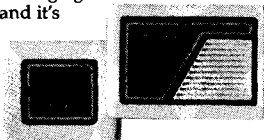


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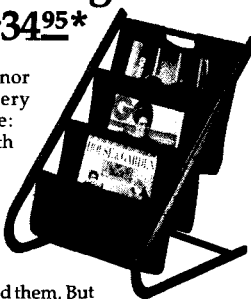
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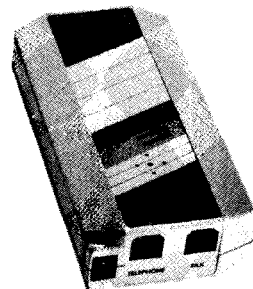
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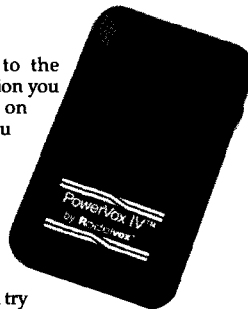
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health care, child poverty, environmental damage, decaying infrastructure, and the drying-up of investment capital caused by the deficit and the low savings rate are often on the short list. The present Republican leadership, it is argued, has bet that the nation can do little and emerge unscathed. We will float to prosperity without having to increase government services. No thought will be required, and not many taxes. To some Democrats, this is a fool's paradise. Someone will have to push the country to get its house in order. Someone will have to point out that other industrialized nations do not share our rates of addiction, illiteracy, and infant mortality, and that almost all these countries have vast government initiatives to address those problems. Why, they ask, *can't* this country have national health insurance?

Unfortunately, past social programs in the United States have sometimes been badly thought out, or even counterproductive; the tottering, murderous urban-renewal apartment projects are among their mausoleums. Clear goals were not set; programs were sneaked in through the back door, without public support; and, above all, the inexorable realities of the market were ignored. The legacy of such failures is the bored cynicism about government that has been a hallmark of the past decade. To many Americans, Uncle Sam is like one of those vending machines that dispense packets marked SURPRISE! for fifty cents: the only thing certain about the contents is that they are not worth fifty cents. Getting people with this view of government to support significant new services—national health insurance, for example—will require a leader with enormous powers of persuasion. But no amount of persuasion will be enough if, in the end, the reality does not match the rhetoric, and the expanded services are not worth the price.

Surrounded by legislators and officials from the community center, the governor walks down a corridor of institutional gray, stops for a photo session, and then steps outside, where TV cameras wait in battle mode, a mass of lights and wires and mikes and camera sights leaping out like a prehistoric beast to block Cuomo's path. While technology makes it possible for rock stars to sing into microphones the size of marbles, the microphones of television reporters keep getting bigger, in order that the station logo can be mounted on them and photographed for the news. In New York the press competition is fierce, so Cuomo has to speak into what is effectively a forest of tiny billboards.

If body language is any guide, this is not the governor's favorite situation. Bristling, he tucks his head into his shoulders and flicks his eyes from side to side, checking

out the mass. With his alert sleekness and strong shoulders, one is suddenly reminded of a seal—a quick, rough, elegant beast. The trick here, as in every encounter with the media, is to use an unpromising situation to send a message.

Governor, are you going to send in state troops to New York City to stop crime? Governor, how are you going to pay for the health-care program you just signed? Governor, are the oil companies gouging consumers after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait?

Cuomo snatches the last question from the air. He looks the reporter directly in the eye; the reporter looks down at the pad on which he is taking notes. "It takes weeks for the more expensive oil to reach the pump," the governor says. "Why do they raise it immediately? Oh, they say, it's because the price depends on futures. Well, does the price ever *drop* in anticipation? No! These guys are out to get every last penny they can get!" Cuomo says that if the oil companies don't bring the price down, he'll call for price controls.

**GIVEN THE COUNTRY'S COMMITMENT TO THE
SAVINGS-AND-LOAN BAILOUT, CUOMO SAYS, "IT'S
A DISGRACE TO SAY WE CAN'T AFFORD NATIONAL HEALTH
INSURANCE! IT'S A DISGRACE, IT'S AN ABOMINATION,
TO SAY WE CAN'T HELP THE HOMELESS!"**

The reporters' heads nod in agreement; everybody hates Big Oil, and the governor's populist language will get a lot of airtime. Unfortunately, this very intelligent man is here spouting nonsense. The price of the "old" oil is rising in exactly the same way that in a suddenly hot housing market a home bought for \$100,000 six months ago can sell for \$125,000 today. It's the same building; it's just worth more. The oil companies are like the family that owns that house. One may not admire them, but the price is rising because of the free-market economics this country is based on, not because the oil companies came up with some gouging scheme. In addition, Cuomo is wrong about the price of gas. It *does* come down. With inflation accounted for, the price that prevailed at the pump was lower before the Iraqi invasion than it had been in 1949. (If the oil companies are in league to chisel consumers, they are inept at it.) Finally, most mainstream economists believe that the price controls of the past worsened the oil shocks of 1973 and 1979, because they created shortages.

This, of course, is the downside of the bully pulpit. The prickly, charismatic presence that has just inspired the old people in the auditorium to think about government is now being used to promote ideas that have twice knocked the economy askew. But no one questions him.

In fairness, a curbside press conference may not be the place to discuss economics. Sometimes, in fact, it's not the place to discuss anything at all. Even as the reporters scribble down Cuomo's assault on Big Oil, a red pickup truck swerves by to see what the knot of cameras is focusing on. Inside are three teenagers, grinning ear to ear as they practice the ancient adolescent rite of playing at top volume the sort of music designed to bring grimaces to grown-up faces. Heads on the sidewalk swivel at the approach of the throbbing bass; jaws drop inside the truck as the three boys recognize Cuomo.

"Yo, Mario!" one of them screams, giving the governor a clenched-fist salute. "Run for President, man!"

More Confrontational Skills

"LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT HIS CONFRONTATIONAL skills," says Alan Chartock, the professor and talk-show host. "One show during the Mondale-Reagan campaign he was trying to convince me that Mondale would win. He was giving me every argument he could think of. I kept saying no, and he would try something else. Finally, he said, 'Do you *really* think that Ronald Reagan will be the next President of the United States?' 'Yes,' I said. He turned, smiled that fatherly smile, and said, 'Who *cares* what you think?'"

MEGO

FIFTY REPORTERS AND CAMERA OPERATORS DRIFT aimlessly by a tableful of untouched coffee and muffins. They are milling about the Manhattan headquarters of Consolidated Edison, the city's biggest electric utility. Judging by the air of sleepy boredom, the press believes that it has been rousted out of bed this cool May morning for an event of epochal tedium. It is being asked to inform the public about a new pact among the city, the state, and Con Ed extending the current freeze on base electric rates.

Outside, a black Chevrolet pulls to the curb. A man in the back seat throws on a blazer. Stepping out, he is instantly surrounded by aides; they move ahead slowly, as if a phalanx. The man in the blazer shakes hands, laughs, speculates on the political implications of the Mets' current slide. He claps an arm over the shoulders of David Dinkins, Ed Koch's successor as mayor. As the two men laugh, Cuomo's eyes flick across the room in quick, millimeter-wide glances; seeing an unknown face, he gives it three, four, five stabs before giving up on its identity. The governor is at ease; a significant part of his job is to appear at ceremonial gatherings and to charm and exhort the attending media.

Around a corner is a makeshift assemblage of chairs and a dais with the seal of New York State. Various dignitaries speak, including Dinkins; dutiful notebooks are

hauled out by the media people, including Gabe Pressman, the Human Trenchcoat, likely New York City's most famous television reporter. Cuomo is reserved for last. When he rises to speak, he puts on his glasses—a sign, one imagines, of high purpose—and stares through them at Pressman. "When you talk about things like rate agreements," the governor says, "can you think of anything less likely to get the attention of *The New York Times* and Gabe Pressman?" Other, more significant events—Marla Maples's appearances come to the governor's mind—always seem to eclipse this kind of news. "So, Gabe," he says, "if you can pull yourself away from all the terribly important things in your exotic programs to just say a line to the people in Jamaica that their rates will be stable, we'd appreciate it. But even if you don't, we've saved sixty million dollars."

The governor argues that the projected annual savings of \$60 million is equivalent to a tax cut of the same magnitude. It is important, moreover, as a signal to those who seek to do business in the city that New York is trying to stabilize costs. The governor may be right, but he's losing his audience. Utility regulation is what journalists call MEGO, an acronym for "my eyes glaze over," which is supposedly the reader's reaction to this kind of story. It is an example of what Cuomo likes to call the prose of governance, the slogwork of programs and bond issues and fiscal calculations, as opposed to the poetry, which occurs when political leaders use their position to lift people's hearts. Prose is the deficit; poetry is the flag. Today the governor is trying, as he often does, to raise prose to the level of poetry.

"I'll take all the credit I can," he says. "Especially this year. That's the way the business is. But the truth is, the governor didn't do it. Everybody did—the legislature, the utilities, the advocacy groups. They could tie it up if they wanted. Nobody would care. The legislation of escrow accounts"—Cuomo makes a face of feigned boredom, drawing a chuckle—"Who knows? Who cares? Who has any idea what escrow is? But these are important services to people that government doesn't get credit for. It's too bad, when government needs a shot in the arm."

Government needs a shot in the arm. Cuomo contends that Americans are not conscious of the network of government that makes their lives easier, and that if they were, their beliefs about government—perhaps even their attitude toward taxes—might change. Government delivers legions of services, from garbage removal to air-traffic control, that are as necessary as the elevator in an apartment dweller's building, and as seldom thought about. They make the papers, the governor notes, only when something goes wrong. When things go right, they are invisible. They are boring. They are MEGO. But in truth, Cuomo argues, this governmental prose is a sturdy, elegant thing, and should be celebrated. That is why, he says, he is here this morning. He turns the podium over to a man from Consolidated Edison. "Okay," he says,

"I've done everything I can to get your names in the papers—especially Gabe Pressman."

Twenty minutes later Cuomo drifts to his car. In his wake reporters talk idly about the story. The rate agreement will get little airtime, and none from Gabe Pressman. Few of the reporters are sure whether the pact is a great success or a rationalization of the inevitable or a payoff to some interest group. Consumers will save \$60 million, but should they save \$80 million? Or will this agreement force Con Ed to postpone needed investment? Are voters getting their money's worth? No one knows. The governor's car pulls up outside. Inside, the muffins remain untouched, afloat on a sea of MEGO.

Taxing & Spending #2: Spending

DEMOCRACIES ARE BASED ON THE NOTION OF citizens' evaluating their leaders' performance. Unfortunately, it is often difficult to tell just what those leaders have done. Few people would hold Cuomo responsible for, say, the recession afflicting the Northeast, or for failing to eliminate the problems grouped under the rubric of "the underclass." To what extent are the sad conditions in New York City emergency rooms the fault of Mario Cuomo? To absolve him completely is to challenge his own belief that government can make a difference. How is the voter to judge the governor's performance, or, for that matter, the performance of any elected leader?

"The question is very difficult to answer," says Harry Hatry, of the Urban Institute. "Still, one must try." New York is a high-tax state run by a strong advocate for government services. Logically, one might try to judge the governor's performance by examining whether the services provided correspond to the level of taxation. The simple amount of money spent tells you little, Hatry points out. "In the case of public assistance," he says, "you've got the problem that high payments may be because you're doing the job." Is that the situation in Mario Cuomo's New York?

Cuomo has staked out a distinctive intellectual position on the taking of human life, vetoing a state death penalty eight times and upholding New Yorkers' relatively unrestricted access to abortion. He rammed tough ethics rules down the throat of a legislature that wanted no part of them. And, risking MEGO, he has conducted innovative experiments in utility regulation, including the shutdown, over the protests of a furious federal government, of a completed but never licensed nuclear-power plant on Long Island. But these actions, important as they are, have relatively little immediate impact on the daily business of the state—providing services.

To a large extent the task of New York, or any other state, is to provide services. It is what the budget is spent on; it is what the bureaucracy is paid for; it is what Cuomo is elected to do. Evaluating the governor's perfor-

mance necessarily involves examining how well his government delivers on its promises. The obvious place to begin is Medicaid, the single biggest state program directly under Cuomo's control. "Whenever money is being spent," says Frank Mauro, of the Rockefeller Institute of Government at the State University of New York, "it's important to ask what it's being spent on."

Created in 1965 as a kind of afterthought to Medicare, the national health scheme for the elderly, Medicaid provides basic medical coverage to certain types of poor people. The chief recipients are those enrolled in two other federal programs: Aid to Families with Dependent Children (mothers and children), and Supplemental Security Income (the blind, the disabled, and the aged poor). Various special efforts to aid small children, foster children, and—a recent addition—pregnant women are included as well. States are also free to add in the "medically needy," within certain limits. A medically needy person might be a single man who makes a lower-middle-class living but needs brain surgery that will bankrupt him. Or the term might refer to a family of three that earns a few hundred dollars more than its AFDC income level, which in New York State is \$8,500. Whatever groups the state chooses to cover are provided with a package of basic Medicaid services, such as physician and hospital care. The state may also dispense up to thirty-two optional services, ranging from paying for prescription drugs, which most states do, to hiring Christian Science nurses, which only five states cover. Payments are split between Washington and the state according to a complex formula based on the state's per capita income.

The result of this free-form choice, as one might imagine, is a patchwork of wildly diverse programs that have grown since their founding into a \$60 billion administrative nightmare that few experts seem willing to defend. Up to a third of the money is spent on elderly people who cannot afford huge bills for long stays in nursing homes and hospitals. Because Medicare covers little of these costs, Medicaid has become the chief safety net for the old. As lifetimes lengthen, the proportion of elderly people rises, and more and more people end up in that safety net. Medicaid was not intended to become the de facto insurance vehicle for long-term elderly care; nonetheless, it has done exactly that. Nobody wants to pay for it, but nobody relishes the prospect of dooming the nation's elderly to penury either. As a consequence, Medicaid grows at double-digit speed, and the states find themselves cutting other programs to make room.

Given that Medicaid was established while Rockefeller was New York's governor, it is unsurprising that the state has historically been a generous provider of Medicaid benefits. Indeed, New York's program was designed from the first to grab as much federal money as possible to pay for initiatives Rockefeller had already taken. According to Stephen Long, a health economist at the Rand Corporation, the state was spending almost twice as

much per AFDC recipient as the rest of the nation in 1975. During Cuomo's tenure the cost of Medicaid has increased by two thirds, even though the number of people in the program is only slightly larger. Today the rate of increase has moderated somewhat, but in 1989, New York Medicaid payments still cost \$568 for every man, woman, and child in the state. By almost any measure this is an amazing sum. It is higher than that in any other state, and more than two and a half times the national average. The next state on the list, Massachusetts, spent only \$405 per capita. At \$10.2 billion, New York's Medicaid payment is higher than those of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, and Wisconsin together, which have more than twice the population.

Establishing why Medicaid in New York costs so much is not easy. The New York State comptroller, Edward V. Regan, a Republican, reported last year that the state "offers more services, has less limitations on the services offered and has authorized more categories of individuals to be eligible for such services" than other states. New

services. When you take like services, we do very well."

Most Medicaid experts agree with the governor that comparing Medicaid systems across states is difficult. But it is far from clear that taking like services shows his government in the best light. The interstate variation in costs, says Jo-Ann Costantino, the Medicaid director for New York, mostly comes from having made different choices about long-term treatment for the elderly and the disabled. As a consequence, services for these groups are hard to compare fairly. But one can examine the benefits for recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children, because children and young mothers have relatively uncomplicated needs, and the services offered them are therefore similar. Most of these health needs have to do with things like children's ear infections, school health certificates, and pregnancy monitoring; there is no a priori reason why these should cost more in Binghamton, New York, than in Birmingham, Alabama. According to data from the Health Care Financing Administration, which is the division of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services responsible for tracking health costs, New York in 1989 spent \$1,287 per recipient on care for the women and children in AFDC, the third highest amount in the nation. (Highest was Alaska, where labor costs are unusual; next was Min-

nesota, which runs a huge child-care program.) If New Yorkers paid the national average of \$902, Medicaid bills would go down by \$550 million—more than a third of the state's 1990 tax increase, taken from one chunk of one program. What are New Yorkers getting for the money?

One possibility is better service. A major initiative of Cuomo's, as it happens, has been the "Decade of the Child," announced in 1988, which seeks to improve the lot of families with small children. "We must make a commitment to our children, in every conceivable way," he said then. "Not just this year, not just next year: we must make the next ten years the Decade of the Child!" But if the Decade of the Child is why the price of Medicaid is so high, statistics do not reflect this. New York's infant-mortality rate is thirty-ninth in the nation, and its percentage of low-birth-weight babies has risen by a tenth since 1985. The Decade of the Child, Ed Koch says sardonically, "is a wonderful phrase—but where is the child? Which child?" Informed of the high per capita cost of Medicaid for poor mothers and children, Koch, who believes Cuomo's reputation is at variance with his achievement, raised his eyebrows and said, "Oh, my."

Another possible explanation is that everything costs more in New York, especially New York City, and that medical care is no exception. This theory—the "city-as-

IF THERE IS A RECESSION IN 1992, AND IF VOTERS ARE STILL ANGRY ABOUT THE SAVINGS-AND-LOAN CRISIS, AND IF PEOPLE HAVE RETHOUGHT THEIR SUPPORT FOR U.S. POLICY IN THE PERSIAN GULF—THEN THE GOVERNOR MAY CONSIDER HIS OPTIONS.

York provides twenty-eight of the thirty-two optional services, and gives them to all eligible participants. Delaware, by contrast, doles out only seventeen of the options, and won't give even those to the "medically needy." But California's Medi-Cal program pays for twenty-seven options and serves one million more people than New York does, while costing \$4.7 billion less to operate. Such numbers, the comptroller said, indicate "the potential for a significant reduction in New York's Medicaid costs"—a bureaucratic way of saying that the program is hugely wasteful.

"The comptroller is so wrong on this," Cuomo says. "I think frankly he said his piece so often he's embarrassed to admit now that he's been caught." In general, Cuomo says, such per capita cost comparisons are "ridiculous." He says, "There is no comparison because the state gives different services in California. A lot of things that we do that are in the Medicaid budget, the state of California does not include in its budget; it gets delivered by local governments." In New York, for example, mentally ill people in community institutions are covered by Medicaid, at considerable expense. In California many of these patients are paid for by the counties. "So how can you compare us?" the governor asks. "I mean, you can't. There is no comparison. You would have to take like

sinkhole" theory—is not well substantiated. In general, according to Robert W. Rafuse, Jr., of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, the extra cost of government in New York is not attributable to higher than average input costs. His remarks are backed by Hal Hovey, the director of State Policy Research, a private research group in Alexandria, Virginia, which tracks state behavior. All systematic comparisons, Hovey says, have shown that New York has but slightly higher prices than the rest of the nation. "If you want a two-bedroom, one-bathroom bungalow for a family of three, you would be well advised to locate in certain portions of New York City," he says. Costs are higher for the minority of "people who go to cocktail parties," he concedes. "But people who empty bedpans, which is what drives up Medicaid costs, can easily live in New York City." The major cost-of-living difference, he says, is state and local taxes. "Blaming the price of government on the need to compensate for costs driven by taxes—can you see the circularity in that?"

An explanation advanced by state officials is the distribution of health-care providers. A routine ear infection can be treated by a family doctor or by an emergency room. The doctor and the hospital are not reimbursed equally, however. According to Costantino, the doctor would typically be paid eleven dollars to treat a child's ear infection, while the hospital would receive more than seventy dollars—seven times as much. Unsurprisingly, relatively few doctors accept Medicaid patients—with dire implications for the budget.

New York's departments of health and social services have consistently pushed to change the balance between doctors and hospitals by paying doctors more. They have also put through several widely praised reforms to limit hospital charges. Ultimately, however, structural change can come about only by hurting the hospitals, which depend on Medicaid to fill their beds. (New York has almost as many hospital beds as California; without Medicaid, many hospitals would collapse.) Hospitals being universally described as one of the strongest lobbies in the state, such change could occur only if Cuomo made a major effort to focus public attention on health-care costs. This year his office worked hard for reforms. But diligent inquiry among observers outside the health-care system failed to turn up anyone willing to credit Cuomo with fighting his utmost to restructure the system properly—for instance, by taking the necessary steps to ensure that the poor would get much more of their health care from individual doctors than from emergency rooms. Whether such a passive stance is appropriate for a program of Medicaid's importance is a question for debate.

"I'm a liberal Democrat," says a former high city official and an ostensible Cuomo supporter, "and I have nothing but bad words to say for him. I don't care how many beautiful words you speak, to pay so little attention to how your government works is a kind of betrayal of the

ethic of public service. The state government is mind-bogglingly screwed up, and everybody knows it. Eventually people are going to find out and they'll bring in Republicans, who instead of making it better will insist on making it smaller, whether or not the programs need to be cut—which is even more pernicious."

Historically, liberal social programs have often been jerry-built on weak foundations, leading to later discontent and large-scale retrofitting. Medicaid is a prime example. If, as the governor has said, the United States, like other industrialized nations, should have a national health scheme, it should be thought through from the beginning. Otherwise the price of good intentions may escalate unacceptably, as has happened in the past. All workable national-health-insurance schemes depend on controlling access to nonessential services. Our present system has surgeons removing moles on one floor while gunshot victims wait for emergency attention on another. Almost certainly a humane national health insurance would delay vision checkups, nose jobs, and perhaps some major surgery of uncertain effect in order to direct care to the most needy. The principle of service on demand would vanish. Cuomo advocates national health insurance; he has shown no relish for explaining to audiences that they will have to give up something to get it.

In New York's political circles the governor is often described as being reluctant to pick the fights necessary to ram through change. Faced with a state Republican Party that cannot field an effective gubernatorial candidate, Cuomo has been able to keep taxes high enough to avoid being tough on his own supporters. In the nation beyond New York, however, the Republican Party is far from dormant, and sweeping problems of governance under a rug of high taxes is not good politics.

To fend off a tax revolt while finding the resources to make imperative social investments, a post-Cold War President will have to spend heaps of political capital to achieve his—or her—goals. That President will have to make government work and convince the voters of the need to pay for it. Cuomo has shown that he can accomplish the second task; that's what the poets of politics do. But he has yet to realize the promise of his poetry in the hard prose of government, at least in New York State. To be sure, that is no easy task. But politicians are judged by the possibilities they evoke, and it is Cuomo's blessing and curse to make people expect of him what his father demanded—As in everything.

One More Question

"O KAY, ONE MORE QUESTION," THE GOVERNOR tells Bruce, the radio host. The host asks it. Cuomo rolls his eyes; a press aide stops holding his breath.

"I have no plans to run for President," he says, "and no plans to make plans. I never expected to get to be gover-

nor. . . This is more than I ever dreamed, and I don't have any aspirations that go beyond it."

Bruce starts to argue that Cuomo must have presidential intentions, because he speaks out on national issues. Cuomo rolls his eyes again. Even if he has made up his mind to run, one is stretched to imagine the circumstances under which he would declare before 1991, or even 1992. The Republicans in the state senate are unlikely to ease up on next spring's budget fight if they can help torpedo a presidential bid. In any case, a politician who preaches the supreme importance of circumstances, as Cuomo has, would not likely box himself into a race two years away. When Cuomo lost elections in the past, he has said, it was because he had nothing to run on. If there is a recession in 1992, and if voters are still angry about the savings-and-loan crisis, and if people have rethought their support for U.S. policy in the Persian Gulf—then the governor may consider his options.

As it is now, he talks about national problems "because there is an umbilical connection between the state and the federal government in Washington," he tells Bruce. "It's like a mother and child are connected. We can't live without them. Everything they do affects us. They raised our Social Security taxes; they closed down defense contracts for Grumman—we're all in trouble. We need them to save the lighthouse [near Bruce's home, on Long Island], to save the beaches there because of the erosion problem." It's simple, he says. Speaking out "is part of what you pay me for, Bruce. The way you call on me to reduce taxes and give you more money at the same time—that doesn't mean you want to be governor, does it?"

The Spikes of Reason

ELEVEN POLITICIANS SIT BEHIND A TABLE IN THE auditorium of the National Press Club. Facing them is an audience of reporters with enough electronic equipment to have made a fair contribution to the trade deficit. The men represent the Coalition Against Double Taxation, which has called a press conference to promote the idea that the federal government should not, as it has proposed, eliminate the deductibility of state and local taxes. The coalition is composed overwhelmingly of state and local officials, who feel that ending the deduction would hurt their ability to raise money. To ensure a press turnout, they have promised a star: Mario Cuomo.

As ever, Cuomo is the last to speak. Under Reagan and Bush, he says, the federal government cut taxes without cutting expenditures. The result? They're in a hole, he says. They're desperate to raise money. They'll do it by any means they can, other than by raising the federal income-tax rates for the rich. "They raised thirteen different taxes," he says. "While saying 'Read my lips,' they were taxing us over and over!" These taxes—Cuomo is in full swing now, leaning over the lectern as if to grab his

audience by their lapels—have one thing in common. They're all regressive. "They will deny you police, roads, and bridges," he says. "Anything to avoid raising taxes on the wealthy! They conveniently forgot about states' rights [with this proposal]. We're saying, don't come to us for money and deny us services! Go to the people whose taxes you cut from seventy to twenty percent!"

As he speaks, Cuomo keeps veering toward an underlying subject—New Federalism. Early in the past decade the Republican Administration and Congress removed many constraints on how states run federal programs. They also provided less money, on the theory that the states would be more efficient. Federal grants to state and local governments fell 11.2 percent in the 1980s—enough money, the New York budget office has calculated, to account entirely for the state's budget shortfall this year. As it was, most states had to raise taxes. In theory, that might make little difference to the economy. But because states are afraid to lose businesses, they didn't make up all the difference by raising taxes. They also cut services. This makes fine economic sense, but it is hard to justify if one believes that the purpose of health-care programs is to provide health care, or that the purpose of schools is to teach. America's public sector, Cuomo argues, was crippled. Without federal leadership, the system is hard-pressed to produce the educated, healthy work force business needs. The solution, he says, is simple: federal leadership. That will take a federal tax hike.

A tax hike! Cuomo mimes the shocked reaction of a Republican loyalist. "He said, 'Don't do it! It'll take wealth out of the economy,'" the governor confides. "This is the same guy who told us that cutting taxes would raise government income. Last time, you were two trillion dollars off; why should I listen to *you*?" The reporters laugh—the laugh that, to cite a saying attributed to Molière, allows the spikes of reason to penetrate the brain. One can almost see light bulbs flashing; Cuomo is using his oratory and charm to feed public debate on an important issue. It is the kind of dexterous performance that keeps even his most ardent detractors among New York Democrats secretly hoping that he'll decide the time is right to go on the national stage, and that he'll do good things there.

Afterward the crowd streams out, filling up all the elevators. The governor follows more slowly, trailed by questioners. Then he, too, gets into an elevator. Reporters pack in with him. They ride down in uneasy silence. At each floor the doors open, and muttered curses are heard. People who have been waiting through several elevators full of reporters cannot believe they have to wait longer. Then they see Cuomo and their mouths snap shut. Some of the reporters begin to snicker. Cuomo, as is his wont, gives no clue to what he is thinking. He might be alone. Finally someone breaks the silence.

"Governor," a small voice says, "are you running for President?" □

VODKA DRINKERS DEFECT TO RUM.

If we flat-out claimed that rum and tonic makes a better drink than vodka and tonic, you'd think we were biased.

Which is why we commissioned a "blind" taste test among vodka and tonic drinkers.

We asked them to choose between the best selling vodka and a selection of rums from Puerto Rico.

Each was mixed with tonic. But did that make things truly equal? Ours, after all, was a less familiar taste. Theirs was a tradition.

Yet, fully 47%—almost *half*—preferred rum and tonic to the tried-and-true vodka and tonic.

We assume that's because the rums of Puerto Rico, which are aged by law for one year, have a warmer, more alive character than vodka.

What else could explain such a defection?



RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A Short Story



Sanity

by Tobias Wolff

GETTING FROM SAN DIEGO TO SAN MARCO STATE Hospital isn't easy unless you have a car, or a breakdown. That's what happened to April's father, and they got him out there in no time at all. The trip took longer for April and her stepmother: they had to catch three different buses, walk up a long road from Pendleton Boulevard to the hospital grounds, and then walk back again when the visit was over. There were plenty of cars on the road, but nobody stopped to offer a lift. April didn't blame them. They probably figured that she and Claire were patients—"fruitcakes," her dad called them—out for a stroll. That's what April would have thought, coming upon the two of them out here, on foot and unaccountable. She would have taken one look and kept going.

Claire was tall and erect. She was wearing her gray business suit and high heels and a wide-brimmed black hat. She carried herself a little stiffly because of the heels, but kept up a purposeful, dignified pace. "Ship of State"—that was what April's father called Claire when she felt summoned to a demonstration of steadiness and resolve. April followed along in loose order. She stopped now and then to catch her breath and let some distance open up between herself and Claire, then hurried to close that distance. April was a short, muscular girl with a mannish stride. She was scowling in the hazy August light. Her hands were rough. She had on a sleeveless dress, yellow with black flowers, that she knew to be ugly and wore anyway because it made Claire intensely aware of her.

Cars kept going by, the tires making a wet sound on the hot asphalt. April's father had sold the Buick for almost nothing a few days before he went into the hospital, and Claire hadn't even looked at anything else. She was saving her money for a trip to Boston before April's father came home.

Claire had been quiet through most of the visit, quiet and edgy, and now that it was over she did not try to hide her relief. She wanted to talk. She said that the doctor they'd spoken with reminded her of Walt Darsh, her hus-

band during the last ice age. That was how she located whatever had happened to her in the past—"during the last ice age." April knew that Claire wanted to be told that she still looked good, and it wouldn't have been a lie to say so, but April never did.

April had heard about Walt Darsh before, his faithlessness and cruelty. The stories Claire told were interesting, but they left April troubled and quickened, strange to herself. Now Claire was starting again, and April said, "If he was so bad, how come you married him?"

Claire didn't answer right away. She walked more slowly, and inclined her long neck at a meditative angle. She gave every sign of being occupied with a new and demanding question. After a time she turned her head and looked at April, and then looked away again. "Sex," she said.

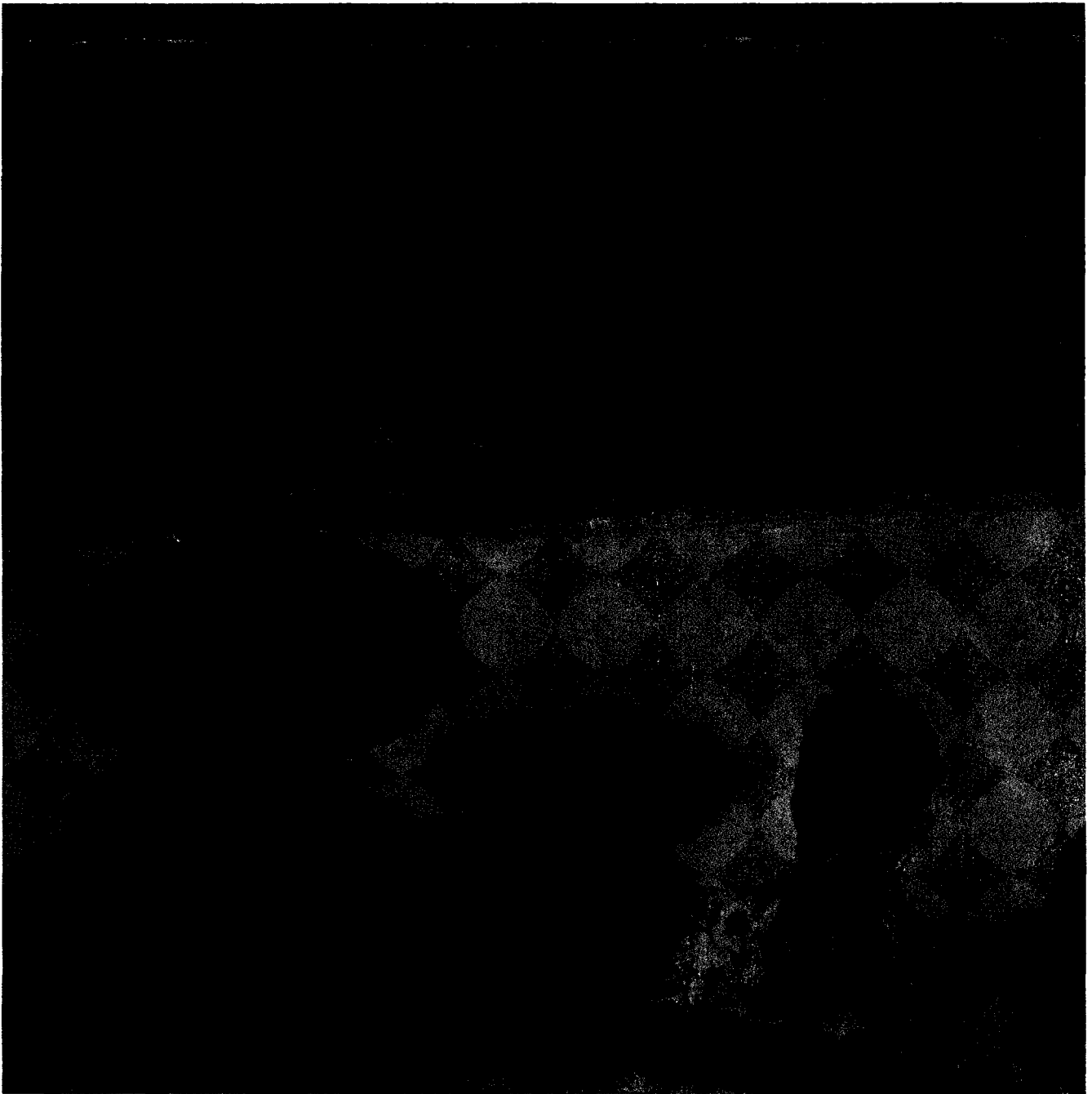
April could see the glitter of windshields in the distance. There was a bench at the bus stop; when they got there, she was going to lie down and close her eyes and pretend to sleep.

"It's hard to explain," Claire said, cautiously, as if April had pressed her. "It wasn't his looks; Darsh isn't really what you'd call handsome. He has a sly, pointy kind of face . . . like a fox. You know what I mean? It isn't just the shape, it's the way he watches you, grinning, like he's got the goods on you." Claire stopped in the shade of a tree. She took

*April understood that she would
be at risk if she ever met anyone like Walt
Darsh, as one day she knew she must*

off her hat, smoothed back her hair, curled some loose strands behind her ears, and then put her hat back on and set it just so across her forehead. She found a Kleenex in her purse and dabbed the corner of one eye where a thin line of mascara had run. Claire had the gift, mysterious to April, of knowing what she looked like even without a mirror. April's face was always a surprise to her, always somehow different from how she'd imagined it.

"Of course, that can be attractive, too," Claire said, "being looked at in that way. Most of the time it's annoying, but not always. With Darsh it was attractive. So I suppose you could say that it *was* his looks, in the literal sense of 'looks.' If you see the distinction."



April saw the distinction, also Claire's pleasure in having made it. She was unhappy with this line of talk. But she couldn't do anything about it, because it was her own fault that Claire believed she was ripe for unrestrained discussion of these matters. Over the past few months Claire had decided that April was sleeping with Stuart, the boy she went out with. This was not the case. Stuart dropped hints now and then, in his polite, witty, hopeless way, but he wasn't serious and April wasn't interested. She hadn't told Claire the truth because in the beginning it had given her satisfaction to be seen as a woman of experience. Claire was a snob about knowing the ways of the world; April wanted to crowd her turf a little. Claire

never asked anything anyway, she just assumed, and once the assumption took hold there was no way to straighten things out.

The brim of Claire's hat waved up and down. She seemed to be having an idea she agreed with. "Looks are part of it," she said, "definitely part of it. But not the whole story. It never is with sex, is it? Just one thing. Like technique." Claire turned and started down the road again, head still pensively bent. April could feel a lecture coming. Claire taught sociology at the same junior college where April's father used to teach history, and like him, she was quick to mount the podium.

"People write about technique," she said, "as if it's the

whole ball game, which is a complete joke. You know who's really getting off on technique? Book publishers, that's who. Because they can turn it into a commodity. They can merchandise it as know-how, like traveling in Mexico or building a redwood deck. The only problem is, it doesn't work. You know why? It turns sex into a literary experience."

April laughed.

"I'm serious," Claire said. "You can tell right away that it's coming out of some book. You start seeing yourself in one of those little squiggly drawings, with your zones all marked out and some earnest little cartoon man working his way through them, being really considerate."

Claire stopped again and gazed out over the fields that

lined the road, one hand resting in a friendly way on top of a fence post. Back in the old days, according to April's father, the fruitcakes used to raise things in these fields. Now the fields were overgrown with scrub pine and tall yellow grass. Insects shrilled loudly. April felt a strong hidden rhythm in the sound.

"That's another reason those books are worthless," Claire said. "They're all about sharing, being tender, anticipating your partner's needs, et cetera, et cetera. It's like Sunday school in bed. I'm not kidding, April, that's what it's all about, all this technique stuff. It's Victorian. It's trying to put clothes on monkeys. You know what I mean?"

"I guess," April said. Her voice came out dry, almost a croak.

"We're talking about a very basic transaction," Claire said. "A lot more basic than lending money to a friend. Think about it. Lending is a highly evolved activity. Other species don't do it, only us. Just look at all the things that go into lending money. Trust. Generosity. Imagining yourself in the other person's place. It's incredibly advanced, incredibly civilized. I'm all for it. My point is, sex comes from another place. Sex isn't civilized. It isn't about giving. It's about taking."

A pickup truck went past. April looked after it and then back at Claire, who was still staring out over the field. April saw the line of her profile in the shadow of the hat, saw how dry and cool her skin was, saw the composure of her smile. April saw these things and felt her own sticky, worried, incomplete condition. "We ought to get going," she said.

"To tell the truth," Claire said, "that was one of the things that attracted me to Darsh. He was a taker. Totally selfish, totally out to please himself. That gave him a certain heat. A certain power. The libbers would kill me for saying this, but it's true. Did I ever tell you about our honeymoon?"

"No." April made her voice flat and grudging, though she was curious.

"Or the maid thing? Did I ever tell you about Darsh's maid thing?"

"No," April said again. "What about the honeymoon?"

Claire said, "That's a long story. I'll tell you about the maid thing."

"You don't have to tell me anything," April said.

Claire went on smiling to herself. "Back when Darsh was a kid, his mother took him on a trip to Europe. The grand tour. He was thirteen, fourteen at the time—that age. By the time they got to Amsterdam, he was sick of museums, he never wanted to see another painting in his life. That's the trouble with pushing culture at children—they end up hating it. It's better to let them come to it on their own, don't you think?"

April shrugged.

"Take Jane Austen, for example. They were throwing Jane Austen at me when I was in the eighth grade. *Pride*

THE ACCIDENT

We wanted only to get home
Where the heat rises to a sudden
Dryness in the mouth: evidence
Of marriage on our breath. On the Turnpike,

Snow whipped its spindrift against the windshield,
Mounted on the guardrail, the median, and when
Our car slurred into its three-sixty reel,
Unwinding as a whiteness swaddled us,

Time didn't stop, speed, or slow,
So futureless was that single revolution.
For seconds we were hands on the clock's face,
The wheel in my grip, helpless play.

If our glances met, they witnessed nothing
Like recognition or requital, but
Our glances didn't meet. Then
With a shuddering punch to the bumper,

The guardrail set us straight:
No other cars in sight. No lights
In the woods. Even the snow immobile.
Till the engine caught, and we crept to the exit;

And turning over and over on the motel bed,
We coupled with the recklessness of the lucky,
The unhoused, the betrayed, our cries reaching
Only toward what's next, then next, then next.

—Steven Cramer

and Prejudice. Of course I absolutely loathed it, because I couldn't see what was really going on, all the sexual energy behind the manners. I hadn't *lived*. You have to have some life under your belt before you can make any sense of a book like that.

"Anyway, when they got to Amsterdam, Darsh dug in his heels. He wouldn't budge. He stayed in the hotel room all day, reading mysteries and ordering stuff from room service, while his mother went out and looked at paintings. One afternoon a maid came up to the room to polish the chandelier. She had a stepladder, and from where Darsh was sitting, he couldn't help seeing up her dress. All the way up, okay? And she knew it. He knew she knew, because after a while he didn't even try to hide it, he just stared. She didn't say a word. Not one. She took her sweet time up there, polishing every pendant, cool as a cucumber. Darsh said it went on for a couple of hours, which probably means an hour, which is a pretty long time, if you think about it."

"Then what happened?"

"Nothing. Nothing happened. That's the whole point, April. If something had happened, it would have broken the spell. It would have let all that incredible energy out. But it stayed locked in. It's always there, boiling away at this insane fourteen-year-old level, just waiting to explode. It's one of Darsh's real hot spots. He bought me the whole outfit; in fact, he probably still has it—you know, frilly white blouse, black skirt, black nylons with all the little snaps."

"He made you wear that? And stand on things?"

April saw Claire freeze at her words, as if she had said something hurtful and low. Claire straightened up and slowly started walking again. April hung back, and then followed a few steps behind until Claire waited for her to catch up. After a time Claire said, "No, dear. He didn't make me do anything. It's exciting when somebody wants something that much, it turns you to butter. You should have seen the way he looked at me. Pure hunger, like he wanted to eat me alive. But innocent, too."

"Maybe it sounds cheap, but I liked it. It's hard to describe."

Claire was quiet then, and so was April. She did not feel any need for description. She thought she could imagine the look Darsh had given Claire—in fact, she could see it perfectly, though no one had ever looked at her that way. Definitely not Stuart. He never would, either; he was too respectful and refined. She felt safe with him. Safe and sleepy. Nobody like Stuart would ever make her careless and willing, as Darsh did through the stories Claire told about him, even the worst stories. It seemed to April that she already knew Darsh, and that he knew her—as if he had sensed her at the margin of the stories, and was conscious of her interest. She understood that she would be at risk if she ever met anyone like him, as one day she knew she must.

They were almost at the road. April stopped and

looked back, but the hospital buildings were out of sight now, behind the brow of the hill. She turned and walked on. She had one more of these trips to make, one more Sunday. The weekend after that her father would come home. He had the doctors eating out of his hand with that amused, I-don't-know-what-came-over-me act. It worked because he believed it himself. He'd been theatrically calm all through their visit. He sat by the window in an easy chair, feet propped up on an ottoman, a newspaper across his lap. He was wearing slippers and a cardigan sweater. All he needed was a pipe. He seemed fine, the very picture of health, but that was all it was: a picture. At home he never read the paper. He didn't sit down much either. The last time April had seen him, six days earlier, he had been under restraint in their landlord's apartment, where he had gone to complain about the shower. He'd been kicking and yelling. His glasses were hanging from one ear. He was shouting at her to call the police, and one of the policemen holding him down was laughing helplessly.

He hadn't crashed yet. He was still flying. April had seen it in his eyes behind the lithium or whatever they were giving him, and she was sure that Claire had seen it too. Claire didn't say anything, but April had been through this with Ellen, her first stepmother, and she'd developed an instinct. She was afraid that Claire had had enough, that she wasn't going to come back from Boston, or that if she did come back, it wouldn't be to live with them. Not that Claire was planning any of this. It wouldn't happen that way, it would just happen. April didn't want it to, especially not now. She needed another year. Not even a year—ten months, until she finished school and got into college somewhere. If she could cross that line, she was sure she could handle whatever came after.

She didn't want Claire to go. Claire had her ways, but she had been good to April, especially in the beginning, when April was always finding fault with her. Claire had put up with it. She'd been patient, and let April come to her in her own time. April used to lean against her when they were sitting on the couch, and Claire would give and press back at the same time. They could sit for hours like that, reading. Claire thought about things. She had talked to April, honestly but with a certain decorum. Now the decorum was gone. Ever since she got the idea that April had lost her virginity, Claire had withdrawn the protections of ceremony and tact, as she would soon withdraw the protection of her own self.

There was no way to change things back. And even if there were, even if by saying "I'm a virgin" she could turn Claire into some kind of perfect mother, April wouldn't do it. It would sound ridiculous, untrue. And it wasn't true, except as a fact about her body. But April did not see virginity as residing in the body. To her it was a quality of the spirit, and something you could surrender only in the spirit. She had done this; she didn't know exactly when or how, but she knew that she had done this

and she did not regret it. She did not want to be a virgin and she would not pretend to be one, not for anything. When she thought of a virgin, she saw someone half naked, with dumb trusting eyes and flowers woven into her hair, a clearing in the jungle, and in the clearing an altar.

THEY'D MISSED THEIR BUS. BECAUSE IT WAS Sunday, they had a long wait until the next one. Claire settled on the bench and started reading a book. April had forgotten hers. She sat with Claire for a while and then got up and paced the street when Claire's serenity became intolerable. She walked with her arms crossed and her head bent forward, frowning, scuffing her shoes. Cars rushed past, each in its own blare of music, a big sailboat on a trailer, a long slow convoy of military trucks, soldiers swaying in back. The air was blue with exhaust. April, passing a tire store, looked at the window and saw herself. She squared her shoulders and dropped her arms to her sides, and kept them there by an effort of will as she walked farther up the boulevard to where a line of plastic pennants fluttered over a car lot. A man in a creamy suit was standing in the showroom window, watching the traffic. He had high cheekbones, black hair combed straight back from his forehead, a big clean blade of a nose. He looked like a gambler, or maybe a hit man. April knew that he was aware of her, but he never bothered to look in her direction. She wandered among the cars, all Toyotas, and then went back to the bus stop and slumped down on the bench.

"I'm bored," she said.

Claire didn't answer.

"Aren't you bored?"

"Not especially," Claire said. "The bus should be here pretty soon."

"Sure, in about two weeks." April stuck her legs out and knocked the sides of her shoes together. "Let's take a walk," she said.

"I'm all walked out. But you go ahead. Just don't get too far away."

"Not *alone*, Claire, I didn't mean alone. Come on, this is boring." April hated the sound of her voice, and she could see that Claire didn't like it either. Claire closed her book. She sat without moving and then said, coldly, "I guess I don't have any choice."

April rocked to her feet. She moved a little way up the sidewalk and waited as Claire put the book in her purse, stood, ran her hands down the front of her skirt, and came slowly toward her.

"We'll just stretch our legs," April said. She kept chattering until they reached the car lot, where she left the sidewalk and began circling a red Celica convertible.

"I thought you wanted to walk," Claire said.

"Right, just a minute," April said. Then the side door of the showroom swung open and the man in the suit

came out. At first he seemed not to know they were there. He knelt beside a station wagon and wrote something down on a clipboard. He got up and peered at the sticker on the windshield and wrote something else down. Only then did he take any notice of them. He looked their way, and after he'd had a good long look, he told them to let him know if they needed anything. His voice had a studied, almost insolent lack of concern.

"We're just waiting for a bus," Claire said.

"How does this car stack up against the RX-7?" April asked.

"You surely jest." He made his way toward them through the cars. "I could sell against Mazda any day of the week. If I were selling."

April said, "You're not a salesman?"

He stopped in front of the Celica. "We don't have salesmen here. We just collect money and try to keep the crowds friendly."

Claire laughed. She said, "April."

"That's a year old," he said. "Got it in this morning on a repossession. It'll be gone this time tomorrow. Look at the odometer, sweet pea. What does the odometer say?"

April opened the door and leaned inside. "Four thousand," she said. She sat in the driver's seat and worked the gearshift.

"Exactly. Four K. Still on its first tank of gas."

"Little old lady owned it, right?" Claire said.

He looked at her for a time before answering. "Little old Marine. Got shipped out and didn't keep up his payments. I'll get the keys."

"We're just—"

"I know, you're waiting for a bus. So kill some time."

April got out of the car but left the door open. "Claire, you have to try this seat," she said.

"We should go," Claire said.

"Claire, you just have to. Come on," April said. "Come on, Claire."

The man walked over to the open door and held out his hand. "Madame," he said. Claire stood her ground. "Claire, *get in*," April said. She had never spoken to her in this way, and did not know what Claire would do.

Claire walked up to the car. "We really should go," she said. She sat sideways on the seat and swung her legs inside, all in one motion. She nodded at the man and he closed the door. "Yes," he said, "just as I thought." He walked to the front of the car. "Exactly as I thought. The designer was a close friend of yours. This car was obviously built with you in mind."

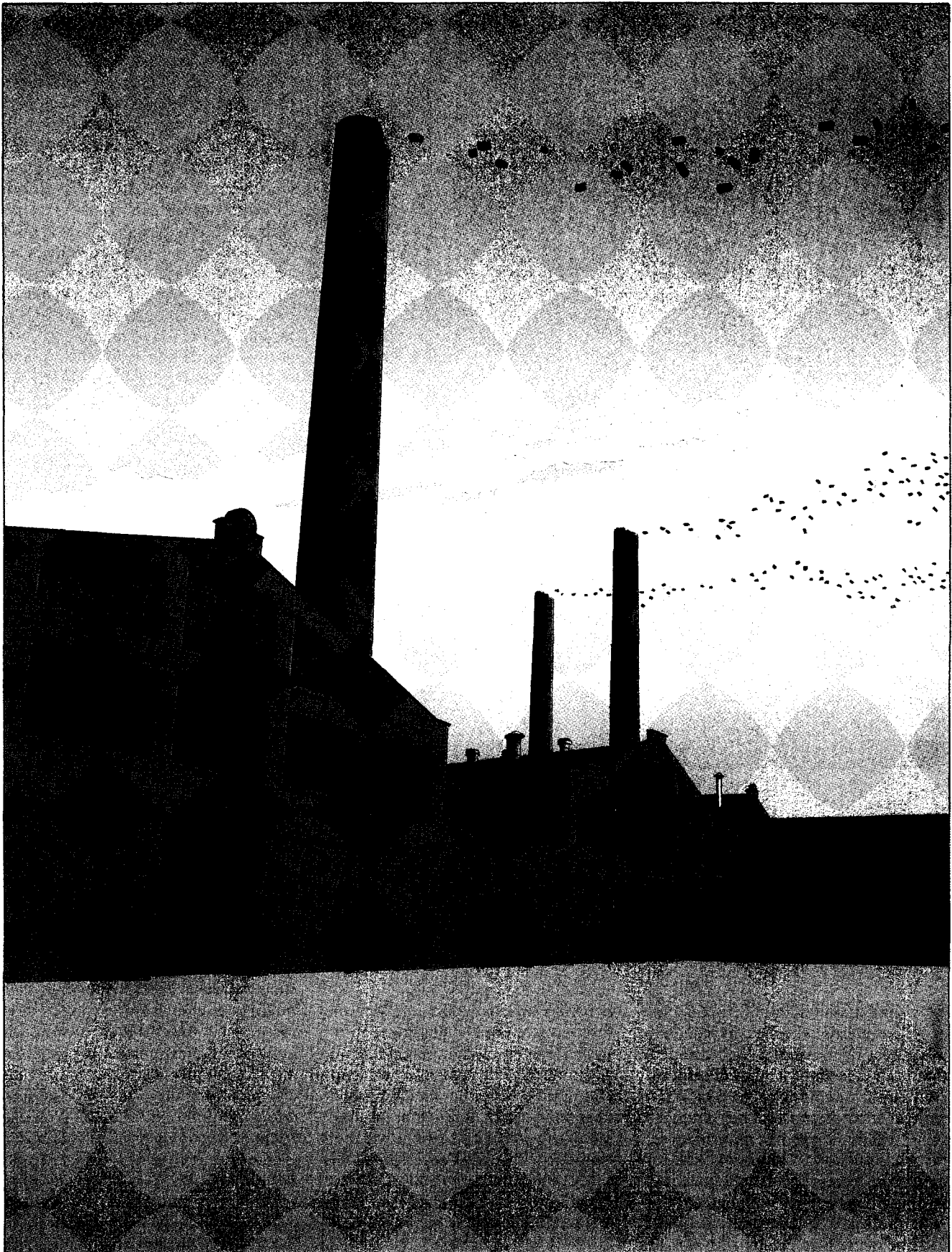
"You look great," April said. It was true, and she could see that Claire was in possession of that truth. The knowledge was in the set of her mouth, the way her hands came to rest on the wheel.

"There's something missing," the man said. He studied her. "Sunglasses," he said. "A beautiful woman in a convertible has to be wearing sunglasses."

"Put on your sunglasses," April said. □

ECOLOGY

BY GUY BILLOUT





Seriously Great

Vladimir Ashkenazy's performances show the rare quality of character

by Harvey Sachs

LATE LAST YEAR several famous musicians who had never lived east of the Berlin Wall decided that such a famous symbol of oppression could not be breached in style without their presence. They arranged some well-publicized performances in the wall's shadow. "History as a backdrop to my career' is how they see it," an amused colleague commented.

At the same time, a musician who had spent the first twenty-six years of his life in the USSR and the following

twenty-six in self-imposed exile in the West was making his long-planned return to Moscow, with minimal fanfare. Vladimir Ashkenazy gave two concerts, visited his father and sister, met old friends, tried to arrive at an overview of the political situation, and then returned to the West to continue his concert schedule and to mull over what he had seen. When friends asked him whether he had felt at home in Russia after so long an absence, he replied that only now *could* he feel at home

there: under the old, repressive system he had never been comfortable. During the intervening months he has continued to follow events in the Soviet Union with intense interest, and he hopes to return quietly from time to time to perform in his native country.

Ashkenazy, who is about to give his only public solo piano recitals of 1990 in the United States (in Boulder on December 5, Ann Arbor on the 6th, Chicago on the 9th, Boston on the 12th, and New York on the 14th), was first heard in the West in 1956, when he won first prize in Belgium's Queen Elisabeth competition. He was not yet nineteen years old. A few years later he began to come out of the Soviet Union with some frequency, and he abandoned his country in 1963. He has said that his most important artistic growth began with his move to Western Europe, where Bach and Mozart were properly valued and where Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff were not overvalued; clearly, however, his exceptional talent had been well trained long before he emigrated. Virtually from the start his concerts were considered major artistic events, and some of his recordings from the mid-1960s—Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* Sonata and Schumann's *Fantasy* come immediately to mind—were landmarks in his career and in our lives as listeners. The *Hammerklavier* recording, in particular, revealed an artist who could play Beethoven with as strong a grasp of structure and with as much conviction as the celebrated Beethovenian Artur Schnabel had brought to the same music, but who, unlike Schnabel, also had impeccable technique and an extraordinary ear for tone color.

At that time several grand old men of the keyboard were in the habit of saying that their youngest colleagues had little or no personality to match their marvelous technique. For many musicians of my generation, which came of age during those years, Ashkenazy was and remains not only one of the great pianists of the century but also proof that the grand old men were wrong. I admire the work of Sviatoslav Richter, who is a generation older than Ashkenazy, of Murray Perahia, who is a decade younger, and of several other pianists, too. But Ashkenazy occupies a special place in my musical awareness—and I imagine that many others of my generation would say the same.

IT IS EASY to explain why outstanding instrumentalists, singers, and conductors are outstanding: they are capable of deciding exactly what they want to do with the music they perform, and capable of doing it. Among the few performers who manage to accomplish this dual feat, even fewer qualify as great interpretive artists; and it is not so easy to explain what makes them great. Perhaps the great ones have a gift for perceiving what they *ought* to want to do—for fitting their interpretive selves snugly around the essence of a composition. Their minds and senses of responsibility constantly force them to question and deepen their initial, instinctive perceptions.

Ashkenazy has everything: instinct, intelligence, technique, conviction, curiosity, self-possession, self-doubt, an active sense of humor, and a dead-serious attitude toward his work. Consequently his performances, live and recorded, have character, which is a more important quality than personality. There have been some exceedingly irresponsible, self-indulgent musicians with plenty of personality but little or no character. Ashkenazy never treats himself indulgently when he is at grips with a piece of music. One can thoroughly disagree with a performance of his and still delight in its rigorously worked-out shape and in the commitment behind it. His recordings of some of the early Beethoven sonatas, for instance, are too romantically expressive for my taste, and the first movements of both of Brahms's piano concerti as he plays them seem to me to emphasize breadth at the expense of drama. But I would rather listen to these performances than to most of the versions that come closer to my idea of how those pieces should be played.

The vast scope of Ashkenazy's repertoire is reflected in his recordings, the great majority of which are on the London label, with a few on RCA and Angel-EMI. They include all the piano concerti of Mozart, Beethoven (three complete versions), Brahms, Rachmaninoff (two versions), Bartók, and Prokofiev; all the Beethoven piano sonatas; the complete solo works of Chopin; a still-in-progress set of the complete solo works of Schumann; and other pieces for solo piano or piano with orchestra by Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Brahms,

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*by Robert P. Crease and
Nicholas P. Samios*

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**THE SHADOW OF
THE CROSS**

by Marly Swick

"The two women love to find him ridiculous. He understands the dynamic at work here and generally plays along with good humor. The silly but beloved castrato. That's his role." A short story.

Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Scriabin, and Prokofiev. Ashkenazy has also played and recorded a great deal of chamber music, with the violinist Itzhak Perlman and the cellist Lynn Harrell, and songs by Chopin and Rachmaninoff, with the soprano Elizabeth Söderström.

Quantity, of course, is no substitute for quality. Ashkenazy has not been touched by the disease that afflicts many other contemporary artists who do not play much contemporary music: he is neither original to the point of eccentricity nor anonymous for want of imagination—neither is he a derivative artist suffocated by the influence of some famous pianist of the past. Because his creativity is tempered by self-discipline, he plays most of the works in his repertoire not just coherently but also convincingly and illuminatingly. One need only think of the warm humor of his recording of Mozart's Concerto in C Major, K. 467, the intensity and sweep he brings to Beethoven's *Appassionata* Sonata, the external expansiveness and internal glow of his performance of Chopin's Third Ballade, the manic energy of his reading of Schumann's *Carnaval*, the tenderness and gloom in Brahms's Second Sonata for Violin and Piano as Perlman and he play it, his savage-lyrical approach to all three of the Bartók concerti, the alternation of meager hopefulness, desperate protest, and broken-down playfulness in his interpretation of Prokofiev's Eighth Sonata.

The immense variety of sound that Ashkenazy draws from the piano is what allows him to play such an immense variety of music so well. What we call a great technique is really, after all, a whole arsenal of techniques to be used for obtaining the widest possible range of results. In his recording of Chopin's Twenty-Four Preludes, Op. 28, for instance, Ashkenazy makes the piano produce just about every kind of sound one could wish to hear it produce for nineteenth-century music, from the lugubriousness of No. 2 (A minor) to the fullness of heart of No. 17 (A-flat major), from the fleetness and poise of No. 3 (G major) to the wild, headlong dash of No. 16 (B-flat minor), from the rhetorical ponderousness of No. 9 (E major) to the half-humorous, half-earnest scampering of No. 10 (C-sharp minor), and from the erotically tender, sustained intimacy of

No. 13 (F-sharp major) to the terrifying violence of No. 22 (G minor). When we arrive at the doom-laden low Ds that end the last prelude (D minor), we feel wrung out—and so we should. By using so many techniques so ingeniously, Ashkenazy has revealed not just the individual virtues of each prelude but the cumulative impact of the set.

ONLY A PIANIST who approaches his instrument as if it were an orchestra could achieve what Ashkenazy achieves with the Chopin Preludes. So it is not surprising that even as a child he was more fascinated by the orchestra than by the piano. About twenty years ago, when he was living in Iceland, he began to conduct concerts with the Iceland Symphony Orchestra. (His wife, Thorunn Johannsdottir, is Icelandic, and Ashkenazy is now an Icelandic citizen, although the couple and four of their five children live in Switzerland.) Within a few years conducting was occupying an increasing amount of Ashkenazy's time, and some observers wondered whether he was simply tired of giving more than a hundred piano recitals and solo performances with orchestras every year. This may have been one of the reasons behind his decision to turn to conducting, but he was and is too serious a musician to make artistically important decisions for purely practical reasons.

Some critics have said that Ashkenazy will never achieve on the podium the naturalness that he has achieved at the piano, which he has been playing since he was a small child. The obvious reply is that hardly any conductors begin to conduct until they reach adulthood, and that conducting technique, unlike piano technique, does not require an exceptional degree of physical coordination. If Ashkenazy the conductor has not yet developed as striking an individuality as Ashkenazy the pianist, he has nevertheless done much outstanding work on the podium. I have heard excellent live performances under his direction of such diverse works as Mozart's *Linz* Symphony, Richard Strauss's *Metamorphosen*, and Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony, and his recordings of several popular masterpieces—Debussy's *La Mer* and Three Nocturnes, with the Cleveland Orchestra; Sibelius's Second and Fifth Symphonies, with the Philharmonia

Orchestra of London; and Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra—are at least as good as those of any other living conductor. He now divides his time almost equally between the keyboard and the podium, and he is the music director of London's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the principal guest conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, and the chief conductor of the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra.

One of Ashkenazy's most endearing characteristics as a conductor is also among his most perilous ones: he treats orchestras as if every player were as serious and virtuous a musician as Vladimir Ashkenazy. When he is conducting orchestras like the Cleveland and the Concertgebouw, which maintain an exceptionally high level of internal discipline, the treatment works. But when he is conducting orchestras that are accustomed to having discipline imposed by the conductor, he does not always obtain the best possible results. This objection has been raised even by some orchestral players, although most are impressed by his fine ear for balance and intonation and stimulated by his enthusiasm for his work. A senior member of the Cleveland Orchestra told me recently that he and his colleagues love to play under Ashkenazy, "because he is a great musician, and because he knows how to let us play." Letting a professional orchestra play may seem easy, but it is really one of the most difficult of conductorial achievements: it presupposes thorough familiarity with an orchestra's strengths and weaknesses, and the ability to maximize the strengths and minimize the weaknesses.

Years ago I heard a moderately well-known pianist admit to Ashkenazy that he sometimes had to get away from the piano—from music—for a few weeks, to avoid feeling stale. Ashkenazy looked shocked, as if his colleague had told him that every so often he needed to stop breathing for a few weeks. "I never need to take a holiday from music," he said. "It's too vital a part of my life." When I watch Ashkenazy at work—whether he is sitting, composed and concentrated, at the keyboard or making unorthodox gestures at an orchestra, winking and nodding at the players—I feel that he could subscribe to Nietzsche's statement "Without music life would be a mistake." □

Food



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The Cava Jive

*Spanish sparkling wines aren't
beneath consideration just
because they're not
champagne*

by Corby Kummer

THIS MONTH you will probably find yourself buying sparkling wine, either for your own party or for someone else's. You may wonder whether to make a gesture with a French champagne or to spend less. You might very well buy a bottle of Spanish sparkling wine, which is usually less than \$10. But you'll feel sheepish, and probably try to hide your bottle behind anything French.

In fact Spanish sparkling wines are nothing to be ashamed of. They're often delicious—simple, fresh wines that open an evening on a festive note. What you may have heard about their

being well-made and worthy wines for the money is true. Complexity, profundity, and many of the other attributes that serious wine people demand must be reserved for a few French champagnes. But what do you really want from a champagne or a sparkling wine? Something that grows in depth with each sip, something to ponder? Or something that tastes good and refreshing, and not cloying? In most settings I prefer something brisk. Chances are that a Spanish sparkling wine will suit your purposes, too, and admirably.

ALTHOUGH THE when and where of the first manufacture of sparkling wine is disputed, the French refined the art. Most of the terminology used to describe it, including the word "champagne" itself, is French, and French champagnes set the standards by which sparkling wines are judged.

All Spanish sparkling wines exported to the United States are made by the classic, finicky champagne method, even though they're not allowed to call themselves champagnes and soon enough won't be able to boast of following the *méthode champenoise*. The Champagne region of France has successfully blocked any European Community maker of sparkling wines outside the rigidly defined French region from using the name, and by 1994 no outsider will be able to say more than that it follows the "traditional method." Today Spanish sparkling wines made by the traditional method are called *cava* ("cellar"), a term in wide use only since 1960, when the French had their way with Spanish makers of sparkling wine. According to Colman Andrews, who wrote the authoritative *Catalan Cuisine*, some of those makers find *cava* an "undistinguished, non-descriptive, unromantic moniker," but "nobody has yet come up with a better idea." Italian wines made by the traditional method are identified as *metodo classico* or *classimo*, a newly coined term that similarly displeases many Italians and is perhaps justly close to *classismo*, which means "class consciousness."

It takes not one but two fermentations to get bubbles into a wine (unless you simply add carbon dioxide, a method beneath contempt in the view of most wine makers). Every maker

Above: a 1977 collage by Joan Miró based on Freixenet labels

uses roughly the same method for the first fermentation, which usually lasts three or four months and takes place in big chilled stainless-steel vats; yeasts are added to feed on the sugar in the juice and create most of the wine's alcohol content, which is usually about 11 percent (the finished wine's is about 12 percent).

Unlike most wine, sparkling wine is a blend of several grapes. In the case of champagne, the blend usually consists of chardonnay, pinot noir, and pinot meunier. Pinot noir and pinot meunier are red grapes; their skins, which give pigment and flavor to some wines, are removed before fermentation unless the wine is to be rosé. Some sparkling wine is *blanc de blancs*, or made from white grapes only—for example, the delicate Salon le Mesnil, a very expensive and memorably refined champagne made from chardonnay alone.

The grapes of the Champagne region are what defenders of champagne say make it great. The region is so far north—Reims, its main city, is eighty miles northeast of Paris—that its grapes have an unpredictable and cool season in which to ripen; in some bad years they don't ripen at all. The region's still wine is of little interest alongside wines made from the same varieties in Burgundy, south of Champagne. But the uncertain sun means that the grapes are high in acidity and low in sugar, which ensures that their flavor will cut through the bubbles. The discovery and widespread adoption of the champagne method, in the sixteenth century (the method is frequently and wrongly attributed to the Benedictine monk Dom Perignon, who was nonetheless an innovative wine maker), was a lucky stroke for the region. Its wines became famous throughout Europe and especially in England, which to this day remains the largest buyer of champagne.

Because *cava* is made in sunny Spain, with grapes that are sufficiently high in acid but not as celebrated as pinot noir and chardonnay, detractors say that greatness is beyond it. They don't give



A prizewinning poster for the house of Codorníu, the first maker to popularize cava

one of the grapes, the parellada, the credit it deserves, or recognize that the Penedès region, just to the west of Barcelona, has several climates—one Mediterranean and balmy, yes, but a higher interior one, too, and even a mountainous one, below the dramatic white peaks of the Montserrat Massif.

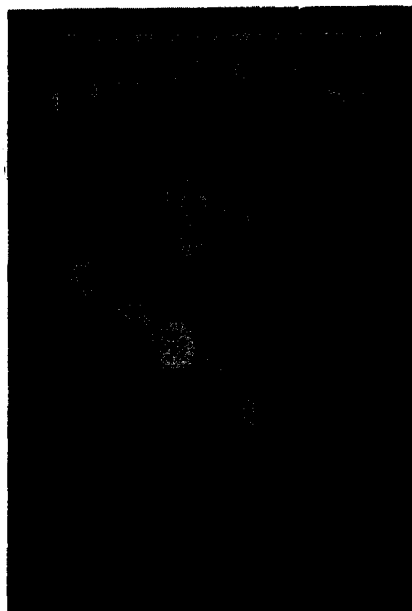
There are three grape pressings; the first yields the premium juice and is used in high-priced sparkling wines. After the juice of the different grapes has gone through the first fermentation, each wine maker determines the composition of the blend he will continue with. This base mixture is called the *cuvée* or *assemblage*. After the addition of yeast, and sugar for the yeast to

feed on (none remains from the first fermentation), the wine ferments in closed bottles. The bubbles form because the yeasts work anaerobically to produce carbon dioxide and alcohol. Most of their work is done after just a few weeks, but by law makers keep *cava* "on the yeast" for at least nine more months, and champagne at least twelve months, and they often choose to age the wine three to five years.

Autolysis, or the decomposition of dead yeast, deepens the flavor of the wine during this aging. The English like the flavors of autolysis, frequently described as "toasty." For most people, though, including the French, who like fresh champagne, age isn't necessarily a sign of quality. Vintage sparkling wine doesn't necessarily mean quality either: in most sparkling wine the initial *cuvée* is made up of many wines, often from different years, and the wine is usually better if one year doesn't predominate.

I HAVE TOURED two makers of sparkling wine, Ca' del Bosco, a winery north of Milan that uses chardonnay and pinot noir grapes in its meticulously crafted, very good sparkling wines, and Freixenet (from a Catalan word meaning "ash grove" and pronounced "freshenette"), whose matte-finish black bottle for its Cordon Negro is by now very familiar. Freixenet and its rival Codorníu are the mighty *cava* makers in Sant Sadurn d'Anoia, a small town in the middle of the Penedès that lives, and lives very well, on *cava*. Each has at various times claimed to be the world's largest maker of sparkling wine, and together the two account for at least 80 percent of the *cava* made in the Penedès. The sight of hundreds of thousands of bottles densely stacked in dark, unusually deep cellars (a stable cool temperature promotes good flavor and small bubbles) is impressive and a little scary.

But it's fun to watch the next part of the process, called riddling. The dead yeast and other sediment must somehow be removed from the bottles. Rid-



This poster boy, introduced in 1929, is still a familiar sight in Spain

dling was invented, it is said, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, by the Veuve (Widow) Clicquot, when she took charge of her late husband's champagne company. Instead of sticking bottles upside-down in sand, as was then traditional, she cut some holes in her kitchen table and stuck the bottles in them head down. (Like other quaint stories, this one is disputed.) She, or her associates, or somebody else, later angled the holes such that after three months of being daily administered a quick jerk—riddled—a bottle that started at a 45-degree angle would end up on its head, with all the sediment neatly collected in the neck. Today this step is much more often accomplished in ten days with a *girasol* ("sunflower"), a Catalonian invention that looks like a jungle gym with a pallet of bottles in the middle.

Ejecting the sediment is even more fun to watch. Workers used to uncork each bottle upside-down, let the sediment rush out for a second or two, and immediately right the bottle. This possibly dangerous procedure, which requires protective clothing (bottles break), is still followed for a very few wines, including Salon, more for reasons of cachet than of taste. But since the 1890s the standard procedure has been to immerse racks of upended bottles briefly in a shallow bath of freezing brine and then to flip them over. The metal "crown" caps—the kind on beer bottles—are removed, with a cacophonous explosion, and the frozen blocks of sediment are sucked out.

The biggest alteration in what is already the most manufactured of wines comes just before the cork goes in and the label is pasted on. A *dosage*, or final addition of sugar, wine, and liqueur, is added, and this determines not only which of the several gradations from "brut" to "sweet" the wine will be classified by but also much of its flavor. Wine makers who use the traditional method are determined to advertise the fact, however strained their terminology, because they don't want anyone to suspect that they use the tank method (called *cuvée close* or *Charmat*, after its inventor) for the second fermentation. This process is less dramatic, since it takes place in enormous closed vats rather than bottles. The wine is often considered inferior and without character. But Matt Kramer, the author of *Making Sense of Wine*, a

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TIME CAPSULE

1982-1990

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lean and lucid book that delivers on the promise of its title, defends the process as appropriate to a highly flavored grape like the muscat. Muscat is used in the luscious *Asti spumante*, the Italian sparkling wine of the region around Asti, in the Piedmont. *Asti* and *moscato d'Asti*, an intensely fruity and much less bubbly version of *Asti spumante*, undergo just one fermentation, in order to preserve the sweetness of muscat grapes. The tank process is stuck with its low-rent reputation, Kramer explains, because it is associated with cheap mass production that starts with terrible grapes. Kramer has a "real passion" for *moscato d'Asti* and *Asti*, and he recommends Fontanafredda, Bera, and Felice Bonardi.

Many premium California sparkling wines are made from chardonnay and pinot noir grapes, using the champagne method. Some are superb. Three much-admired winemakers are Iron Horse, Scharffenberger, and Schramsberg. But it's hard to keep track of the ever growing number of new wineries (many of them begun by the most prestigious French houses, such as Chandon, Mumm, and Taittinger; both Codorniu and Freixenet have also opened wineries in Napa), let alone to associate with them the same consistency that European makers have achieved.

CONSIDERING THE vast numbers of bottles of *cava* that Spain exports annually—1,400,000 cases last year to the United States alone, compared with just over a million cases of champagne shipped here from France—the surprising thing is that so much of it is so good. Unfortunately the Spanish wine industry may have painted itself into a corner by building its reputation on low price. Steve Metzler, the owner of Classical Wines from Spain, an importer in Seattle, says that small wine makers using parrellada grapes grown in the highest vineyards make fine *cavas* that deserve attention, but they are unable to compete in a market that has defined itself as selling wines for under \$10. He accuses the Spanish wine industry of promoting itself backward. The French industry, he points out, emphasizes its highest-quality wines over its much

more plentiful inexpensive ones. "We have to sell a good wine at something less than its actual value," he says. "A family estate has to make a higher profit margin than the big producers, but once you go beyond \$5.99 a bottle, the market drops."

As a result, most of the limited-pro-

of its quality and its bottle, a revival of an eighteenth-century design with antiqued plastic medallions. When the wine is sold here, it often goes for as little as \$10 a bottle, because its distributors know the public's reluctance to pay more for a Spanish sparkling wine (you can call 212-888-3474 to find out where the wine is sold near you).

I was able in this country to find a number of the *cavas* that critics and wine merchants mention as improvements on what they consider the undistinguished lines of the large producers. With the exception of Lembey Brut, I didn't like any of them. Wine makers beef up the final *dosage* with chardonnay, brandy, or any flavor they like; *dosage* can be the finishing touch that makes a good wine excellent, but it can also be a crude way to flavor a sparkling wine and impose on it a house style. (In any grade sweeter than a brut, which can range from dry to fairly sweet, the sweetness also serves to hide defects in the wine.) Tom Stevenson, in his informative and elegant book *Champagne*, darkly hints that in years with bad harvests some famous French champagne makers buy champagne made and aged from second-pressing juice that they sold other producers, add the house *dosage*, and label it as the finest *cuvée*. The Spanish wine makers who try to add complexity to *cava* with *dosage* too often make clumsy and unpleasant wines.

Best to stick with something as straightforward as Freixenet Cordon Negro, which usually costs about \$6 a bottle. Recently I served it to a group of friends next to a \$40 bottle of a French champagne that is widely admired by food and wine professionals—which none of these people were, even though a few people had lived in France and cultivated their palates for wine. Everyone preferred the Cordon Negro. True, it has "no finish," the cry of champagne-lovers. Its flavor is gone as soon as you swallow it. But it has a pleasantly acid, clean flavor in its brief life, and makes a refreshing wine that can provide a way, as one English advertisement puts it, to "lose a daughter without gaining an overdraft." Better still is Freixenet Brut Nature, a first-pressing *cava* with no *dosage* at all, which sells for a dollar or two more. It has the same virtues as Cordon Negro, with a richer, more complicated flavor (it's not really much drier) and even,



A cava poster that reflects the flowering of Art Nouveau in Barcelona

duction, expensive *cavas* from grapes grown at higher altitudes are not even exported. Reserva Heredad is, because it comes from the handsome estate of Segura Viudas, a winery owned by Freixenet. Reserva Heredad, the best *cava* I tasted in Spain, costs \$20 a bottle in Barcelona, where much is made

dare I say it, finesse. You certainly can't find a comparable traditional-method French champagne for the price, or one nearly so widely distributed, although there are good buys among sparkling wines from outside Champagne, particularly sparkling Vouvrays from the Loire, and *limoux* from southwest France.

Perhaps my friends and I are part of the American generation that simply goes for tingling "mouthfeel," as an article I read on sparkling-wine sales argued, and is used to drinking soda. And perhaps we demand too little of the sparkling wine we buy. Matt Kramer says, "People buy sparkling wines for completely different reasons than they buy another wine. It's the wine of celebration. Nobody breaks a bottle of Bordeaux over the bow of a ship."

THERE'S NO REASON to fear opening a bottle of sparkling wine. It should be chilled, of course. Try chilling it for at least a half hour in a bucket of ice water, or you can resort



Ladies Drinking Cava, a turn-of-the-century watercolor

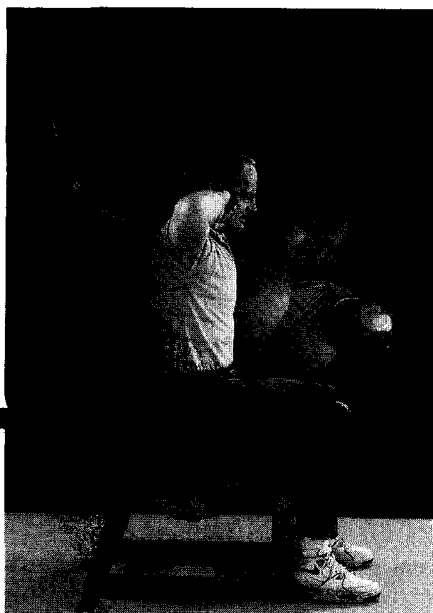
to putting it in the freezer for twenty minutes; wine makers counsel against leaving a bottle in the refrigerator at all, and never more than a few hours. Don't imitate waiters who open bottle after bottle bare-handed: if the glass in the bottle has a flaw, you'll regret your machismo. Grasp the cork with one hand, holding it under a heavy dish towel, and as you twist it up, slowly twist the bottle downward with the other hand.

It's easier to hold the bottle if you stick your thumb in the deep indentation in the bottom, called the punt, and it's more elegant. Pour a bit into each glass, wait for the foam to subside, and then fill the glasses. Some people think that the mark of a fine sparkling wine is a stream of tiny bubbles coming from the very bottom of a glass, but as Kramer, in *Making Sense of Wine*, says he learned from long and frustrating experience, such an even stream depends on how rough the inner surface of the glass is (the rougher the better, for its friction) and even more on how clean it is. For washing glasses he recommends a solution of powdered dishwasher detergent, which is easier to rinse off completely than liquid detergent.

As for the shape of the glass, the bathtub "coupe" glass has long been derided as a monstrosity popularized by etiquette books intent on showing an aspiring middle class how to condescend to people who didn't know which glass to drink out of, and kept alive by restaurants and caterers whose

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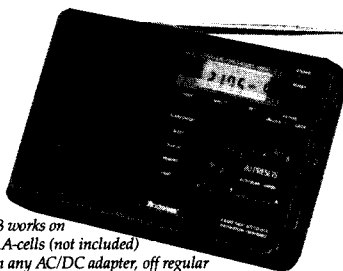
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waiters can tell at a glance where to pour the sparkler. Kramer makes a persuasive case for a long narrow glass that curves slightly inward—a tulip; any glass that flares outward lets bubbles and bouquet escape too fast. The standards are the beautiful and delicate glasses made by Baccarat and Riedel, an Austrian company, which unfortunately cost upwards of \$50 apiece and are so light that you feel you'll shatter one if you grasp it with too much enthusiasm.

WHAT DOES sparkling wine go with? Not caviar, according to the irreverent David Rosen-garten and Josh Wesson, the authors of the book *Red Wine With Fish* and the publishers of the sassy newsletter *Wine & Food Companion*. They say caviar makes sparkling wine taste sweet and coarse. But they think sparkling wines are great with fried food, and that *cava* and "coarser California sparklers" are "the perfect mates for Mexican food, as long as the jalapeño count's not too high." They recommend 1985 Codorníu Anna de Codorníu, another *cava* with a percentage of chardonnay, and a wine worth seeking out, with guacamole. Richard Nalley, a critic and the editor of the pair's new *Companion Wine Review*, says that nothing beats sparkling wine (he'll take one from France or California, thank you) with hot buttered popcorn.

When I asked Gerald Asher, the distinguished wine critic, what was a good food to match with *cava*, he replied with common-sense advice. "I find that most things go with most things," he said. "We're getting so damned precious. It's better to pay attention to the atmosphere a wine creates than whether it will kill a cilantro leaf." Asher, who before devoting all his time to writing was a consultant who helped develop a *cava* that became very popular, finds *cava* an ideal aperitif—an attitude that most enthusiasts would endorse. And it does go with spicy foods. But few things are better with *cava* than roasted almonds, particularly if they're the wide, flat ones from Catalonia, which taste nuttier than any other country's. You can't do better to launch an occasion. □

The artwork accompanying this article is from the book *Allegro Vivace* © Freixenet, S.A. Sant Sadurn d'Anoia

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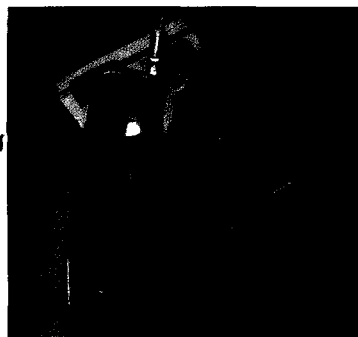
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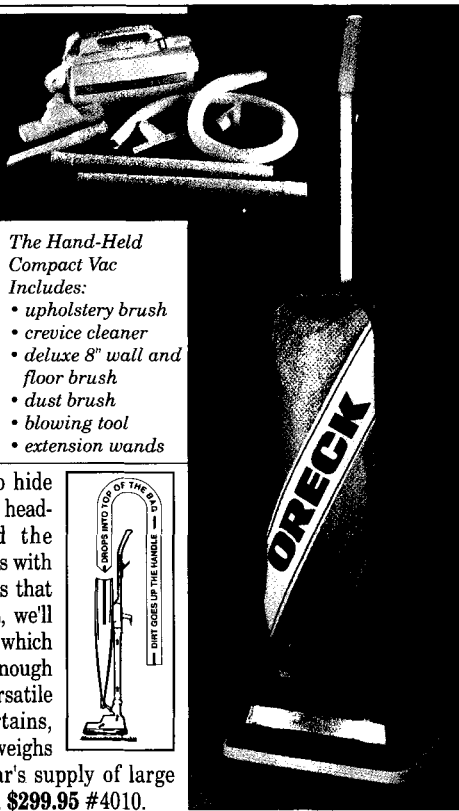
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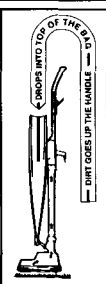
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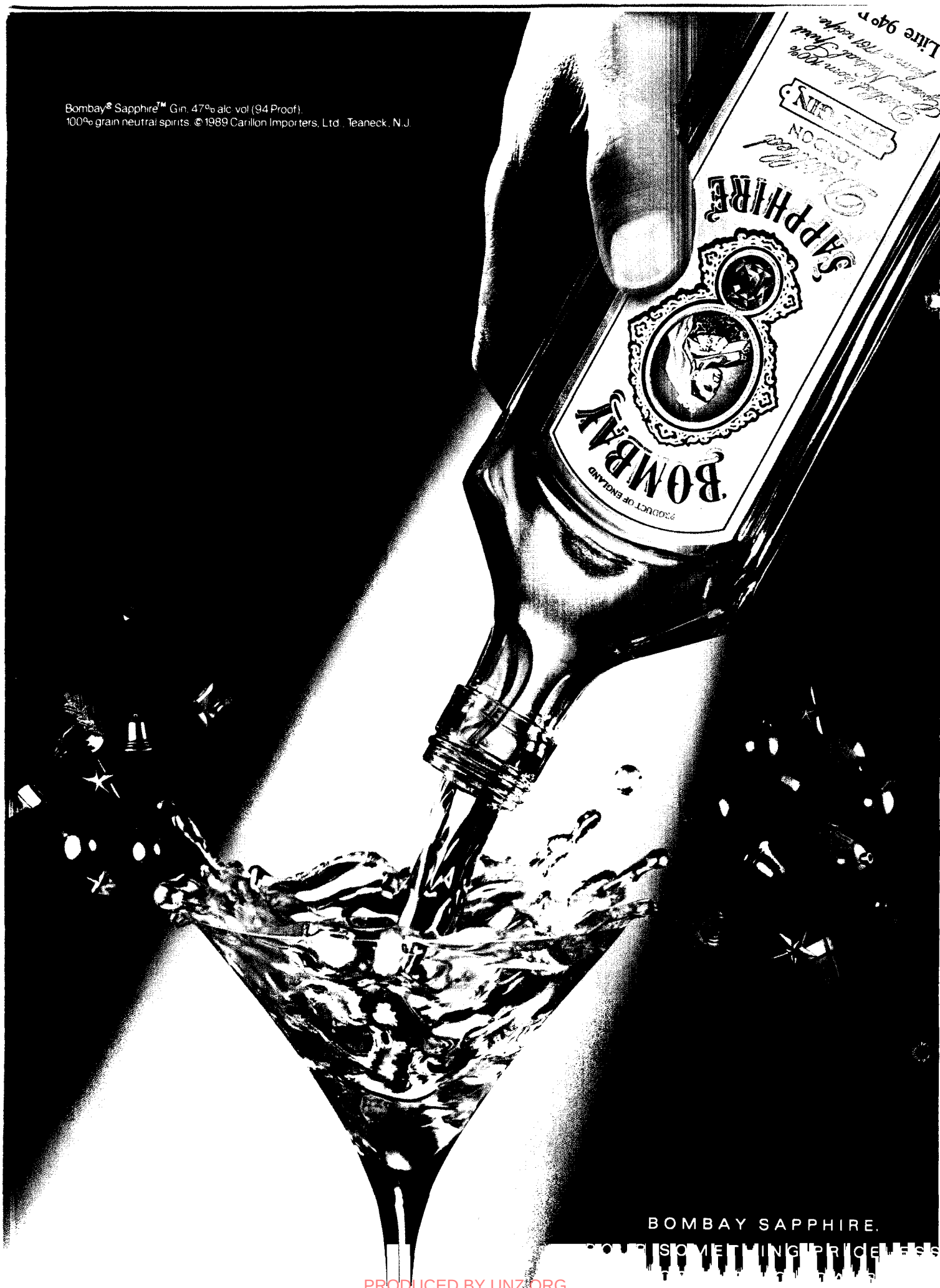
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Books

An Ideal Pair

by Richard Brookhiser

CHESTERTON ON DICKENS
The Collected Works of G. K.
Chesterton, Vol. XV
Introductions and notes by
Alzina Stone Dale.
Ignatius Press, \$29.95 and \$17.95.

IT IS HARD to imagine any writer in an age of television enjoying the prominence that Charles Dickens enjoyed in the nineteenth century. Installments of his novels were awaited the way news from the Persian Gulf is today; average, unbookish people traveled for miles to attend his readings. Today probably the only one of his works that retains a measure of that popularity is *A Christmas Carol*, and that keeps going in part, one suspects, because movies and TV movies keep going back to it. Once Dickens was a titan. Now he is a course requirement.

G. K. Chesterton, the English journalist and man of letters, never heard Dickens read (though members of his family had). But he lived in the afterglow of Dickens's omnipresence. Chesterton's literary generation—the great Edwardians—was the last whose members could aspire to Dickens-like stature, free from electronic competition. Chesterton understood his elders' admiration for Dickens in a way that we can't. What's more, he shared it.

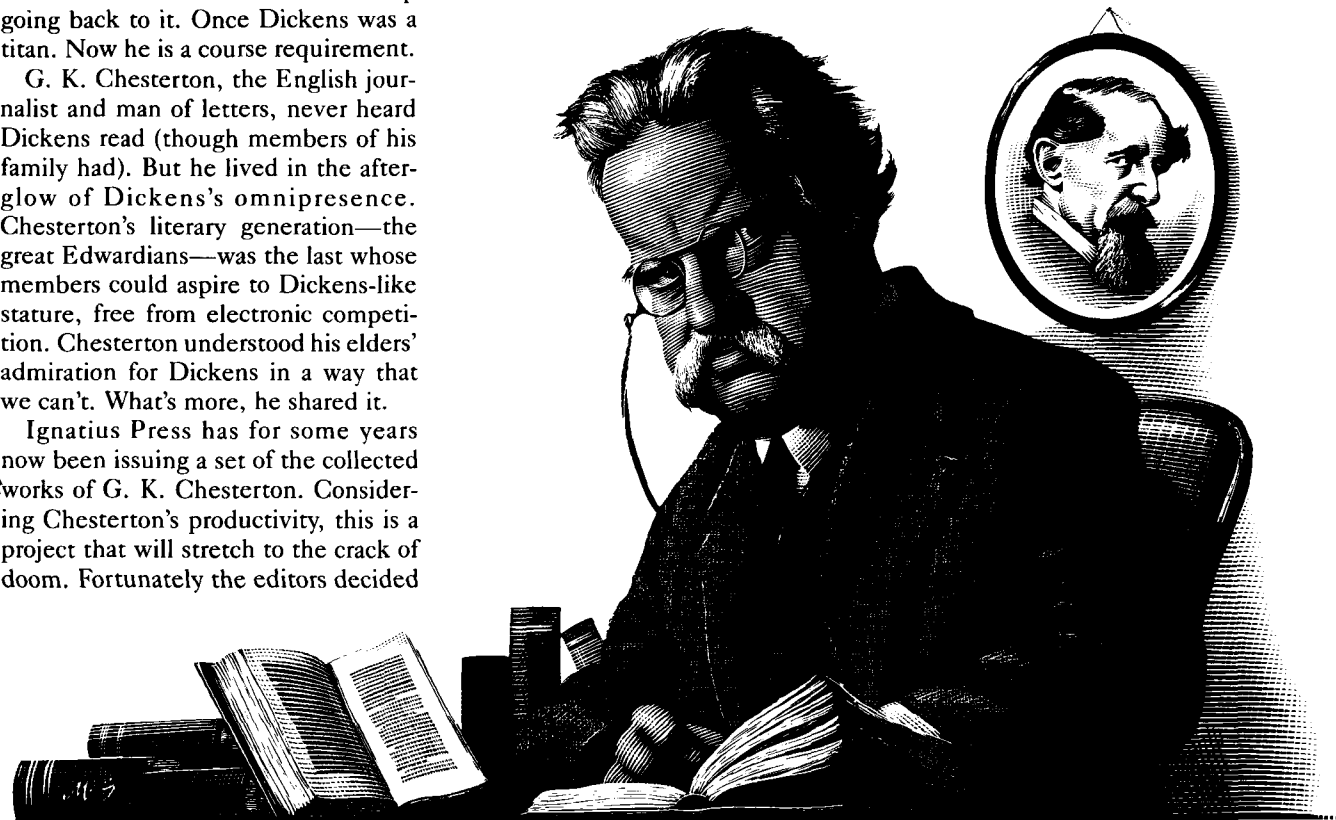
Ignatius Press has for some years now been issuing a set of the collected works of G. K. Chesterton. Considering Chesterton's productivity, this is a project that will stretch to the crack of doom. Fortunately the editors decided

to gather Chesterton's writing on Dickens early in the series. *Chesterton on Dickens* offers *Charles Dickens* (1906), a full-length study; the prefaces Chesterton wrote for the Everyman edition of Dickens a few years later; and shorter pieces, including the Dickens article that appeared in the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It also includes *The Victorian Age in Literature* (1913), a work of wider scope.

Although *The Victorian Age in Literature* comes toward the back of the book, it's best to start with it to get a sense of Dickens's context. Lionel Trilling and Jacques Barzun admired this work, and it's easy to see why. It is scattered with bull's-eye one-liners: on the prose of Macaulay, "a style of rounded and ringing sentences, which at its best is like steel and at its worst like tin"; on the tone of Matthew Arnold in controversy, "a smile of heart-broken forbearance, as of the teacher in an idiot school"; on the mind of Tennyson, who held "a great many of the same views as Queen Victoria,

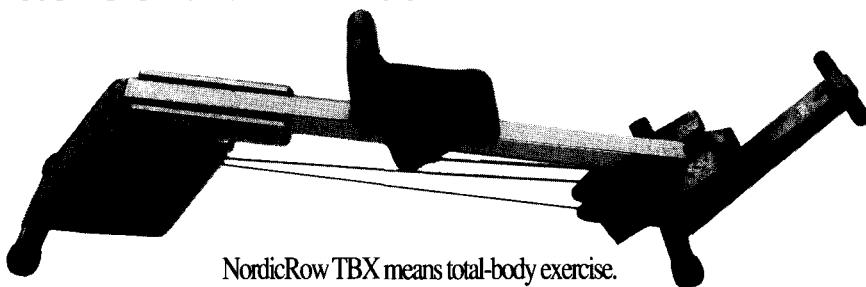
though he was gifted with a more fortunate literary style." More important, *The Victorian Age* describes what Chesterton saw as the foundation of the thinking and behavior of the era: a compromise between the upper and middle classes—roughly, it took the form of mobility by assimilation—which averted revolution at the cost of gelding democracy. The compromise affected morals, too. "It was then also that Victorian 'prudery' began: the great lords yielded on this as on Free Trade." This all-embracing cultural compromise touched Dickens, limiting his historical sense and restricting his subject matter: "inherit[ing] the old comic, rambling novel from Smollett," Dickens "consented to expurgate" it. Yet Chesterton classed Dickens among the enemies of the compromise, for he had too much raw energy to fit comfortably into such a genteel system.

Dickens's first readers felt that energy most strongly in his characters, and Chesterton admired virtually the



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whole gaudy gallery. "I am an affectionate father," Dickens once said, "to every child of my fancy." "He was not only an affectionate father," Chesterton added,

he was an over-indulgent father. The children of his fancy are spoil children. They shake the house like heavy and shouting schoolboys; they smash the story to pieces like so much furniture. When we moderns write stories our characters are better controlled. But, alas! our characters are rather easier to control. . . . He did not always manage to make his characters men, but he always managed, at the least, to make them gods. They are creatures like Punch or Father Christmas. They live statically, in a perpetual summer of being themselves.

Dickens's god-creating facility first showed itself in *The Pickwick Papers*, which called forth Chesterton's most rapturous writing.

To every man alive, one must hope, it has in some manner happened that he has talked with his more fascinating friends round a table on some night when all the numerous personalities unfolded themselves like great tropical flowers. All fell into their parts as in some delightful impromptu play. Every man was more himself than he had ever been in this vale of tears. Every man was a beautiful caricature of himself. The man who has known such nights will understand the exaggerations of "Pickwick."

The man who has not, Chesterton added characteristically, "will not enjoy 'Pickwick' nor (I imagine) heaven."

The personalities that unfolded in *The Pickwick Papers* were buoyant, upbeat creations. In *Oliver Twist* the young author drew on a second facet of his own personality, Chesterton wrote,

horrible, uncanny, barbaric . . . greedy for the emblems of established ugliness, the coffin, the gibbet, the bones, the bloody knife. . . . he really had a talent for a certain kind of horror, which is exactly rendered by the popular phrase of supping on horrors. For there is a sort of lurid conviviality that accompanies the panic; as if the nightmare could accompany and not follow the heavy meal.

Oliver Twist also contained Dickens's first serious assault on a social evil.

"Something of social protest," Chesterton observed, "could be read between the lines of *Pickwick* in prison; but the prison of *Pickwick* was very mild compared with the charitable almshouse of *Oliver*."

Dickens's third novel, *Nicholas Nickleby*, recently brought to the stage, accomplished the feat of combining joy and grimness in an elaborate back-and-forth plot—a structure Dickens stuck with for the rest of his life. At first not much work went into making these rattling machines consistent or credible. As Dickens became more expert, his narratives grew more coherent, though Chesterton was not entirely pleased with the transformation. "I am not sure it made his books better; but I am sure it made them less bad." Chesterton's heart belonged, first and last, to the gorgeous grotesques.

But what good, one might reasonably ask, is a writer with such a tenuous relation to daily life? Chesterton was ready with a defense. The grotesques represent life after all.

We talk of the power of drawing people out; and that is the nearest parallel to the power of Dickens. He drew reels and reels of highly coloured caricature out of an ordinary person, as dazzlingly as a conjurer draws reels and reels of highly coloured paper out of an ordinary hat. But if anybody thinks the conjuring-trick is easy to perform, let him try it with the next ordinary person he sees.

Dickens pulled it off because of his love of human variety. "The books of Dickens are in fact full of bores; of bores who do not bore us, merely because they did not bore him." This enormous interestedness was also the source, Chesterton argued, of Dickens's effectiveness as a reformer. He described the poor and the oppressed "as human, and men resented the insults to their humanity."

CHESTERTON ON DICKENS is not idolatrous. Chesterton was as severe as Oscar Wilde on *Little Nell*, the saintly dying child of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Her creator tried to make grief "a thing quite obvious, infectious, public, as if it were journalism or the measles. . . . His humour was inspiration; but his pathos was ambition." Dickens's most serious failing, especially evident in *David Copperfield*,

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Jerusalem

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What are the facts?

■ Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the invading Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if ever, asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage "jihad" (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

■ The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times and now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Al Aksa Mosque. It is close to the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. Mohammed himself never set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. In recognition of the city's holiness to Jews, Moslems built the Al Aksa Mosque. But never in Moslem history did this mosque compare in significance to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no "infidel" may visit.

■ It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their

holy site. The Israeli Government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the Al Aksa Mosque entirely under Moslem control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, the Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city." And it would be an insult to all Moslems and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews."

■ But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to such cities as Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never even a provincial or sub-provincial capital. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a civic and religious backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the Al Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

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was a tendency to equate happiness with supine, untroubled ease. "I do not like the notion of David Copperfield sitting down comfortably to his tea-table with Agnes, having got rid of all the inconvenient or distressing characters of the story by sending them to the other side of the world." It is the same propensity that George Orwell, in his major piece of Dickens criticism, identified as a tropism toward "radiant idleness." But in Chesterton's view, the failing was moral as well as material. "We should have thought more of David Copperfield (and also of Charles Dickens) if he had faced the possibility of going on till his dying day lending money to Mr. Wilkins Micawber." The prospect of ease tempts Dickens to leave his wonderful creations in the lurch.

Dickens criticism has covered a lot of new ground since Chesterton's death, in 1936. Modernism cast a backward shadow on the Victorian age. For us, the Chancery in *Bleak House* brings to mind Kafka's Castle, while the Thames in *Our Mutual Friend* flows into the Thames of *The Waste Land*. Dickens's broken marriage and his af-

fair with Ellen Ternan have been explored in detail. Chesterton anticipated many of these developments. He was alive to the atmosphere of depression of the later novels, and though he barely mentioned the Dickenses' separation, he showed how it was rooted in their first attraction. "His was [not] a case of cold division from a woman whom he had once seriously and singly loved. He had been bewildered in a burning haze, I will not say even of first love, but of first flirtations."

Chesterton's own writing is not flawless. He was addicted to epigrams, which over long stretches can be as tiring when they succeed as when they fail. His numerous mental tics, from his pie-in-the-sky view of the French Revolution to his often rancorous opinions about Jews, pop up at odd moments. They are no more disabling than the flaws of his subject. *Chesterton on Dickens* is that most refreshing thing in criticism, an expression of clear-eyed enthusiasm. It helps us recapture the excitement that the works of Dickens can still provoke, and that they once generated throughout the English-speaking world. □

Brief Reviews



THE GENERALS OF SARATOGA by Max M. Mintz. Yale University, \$24.95. Horatio Gates and John Burgoyne, respectively victor and vanquished at Saratoga in 1777, had two things in common besides English birth. Both were thought to be the progeny of men other than their mothers' legal husbands, and both, after years of good service as officers in the British army, had found their military careers stagnant. Burgoyne, a gentleman equipped with powerful friends, went into Parliament and generally voted for his patrons' interests. Gates, of middle-class origins and short of backers, went to the Colonies, settled in what is now West Virginia, and quickly joined the revolutionary patriots. Professor Mintz's interwoven biographies of the two men are therefore a study in contrasts—

Gates, the bespectacled, cautious, thorough, ultimately successful organizer and strategist, versus Burgoyne, the dashing playwright, versifier, social ornament, and gambler. Both men are, under Professor Mintz's examination, interesting people, and the author has surrounded them with much information on the English military system, the erratic confusions of English and Colonial politics, army life on both sides, and the jealousies and resentments among officers theoretically serving the same cause. Gates and Washington rubbed each other the wrong way for reasons Professor Mintz has been unable to track down. Burgoyne got little help from Carleton in Canada and less from Howe in New York; both commanders appear to have thought him an interloper on their

turfs. Of course, most wars appear in retrospect badly managed. After reading Professor Mintz's engaging and informative account of Burgoyne's campaign, one marvels that either the British or the Colonials accomplished anything at all amid the chaos of grudges, suspicions, and conflicting ambitions that hampered them.

ROBERT GRAVES: THE YEARS WITH LAURA by Richard Perceval Graves. Viking, \$24.95. The second volume of Mr. Graves's biography of his uncle Robert Graves covers the period from 1926, when the poet abandoned wife, children, and a teaching contract to join forces with Laura Riding, to 1940, when they parted. The book has evidently required a certain delicacy of approach, because the author can hardly have escaped inherited preconceptions. The very correct Graves family considered Robert's conduct outrageous, and he did not improve relations by writing insulting letters to anyone who declined to accept his claim that Riding was the embodiment of all truth and wisdom. Evidently Graves, in the lingering aftermath of war wounds and shell shock, needed—or at least wanted—a female authority providing advice, support, and control. Riding, an American poet and critic with a small avant-garde reputation, had great self-assurance and a determination to dominate, if need be bully, everyone around her. Mr. Graves has tried to avoid presenting her as a Dragon Lady and has chivalrously refrained from quoting her poetry. (Or was he denied permission?) Whether or not one sees the Graves-Riding partnership as a *folie à deux*, and however one views the soap-opera complications in which the pair were often enmeshed, the association did provide help and happiness to the poet-novelist while he worked with increasing brilliance and success. Mr. Graves has managed a great number of people, from minor relatives to T. E. Lawrence, deftly and has made excellent use of memoirs and letters in telling a true story that is as strange, and as fascinating, as any of Robert Graves's fiction.

THE HIDDEN NATIONS by Nadia Diuk and Adrian Karatnycky. Morrow, \$22.95. Ms. Diuk is a Soviet specialist at the National Endowment for Democracy, while Mr. Karatnycky is a research director in the Department of Interna-

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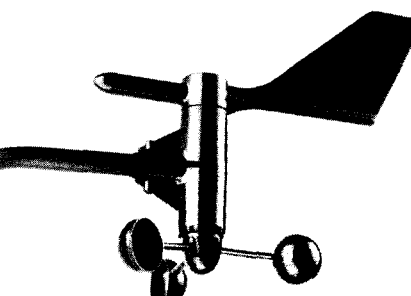
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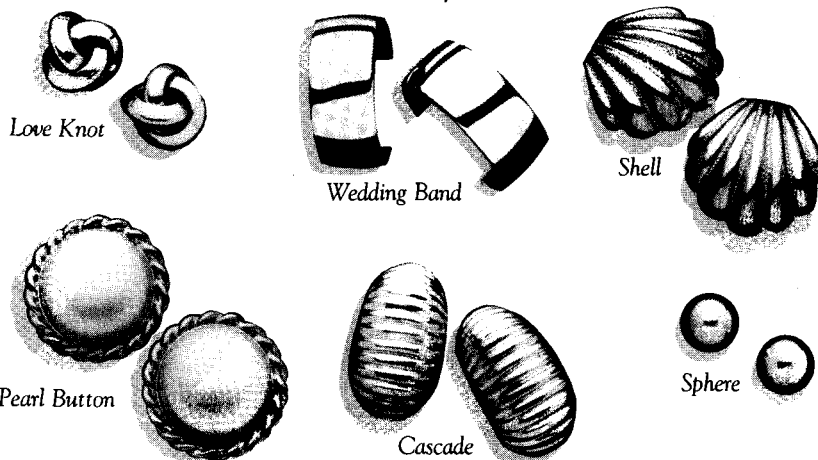
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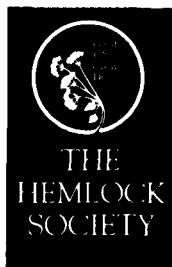
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tional Affairs of the AFL-CIO. These authors undertake to identify the causes underlying the explosions of protest that have broken out in various Soviet republics. The book is thick with relevant statistics, and sometimes horrendous details, but suffers a bit from generalities and ex-cathedra pronouncements. The main point of the argument—that Russian-dominated Moscow has manipulated all central government activity for the benefit of Russia, with no concern for detrimental effects on other republics—is well supported and does seem a plausible base for a general resentment that surfaces in a variety of guises.

DIARY OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER by *John S. Jackman*, edited and with an introduction by *William C. Davis*. *University of South Carolina*, \$24.95. Jackman was a Kentuckian who early in the war joined what became known as the Orphan Brigade—possibly because it kept losing its commanders, possibly because Kentucky had not joined the Confederacy. Mr. Davis, as a conscientious historian and annotator, is exasperated by the uncertainty, and Jackman provides no help. What the diarist does provide is a generally cool account of day-to-day military life. The troops marched to here, rode a train to there, hustled back again, and, in short, spent a great deal of time waiting around for something to happen. They warded off boredom with card games, reading (book foraging was standard practice), a lot of churchgoing—if only "just to get sight of a lady"—and, on one glorious occasion, a snowball battle. They also fought, and did it exceptionally well, but Jackman has little to say about battles and almost nothing about anti-Federal hatred, slavery, or states' rights. It comes as no surprise to learn that after three years and eight months in the Confederate Army, this observant but detached young man peacefully shared a table with some stray Yankees on his way home.

VOICES IN THE MIRROR by *Gordon Parks*. *Doubleday*, \$22.95. Noted photographer, film director, composer, and writer, Mr. Parks is a superb example of what talent, courage, and determination can accomplish against odds. He started out from Kansas poor, black, homeless, and unschooled—but also unstoppable. He encountered bigotry,

which he recalls with anger, and help, which he recalls with appreciation. His autobiography is eloquent and thoughtful, ending with his conviction that "nothing is more noble than a good try." He has certainly been willing to try everything that came up. His story is well worth any reader's time.

A CAT, A MAN, AND TWO WOMEN by Jun'ichiro Tanizaki. Kodansha, \$18.95. Of the three good stories in this collection, the title novella is the best. It recounts, with deceptive suavity, a ludicrous struggle for authority among an inefficient shopkeeper, his bellicose but well-dowried wife, and his resentful ex-wife. The visible focus of their war is the man's cat, which he likes rather better than either of his women. Mr. Tanizaki was a cat-lover himself, and his descriptions of the cat's behavior and of the effect it has on its human companions (there is no anthropomorphism involved) are accurate, artful, and obliquely comic.

MEDITERRANEAN COLOR by Jeffrey Becom. Abbeville, \$45.00. Mr. Becom is a photographer with a passion for color, no doubt because he is also a painter. Traveling around the Mediterranean, he aimed his camera at walls or doorways or decorations and converted the colors and textures of vernacular architecture into surprising and charming compositions. His text covers his itinerary, describes subjects that do not appear in the book, and includes bits of local history, like the tax-evasion scheme of One-Eyed of Apulia and its unexpected result. The author is candidly misanthropic. He has no interest in the people who inhabit the buildings he photographed except when, as in Spain, he dislikes them. This split viewpoint has produced an odd, but very handsome, book.

ULYSSES S. GRANT: Memoirs and Selected Letters and **THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN** The Library of America, \$35.00 each, \$70.00 boxed set. Modern scholars have added notes to these two classics of the Civil War, but there has been no tinkering with Grant's easy, lucid prose or Sherman's acerbic candor. The voices of remarkable men come clearly through the mass of military detail.

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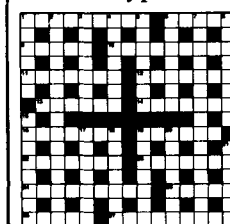
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

MAGIC ACT

In this puzzle ten diagram entries are unclued. Eight of them can be arranged to form three different cryptic clues (minus definitions), as follows:

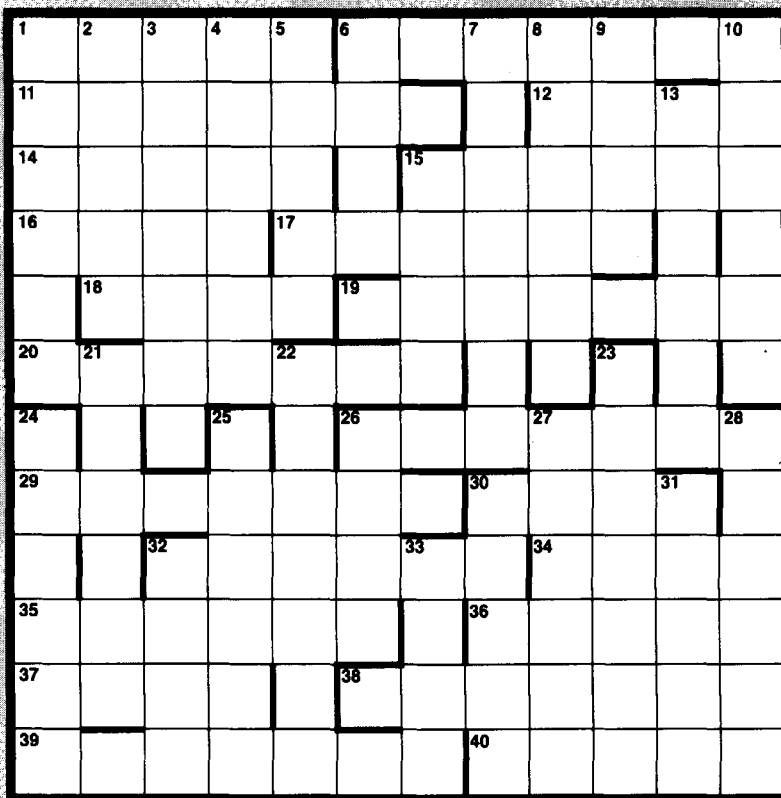
_____ + _____ + _____ = _____
25 D 24 D 16 A

_____ + _____ = _____
1 D 36 A

_____ + _____ + _____ = _____
27 D 15 D 1 A

The two remaining unclued entries (20 Across and 26 Across) provide the definition for the three items above. Clue answers include four proper nouns and one common abbreviation.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 127.



ACROSS

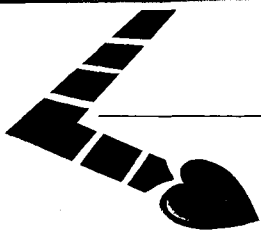
6. Damned villains interrupting work (7)
11. Where some French people are in conjunction with deviates (7)
12. Fiddler backed rock number (4)
14. End of great schism in council site (5)
15. Stop after the guy is at this place (6)
17. Paint handle aboard train (6)
18. Song made a false impression (4)
19. Creative finale in film (7)
29. Seated female with secondhand clothing (7)
30. Lousy pitcher gets hit (4)
32. Unresponsive person I move around without resistance (6)
34. Dig for lifesaver in garbage (4)

35. Fat cats smell inside of collars (6)
37. Segment of semirigid ruler (4)
38. Pant at topless person who's titillating (7)
39. Princess, day after day, started getting fooled (7)
40. Unopened pressure lock (5)

DOWN

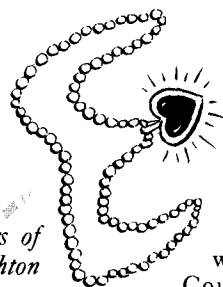
2. *Casablanca* actor upset with *Captain Blood* actor (5)
3. Taverner's fish (7)
4. Bill flipped for a cheese ingredient (6)
5. Old fruit ultimately dropped (5)
6. Rule, getting beheaded after a while (4)
7. Make outside of mass burn up (7)
8. Agitation right in university hangout (6)
9. Red fish go round and round (4)
10. Drinks in large quantity, along with chips (6)
13. Going uphill wrong in truck (6)
21. Around North Sea, I'm in stitches? (6)
22. Plagiarism article in second volume, part 3, of *The Writer* (7)
23. Vessel sustaining low split (7)
26. Upcoming group engages 100 investigators (4)
28. Buries rest in ground (6)
30. Make muddled wager about Sox losing final (5)
31. Hits with purses (5)
32. I attempt to win in the same place (4)
33. Fat boy captures rook (4)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV



divorce jewelry *noun*, wedding jewelry from a failed marriage that is melted down by the owner and reworked into new pieces: "The Orange, Calif., jeweler dispenses goggles and blowtorches

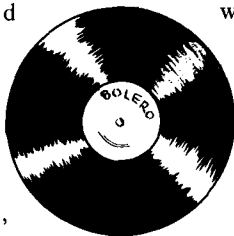
so clients can rid themselves of bittersweet memories by melting their jewels. 'Some people get an emotional release by destroying a symbol of misery,' [the jeweler Ken Olson]

says. The melted wedding rings or anniversary pins are remade into *divorce jewelry*" (USA Weekend).

BACKGROUND: Olson is the coiner of this new term, according to a 1989 article in the *Chicago Tribune*: "It was a joke at first," Ken Olson said. 'Just in conversation. I recall a gal bringing in a bunch of stuff to me the first week we were open. She was getting a divorce, so I said, We'll make a *divorce ring* for you. It was no pre-planned strategy.' Pre-planned or not, the divorce-jewelry idea has caught on: at least eight other jewelers in Orange County offer the same service now, though some do not allow their customers to take the jeweler's torch in hand, for reasons of safety. Some *divorce jewelry* is an amalgam of multiple failed marriages. Clients seem to be motivated toward meltdown for economic as well as psychological reasons.

festival workplace *noun*, a complex of offices combined with food markets, small restaurants, taverns, and specialty retail shops: "Catfish Town [in Baton Rouge] was redeveloped as a 'festival workplace' . . . and is 90 percent leased" (Governing). BACKGROUND: *Festival workplace* is derived from the older term *festival marketplace*,

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.



which refers to something that can be found these days in virtually every self-respecting American city: a gallery of commercial establishments, often lodged in a group of

renovated buildings or along a waterfront, intended to encourage visitors to dine, shop, or simply browse. The almost 700 citations for *festival marketplace* in our files attest

both to the popularity of the thing itself and to the staying power of the term. According to a *New York Times* article last spring, James W. Rouse, the developer of Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace and Baltimore's Harborplace, is "the father" of the *festival marketplace*.

lovemap *noun*, the types of stimuli that sexually arouse a person and cause the person to fall in love or adopt a certain pattern of sexual behavior: "People's *lovemaps* are pretty much set by the age of 8" (Psychology Today).

BACKGROUND: This word was coined by Dr. John Money, of Johns Hopkins University, a researcher who is also credited with coining the now familiar term *gender identity*. A *lovemap* "depicts an idealized lover, love scene, and a program of erotic activities" (The New York Times). Money, who discusses this subject in *Van-dalized Lovemaps*, written

with Dr. Margaret Lamacz and published this year by Prometheus Books, points out that if a young child is subjected to neglect, physical abuse, or incest, his or her *lovemap* may be "permanently distorted, with the result that [the child] develops sexual perversions, or, as they are known in today's clinical language, 'paraphilias'" (The Washington Times).

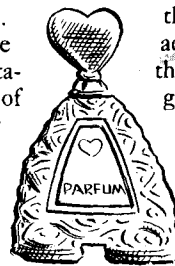
vog *noun*, the humid, polluted haze resulting from continuous volcanic eruptions and the venting of lava and noxious gases: "Peter Young, president of the Kona-Kohala Chamber of Commerce, last week said the [Kilauea] volcano and its *vog* . . . have been a 'mixed blessing' for the Big Island. 'The positive benefits are that it is a draw for the visitor industry and provides recreational opportunities for residents. At the same time, environmentally it has had an impact on the sky and air. We can't rely on waking up in the morning and seeing clear skies anymore,' Young said" (Pacific Business News).

BACKGROUND: We have more than 50 citations for *vog*, a blend of *volcanic* and *fog* or *smog*, the earliest taken from the August, 1984, issue of *Life*. *Vog*, thought to be mainly composed of sulfur dioxide oxidized into sulfates, obstructs the sun's rays, produces acid rain, generates fly ash, and can be dangerous to health, especially in people already experiencing respiratory problems. In January of this

year the Hawaii County Council formed the Hawaii County Vog Authority, a panel of medical and volcanic experts and government leaders convened to deal with the severe problems engendered by the continuous eruption of Kilauea, which has caused *vog* to spread over the islands as far as Honolulu, 150 miles from the site of the eruption.

white-coat hypertension *noun*, a transitory elevation in blood pressure thought to be caused by anxiety related to the presence of a physician or other health-care professional. Also called *cuff hypertension*, *office hypertension*. "You may be suffering *'white-coat hypertension'*." That means your blood pressure goes up in the presence of your doctor" (Springfield, Mass., *Union-News*). "Twenty-one percent of 292 patients with untreated borderline hypertension . . . were found to have normal daytime ambulatory pressures. . . . These patients were defined as having *'white coat' hypertension*" (Journal of the American Medical Association).

BACKGROUND: A review of the citations that we have accrued for this term from the medical literature suggests that the incidence of *white-coat hypertension* may vary according to a number of factors, including the gender, race, and status of the attending health-care professional. The article in *JAMA* also indicates that *white-coat hypertension* is more commonly seen in patients who are "female and younger, . . . weigh less, and [were] more recently diagnosed" than it is in other patients.





I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated

beef steak. It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200

If you're looking for lean, you're in Luck.

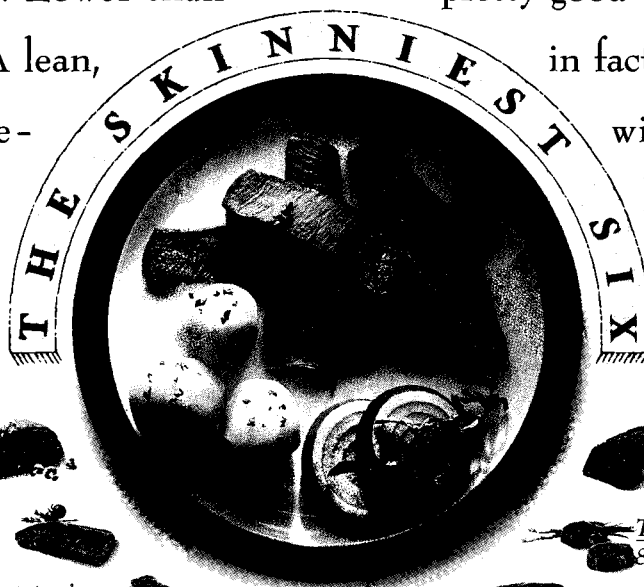
calories. Top round, for example, hardly tops 153 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet.

You know, according-

ing to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still

pretty good - delicious,

in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.



ROUND TIP 157 calories
5.9 gms total fat* (2.1 gms sat. fat)

TOP ROUND 153 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.4 gms sat. fat)

TOP LOIN 176 calories
8.0 gms total fat* (3.1 gms sat. fat)

EYE OF ROUND 143 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN 179 calories
8.5 gms total fat* (3.2 gms sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN 165 calories
6.1 gms total fat* (2.4 gms sat. fat)

Beef.
Real food for real people.

*Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1989, 10th Edition. Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3 oz. serving. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked. For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C., Dept. T, 444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢. ©1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of 'em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallechinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

